67

ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

VOL. II.

ORLANDO FURIOSO:

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FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH

NOTES:

BY JOHN HOOLE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. II.

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1799.

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THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Angelica, by the help of her ring, leaves Rogero, who loſes his flying horſe, and afterwards, being deceived by the appearance of Bradamant engaged in combat with a giant, is decoyed to the enchanted caſtle of Atlantes. Orlando, in purſuit of Angelica, arrives at the iſland of Ebuda, where he finds Olympia expoſed to be devoured by the ſea-monſter: he kills the monſter, and delivers her. Oberto, king of Ireland, arriving at the ſame time, falls in love with Olympia, and marries her. Orlando departs to continue the ſearch of Angelica.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

IN mid career the rider oft reſtrains
The fiery courſer's ſpeed with gentle reins;
But ſeldom reaſon's curb will hold confin'd
Th' unruly paſſions of an amorous mind.
So when a bear, that finds with honey ſtor'd
A welcome vaſe, can taſte the luſcious hoard,
Or from afar the odorous ſcent receive,
His feet refuſe th' enticing bait to leave.
No ſage reflection can ſuffice to make
Rogero now th' alluring bliſs forſake,
The bliſs, with fair Angelica to prove,
In friendly ſhades, the gifts of lawleſs love.
No longer Bradamant his thoughts poſſeſs'd,
Once the ſole object reigning in his breaſt;

Thoſe charms that might Xenocrates inſpire,
Inflam'd the gentle youth with fierce deſire:
His buckler and his lance aſide he threw,
And from his limbs the mail impatient drew;
When, caſting down by chance her baſhful eyes,
The maid the ring upon her finger ſpies;
The ring, which at Albracca from the dame
Brunello ſtole; with which to France ſhe came;

When

Ver. 15. — *Xenocrates inſpire,*] Xenocrates, a diſciple of, and ſucceſſor to Plato, celebrated for his probity, wiſdom, and chaſtity. He refuſed the preſents of Alexander the Great. It was a ſaying of his, that we often repented of ſpeaking too much, but never of having held our peace. He was ſo eminent for continency, that having been one day left alone with Phryne, a beautiful courtezan, who made uſe of every enticement to ſeduce him, ſhe afterwards declared that ſhe had not been with a man, but a ſtatue. Others relate that he underwent the ſame trial with Lais, another famous courtezan.

Ver. 21. *The ring, which at Albracca from the dame Brunello ſtole;* —] Boyardo relates that Brunello climbed ſecretly up a ſteep and almoſt inacceſſible rock, to the walls of Albracca, and making his way where Angelica ſtood, amidſt her people, to view the battle from the ramparts, took the ring from off her finger, unperceived by her, and, returning by the way he came, eſcaped with his prize, though the princeſs had now taken the alarm, and commanded him to be purſued.

Orl. Inn. B. II. C. v.

The

When the firſt Chriſtian court her brother * gain'd,
And with his golden lance ſuch fame obtain'd;
Which next the Paladin Aſtolpho held:
This ring the charms of Malagigi quell'd:

By

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* Argalia.

The ancients appear to have had great faith in the art of making rings, under the influence of particular planets or ſtars, accompanied with certain myſterious ceremonies, that ſhould communicate qualities and virtues to the wearer, preſerve him from ſickneſs, poiſon, or enemies, and guard him from every attack of demons or evil ſpirits. Philoſtratus relates, that Larca, a prince of India, gave Apollonius ſeven rings, with the names and virtues of the ſeven planets, of which he every day wore one by turns, and maintained his youth a hundred and thirty years. Ariſtotle likewiſe ſpeaks of the ring of Battus, which inſpired the wearer with gratitude and honour. In another we read of a certain philoſopher, named Eudamus, who made rings that were preſervatives againſt the bite of ſerpents and the ſpells of ſorcery or witchcraft. We read that Gyges, king of Lydia, had a ring of wonderful virtue, that upon turning the ſtone inwardly towards the palm of his hand, he immediately became inviſible, and that by help of this ring he ſeduced the queen, ſlew the king Candaules, and gained poſſeſſion of the kingdom of Lydia. Other writers relate, that Candaules, through an extravagant vanity for the uncommon beauty of his wife, concealed Gyges in her chamber, that he might behold her naked. The queen coming to the knowledge of this, compelled Gyges to enter into a conſpiracy againſt Candaules, whom he ſlew, and afterwards ſucceeded to his crown and bed.

By this Orlando, with a knightly train,
One morn ſhe freed from Dragontina's chain;
With this unſeen ſhe left the caſtle, where
An old enchanter kept th' impriſon'd fair.
But wherefore ſhould I theſe adventures tell,
Adventures which yourſelves muſt know ſo well?
From her Brunello ſtole the wondrous ring,
Urg'd by command of Agramant the king;

Since

" Some of the old romance and legendary writers ſpeak of a ring that gave to its wearer the knowledge of the language of birds, thus mentioned by Chaucer,

Canace
That own'd the virtuous ring of glaſs.

And fuller by the old poet Lydgate:

And evermore depeinten might ſee
How, with her ring, goodly Canace
Of every fowle the leden and the ſong
Could underſtand as ſhe hem walk'd among."

WARTON's Obſervations on Spenſer.

Ver. 28.—*from Dragontina's chain;*——
An old enchanter—] Orlando going to the aſſiſtance of Angelica, whom he underſtood to be beſieged in Albracca by Agrican king of Tartary, whoſe ſuit ſhe had rejected, arrives at a bridge where he drinks of the water of oblivion, offered by a damſel, and is decoyed into the garden of Dragontina, a powerful enchantreſs,—where many other knights are detained priſoners by the force of her ſpells. Angelica leaves Sacripant, with two other kings, to defend

Albracca,

Since when, by adverſe fortune ever croſt,
The hapleſs maid at length her kingdom loſt.
When now ſhe view'd, and view'd with raviſh'd eyes
The ring long loſt, o'erwhelm'd with great ſurpriſe,
She fears ſome empty dream her ſenſe deceives,
And ſcarce, by ſight or touch, the truth believes;
Then from her hand ſhe took with eager haſte,
And 'twixt her lips the ſhining circlet plac'd,
And inſtant vaniſh'd from Rogero's ſight,
Like Phœbus, when a cloud obſcur'd his light.
The youth, abandon'd thus, with looks amaz'd
Around the mead awhile in ſilence gaz'd;
But whence remembrance to his thoughts return'd
The magic ring, too late his loſs he mourn'd,
Too late the chanc'd bewail'd—Ungrateful maid!
Are thus (he cry'd) my ſervices repaid?
Say, would'ſt thou rather of my ring bereave
This hand by theft, than as my gift receive?

Albracca, and privately ſets out to procure further aſſiſtance. In her way ſhe is enticed by an old man into a caſtle, from which ſhe eſcapes by means of her ring, which is afterwards ſtolen from her by Brunello. She arrives at the garden of Dragontina, where ſhe finds Orlando, Brandimart, Gryphon, Aquilant, and many other knights, all whom ſhe delivers from the power of the enchantreſs, and engages them to go with her, and endeavour to raiſe the ſiege of Albracca.

ORLANDO INNAM. B. I. C. vi. ix. xi. xiv.

Not that alone—but take my horſe and ſhield—
To thee whate'er is mine I freely yield;
Yet from my ſight no more thoſe charms remove,
Thou hear'ſt, alas! but anſwer'ſt not my love!
So ſaying, by the fountain's ſide in haſte
He ſearch'd around, and oft in hope embrac'd
Her beauteous form, but when his arms would find
The fleeting fair, he claſp'd th' impaſſive wind!
Meantime Angelica at diſtance paſs'd,
Till to a ſpacious cave ſhe came at laſt,
Beneath a mountain hollow'd in the ground,
Where all proviſions for her need ſhe found.
In this his life an aged herdſman led,
Who numerous mares beneath the mountain fed:
Along the vales, in paſtures green, they play'd,
By cryſtal ſtreams that through the herbage ſtray'd:
Around the cave were ſtalls, to which they run
T' avoid the fervour of the mid-day ſun.
Her dwelling here, unſeen, the virgin choſe,
Till day declin'd, and ſhadowy night aroſe;
Then, cheer'd with reſt and food, no longer ſtay'd,
But her fair limbs in humble weeds array'd;
Weeds far unmeet for her, who once could boaſt
The richeſt garments wrought with ſkilful coſt;

Yet, through her lowly veſtments beauty ſhin'd,
And grace that ſpoke her of no vulgar kind.
Let ancient bards no longer tune the verſe,
Neæra's charms or Phyllis to rehearſe;
The ſweets of Amaryllis to recite,
Or Galatea lovely in her flight;
Let Maro's ſhepherds ceaſe their boaſting ſtrains,
Since India's queen without a rival reigns.
Around the vales the damſel caſt a look,
And from the grazing mares the faireſt took;
For now a ſudden thought inſpir'd her breaſt,
Alone to travel tow'rds her native eaſt.
Awhile Rogero ſtay'd, in hope to view
The royal fair, that from his ſight withdrew,
Again return; but, ah! in vain he ſtay'd,
Nor reach'd his fond complaints the abſent maid.
Once more he purpos'd thence to ſteer his courſe,
And turn'd to where he left his winged horſe;
Where there he found, ſo ill his fortune ſped,
The reins were broken, and the courſer fled;

Ver. 96. *The reins were broken, and the courſer fled,*] The poet does not ſeem here wholly inattentive to his moral, ſince in conſequence of Rogero's yielding to the temptation before him, forgetting his faith to Bradamant, and indulging his purſuit of unlawful pleaſure, he loſes his ring, and flying horſe.

Loſs

Loſs heap'd on loſs! forlorn and wretched left,
At once of miſtreſs and of ſteed bereft;
But moſt to loſe his wondrous ring he griev'd,
The wondrous ring from Bradamant receiv'd,
Which leſs he valued for its ſecret power,
Than for her ſake whoſe hand the token wore.
  With heavy heart he brac'd his armour on;
His radiant targe behind his ſhoulder thrown;
He leaves the ſeas, and through the verdant meads,
All penſive, to a ſpacious vale proceeds;
Then takes a path that midſt the foreſt leads.
Not far he paſs'd, ere, echoing from the right,
Where thickeſt trees perplex'd the doubtful fight,
A dreadful claſh of arms he hears; he flies,
And through the gloom two combatants eſpies
With fury clos'd: a giant one is ſeen,
A knight the other, and of fearleſs mien.
This ſeems to dare the fight with ſword and ſhield,
And with undaunted ſkill maintain the field,
While oft he ſhuns the club's impending ſtroke,
Which, graſp'd with either hand, the giant ſhook.
Beſide him lies his horſe depriv'd of life;
Rogero ſtands ſpectator of the ſtrife:
The knight he favours; but his noble mind
Awaits to ſee how Fortune's lot inclin'd,

In ſilent gaze: at length a dreadful blow
The monſter aims to cruſh th' unwary foe;
The club his helmet ſtrikes; on earth he lies:
To end his life the cruel giant flies,
His helm uncloſes, and reveals to ſight
What to Rogero, in the proſtrate knight,
Appears the roſeate bloom, the golden hair,
And well-known features of the martial fair,
His Bradamant belov'd, that ſeems to lie
A victim by the giant doom'd to die;
At once the champion darts around his eyes,
And to the fight the tow'ring foe defies:
But he, who ſeeks not to renew the fray,
Takes from the ground his ſenſeleſs conquer'd prey,
And in his arms the prize reſiſtleſs bears:
So with a wolf the lamb unpity'd fares:
So the fierce eagle, while he ſoars above,
In his ſtrong talons gripes the helpleſs dove.
T' aſſiſt the virgin, at her ſeeming need,
Rogero follows with impatient ſpeed;
But with ſuch ſwiftneſs the ſtern giant flew,
Rogero ſcarce retains him in his view.
While thus (purſuing one, one held in chace)
Thro' winding ways the ſavage gloom they trace,

Wide and more wide the lengthening path extends,
Till in a ſpacious plain their labour ends.

But here we pauſe—the ſtory haſtes to tell
What chance to great Orlando next befel,
Who to the ſeas Cymoſco's peſt conſign'd,
No more to be reſtor'd, and curſe mankind;
Yet little this avail'd—th' infernal foe,
Who fram'd the engine in the ſhades below,
To imitate the forky bolt, that rends
The ſable clouds, and from the ſky deſcends;
With this no leſs could human race deceive,
Than with the fruit of old th' unhappy Eve:
He, in our grandſires' time, to ſecond birth
Th' invention drew, to plague the ſons of earth;
This many a year engulph'd in ſeas was laid,
Till, taught by him, a ſorc'rer, thence convey'd
The peſt abhorr'd; which firſt the Germans try'd,
And, by the demon's aid, to arms apply'd.

Thence

Ver. 148. *But here we pauſe*—] Mention is again made of Rogero in the xiith book, ver. 114. where the enchanted palace is fully deſcribed.

Ver. 159. *Th' invention drew,*—] The invention of gunpowder is aſcribed to a chymiſt, who, as ſome ſay, was a monk of

Thence Italy and France, and every part
Where war extends, has learnt th' inhuman art.
For ſome the hollow wombs of braſs they make,
Wrought in the fire; for others iron take:
Capacious ſome, and ſome of leſſer frame,
That from their various authors hold their name.
O! wretched ſoldier! now your armour bright
Forſake, and only gird your ſword in fight:

But

---

of Germany; this man, making experiments with a mixture of nitre, ſulphur, charcoal, and other inflammatory matter, in which he chanced to drop a ſpark of fire, diſcovered ſuch effects, as were ſoon afterwards applied to new engines of deſtruction called fire-arms, which were firſt made uſe of in the war between the Venetians and Genoeſe, anno 1380.

Ver. 170. *O! wretched ſoldier!* —] This apoſtrophe of the poet, and likewiſe the ſpeech of Orlando in the ixth book, on the ſame occaſion, are in the true ſpirit of chivalry, and may remind the reader of part of Don Quixote's oration on arms and letters, where ſpeaking of the invention of guns, he inveighs, almoſt in the words of our author, againſt the uſe of ſuch weapons.

" A bleſſing on thoſe happy ages that were ſtrangers to the dreadful fury of theſe deviliſh inſtruments of artillery, *whoſe inventor, I verily believe, is now in hell, receiving the reward of his diabolical invention;* by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and baſe hand to take away the life of the braveſt knight, and to which is owing, that without knowing how or from whence, in the midſt of that reſolution and bravery which inflames and animates gallant ſpirits, comes a chance ball, ſhot off by one, who, perhaps, fled

But this dread weapon on your ſhoulders bear,
Or never hope the victor's wreaths to ſhare.
How could'ſt thou, curſt invention, ever find
Reception in the brave, the generous mind!
By thee the glorious war is turn'd to ſhame,
By thee the trade of arms has loſt its fame!
By thee, no more ſhall gallantry or might
Avail the warrior in the field of fight.
By thee ſo many lords and knights are ſlain,
By thee ſuch numbers yet muſt preſs the plain,
Before the war ſhall ceaſe, whoſe rage has torn
The world, but caus'd Italia moſt to mourn.
Accurſt be he, who firſt this miſchief bred!
Heaven, ſure, on him its deepeſt wrath has ſhed,
And doom'd his wretched ſoul to endleſs woe,
Near impious Judas in the realms below!

---

fled and was frighted at the very flaſh of the pan, and in an inſtant puts an end to the life of him who deſerved to have lived for many ages: and therefore when I conſider this, I could almoſt ſay I repent of having undertaken this profeſſion of knight-errantry, in ſo deteſtable an age as this in which we live; for though no danger can daunt me, ſtill it gives me ſome concern to think, that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and renowned, by the valour of my arm and the edge of my ſword, over the face of the whole earth."

Jarvis' Don Quixote, Vol. I. B. iv. C. xi.

But let us to the knight; who ſeeks the ſhore,
Each dreadful day beſmear'd with virgin gore.
Againſt Orlando now the wind prevails;
Now on the poop it blows in gentle gales;
And now by turns a ſudden calm ſucceeds;
That little on her courſe the veſſel ſpeeds.
For Heaven's high will forbade the crew to land
Before th' Hibernian king had reach'd the ſtrand,
To forward that event, which ſince befel,
And which, in order due, the muſe ſhall tell.
Now near the coaſt the prow the billows broke,
When thus Orlando to his pilot ſpoke:
Haſte! launch the boat, and here the ſhip detain,
While to yon rock I haſten through the main:
The largeſt cable to my hand conſign;
The largeſt anchor to the cable join;
And mark my purpoſe, when in dang'rous fight,
I dare with yonder monſter prove my might.
This ſaid; with anchor and with cable ſtow'd,
The boat they launch'd amid the daſhing flood:
Then all his arms, except his ſword, he leaves,
And tow'rd the rock, alone, the billows cleaves:
Cloſe to his breaſt he draws the ſturdy oars;
And turns his back upon the deſtin'd ſhores.
Aurora now had rais'd her radiant head,
And to the ſun her golden treſſes ſpread;

Half ſeen above the waves, and half conceal'd,
To old Tinothus' jealous eyes reveal'd;
When to the barren rock approach'd ſo nigh,
As from the vigorous hand a ſtone might fly;
He heard, and yet he ſcarcely ſeem'd to hear
A tender plaintive voice aſſault his ear:
Sudden he view'd againſt the rock's ſteep ſide
A lovely dame in cruel fetters ty'd:
Naked ſhe ſtands above the briny wave,
While her fair feet intruding waters lave.
He ſees, but vainly ſtrives from far to trace
The downcaſt features of her baſhful face;
Then plies for nearer view his eager oar—
When, hark! the ſeas, the woods, the caverns roar!
The billows ſwell; and from the depths below,
In open view appears his monſtrous foe.
As from the humid vale black clouds aſcend,
When gathering ſtorms their pregnant wombs di-
ſtend:
So through the liquid brine the monſter preſs'd
With furious courſe; beneath his hideous breaſt
Vex'd

Ver. 233. — *beneath his hideous breaſt*
Vex'd ocean groans, —] Thus Ovid,

—— Unda

Vex'd ocean groans—Orlando, void of fear,
Nor chang'd his colour, nor his wonted cheer:
Firm in himſelf, to guard the weeping maid,
And her dire foe with powerful arm invade,
Between the land and orc his courſe he ply'd,
But kept undrawn the falchion at his ſide.
Soon as the monſter, that to ſhore purſu'd
His deathful way, the boat and champion view'd,
He op'd his greedy throat that might enhume
A horſe and horſemen in its living tomb!
Near and more near Orlando dauntleſs rows.
Then in his mouth the ponderous anchor throws,
Whoſe width forbids the horrid jaws to cloſe.
So miners, while they urge their darkling toil,
With heedful prop ſupport the crumbling ſoil.

———Unda
Inſonuit: venienſque immenſo bellua ponto
Eminet, et latum ſub pectore poſſidet æquor.
Metam. Lib. IV. v. 687.

Concerning this battle between Orlando and the Orc, though ſome part muſt be acknowledged to be highly extravagant, and bordering upon the ludicrous, particularly the manner in which the knight gives him his death's wounds, yet, in general, the deſcription is undoubtedly worked up with great ſtrength of imagination.

His teeth fecur'd, Orlando with a bound
Leap'd in the yawning gulph; and whirling round
His trenchant blade, the dark retreat explor'd,
And with repeated wounds the monfter gor'd.
What city longer can defence maintain,
Whofe foes within the walls an entrance gain?
Mad with the pain, he rifes o'er the tides,
And fhews his jointed back and fcaly fides;
Then downward plunging in the bottom laves,
And throws the troubled fands above the waves.
The Paladin, who felt the rufhing ftreams,
Forfook the orc, and oar'd with nervous limbs
The billowy brine, while in his hand he bore
The anchor's cable 'till he reach'd the fhore.
There firmly fix'd, upon the rock he ftood,
And ftrain'd each nerve, while ftruggling through the flood
The monfter follow'd, by that arm compell'd
Whofe ftrength the ftrength of mortal man excell'd.
As when a bull at unawares has found
With ftraiten'd cords his horns encompafs'd round,
Furious he leaps, he bounds from fide to fide,
The haulfers all his fruitlefs pains deride:
So far'd the orc, while from his mouth he fhed
A tide, that dyes the ocean ftill with red;

Lafh'd

Lafh'd by his tail with many a founding blow,
The parting fea reveals th' abyfs below:]
Now dafh'd aloft the briny waves are thrown,
Pollute the day, and blot the golden fun.
The neighbouring forefts, and the mountains hoar,
The winding rocks rebellow to the roar.
Rouz'd at the tumult, from his pearly bed,
Old Proteus o'er the water rais'd his head:
Soon as his eyes beheld fo ftrange a fight
Between the monfter and the Chriftian knight,
He left his flock and urg'd his fearful flight.
Ev'n Neptune on his car (fuch terror fpread)
With Dolphins rein'd to Æthiopia fled.
Ino, whofe breaft her Melicerta bears;
The fea-green fifters, with difhevell'd hairs;
Glaucus and Triton; all the watery train,
In diverfe parts, fly fcatter'd o'er the main.
Anglantes' warrior now, the conflict o'er,
Had drawn the dreadful monfter to the fhore;
Which fcarce he reach'd, when fpent with toil, and fpread
Along the fand, his fhapelefs bulk lay dead.
Soon fwarming o'er the coaft the ifland crew
Came haftening down the wondrous fight to view;

And loudly cry'd, that mighty Proteus' rage
Would once again his ſavage herds engage
To waſte the land, unleſs with humble prayer
They mov'd the God, themſelves and race to ſpare;
And, as an offering for his monſter ſlain,
They whelm'd th' offending champion in the main.
As ſpreads from torch to torch th' increaſing light,
Till all the region with the blaze is bright:
So through the madding vulgar ſwiftly ran
The fierce contagion, caught from man to man.
One takes a ſling, a bow another takes;
This draws a ſword, and that a javelin ſhakes.
They ſhout, they run, they cumber all the ſtrand,
And cloſe him far and near on every hand.
The generous Paladin ſurpris'd beheld
Th' ungrateful throng with hoſtile thoughts impell'd:
Inſtead of meeting fame and high regard,
He ſees them thus his valiant deeds reward.
But as a bear, for public paſtime bred,
In Ruſſia or in Lithuania led,
Contemns the yelping cur; with like diſdain
Orlando near beholds the daſtard train,
Againſt him leagu'd, with ſtupid anger wield
Their idle weapons to diſpute the field.

Soon Durindana from the ſheath he drew,
And midſt his foes with noble fury flew,
Who hop'd with eaſe t' oppreſs a ſingle knight,
Nor fenc'd with ſhield, nor cas'd in armour bright.
They little deem'd his ſkin from head to heel,
Like adamant, could no impreſſion feel:
But while himſelf ſecure unwounded ſtood,
He dy'd his weapon in th' aſſailants' blood.
At ten fierce ſtrokes, beneath his conquering hand
Full thirty fell, and ſoon he clear'd the ſtrand.
While thus th' unequal ſtrife the knight maintain'd,
Hibernia's troops the fatal iſland gain'd,
And diſembark'd where none to oppoſe they view'd;
A dreadful ſlaughter through the land enſu'd:
Juſtice their plea to veil the ſoldier's rage,
All pity loſt, they ſpar'd nor ſex nor age!
The wretched natives here were ſeen but few,
And theſe nor diſcipline, nor order knew:
Their goods were pillag'd by the Iriſh train,
The houſes ſet on fire, the people ſlain:
The walls were raz'd, and ſcarce remain'd behind
A man alive of this devoted kind.

Orlando haſtens now the dame to free,
Prepar'd for death beſide the roaring ſea:

Near and more near he draws, and thinks he ſpies
Features but late familiar to his eyes;
Lo! imag'd to his thought Olympia's face,
She, moſt unhappy of the female race
By man betray'd—Olympia born to prove
The woes and changes of ungrateful love.
'Twas her, whom fortune gave the pirate band
Their lovely victim on Ebuda's ſtrand.
Full well the damſel knew th' approaching knight,
But from his look ſhe turn'd her baſhful ſight;
Confus'd and mute ſhe hung her drooping head,
While burning bluſhes on her cheeks were ſpread.

The warrior then enquir'd what envious power
Had led her ſtep to that inhuman ſhore,
From where he left her crown'd with joy and peace,
Partaking with her conſort every bliſs?
Alas! I know not (ſhe began to ſay)
If for my life I grateful thanks ſhould pay,
Or rather mourn the day again muſt cloſe,
And not behold a period to my woes:
My grateful thanks for theſe poor limbs I owe,
Sav'd from the jaws of my unnatural foe:
But little I rejoice that ſtill I live,
Since death alone to me can comfort give

Then let thy hand, in pity to my grief,
With welcome death afford the ſole relief.
She ſaid; and ſobbing deep, her ſorrows ſpoke,
How her falſe lord his faith and honour broke,
To leave her ſleeping on the deſert ſhore,
Whence to the ſhip their prey the pirates bore.
While this ſhe told, ſhe turn'd, and bluſhing ſhow'd
A form like Dian, pictur'd in the flood
With naked beauties, when incens'd ſhe threw
On raſh Actæon's brows the ſprinkling dew.
  Orlando pacing on the ſhelly ſtrand,
Awaits his ſhip to anchor near the land;
That thence with veſtures he may clothe the dame:
While this his thought employ'd, Oberto came,
Hibernia's king, who heard the monſter ſlain,
There lay extended by the daſhing main;
That, ſwimming thro' the ſeas, a knight unknown
Had in his jaws a ponderous anchor thrown,
And drawn him to the beach, as barks, ſecur'd
With twiſted cables, on the ground are moor'd.
  Now tow'rds the ſhore, to learn the truth, in haſte
Oberto came; meanwhile the land to waſte,

Ver. 381.—*Oberto came,*] Oberto, king of Ireland, mentioned in the ninth book to have collected a force to invade the iſland of Ebuda.

His ſoldiers, unreſtrain'd, their rage employ'd,
And towns and men with fire and ſword deſtroy'd.
Soon as th' Hibernian king Orlando view'd,
(Tho' drench'd with water and deform'd with blood,
With blood which from the monſter's throat he drew)
By every look the Paladin he knew.
When firſt the deed he heard, his noble mind
The glorious author from the deed divin'd.
Him well he knew, with him in Gallia bred,
At Charles' high court his infant years were led,
Which late he left to ſeek his native land,
(His father dead) the ſceptre to command.
Oft had he ſeen the knight, and oft before
With him in converſe paſt the ſocial hour.
His helmet rais'd, he ran with eager pace
To hold Orlando in a warm embrace;
Nor leſs Orlando felt, the king to view,
And round his neck his friendly arms he threw.
Orlando to Oberto then diſplay'd
The cruel ſufferings of the fair betray'd;
From falſe Bireno doom'd her wrongs to mourn,
From whom ſhe leaſt deſerv'd ſuch baſe return.
What proofs Bireno of her love could boaſt;
For him her kindred ſlain, her country loſt;

For him prepar'd her deareſt life to yield:
All this he knew, and part himſelf beheld.
While thus he ſpeaks, the guſhing ſorrows riſe,
And trickle from the fair one's weeping eyes:
Like vernal ſkies her lovely viſage ſhow'd,
When gentle ſhowers deſcending from a cloud,
Frequent and ſoft, the ſun with chearing gleams
Darts thro' the watery veil his trembling beams:
As then in foliage wet with gliſtening dews,
Sweet Philomel her plaintive note renews;
So Cupid in her grief reviv'd appears,
And bathes his plumage in her pearly tears.
His golden ſhaft he kindles in the flame,
That from her piercing eyes like lightning came,
And tempers in the cryſtal ſtream that flows
Between the lily fair and bluſhing roſe.
His arrow now prepar'd, the bow he bends,
And at th' unguarded youth his weapon ſends;
For whoſe defence no arms could here avail,
Nor plated ſhield, nor double coat of mail:
While rapt in gaze he ſtands, he feels the dart,
He knows not how, infix'd within his heart.
Olympia's form was ſuch as few can find,
For every part was perfect in its kind.

Her

Her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, her nofe, her hair,
Her fhoulders, neck, beyond defcription fair.
Her fkin as ivory fmooth, and white as fnows,
Which yet unfully'd winter's bofom fhows!
Her lovely breafts with frequent heavings feem
As in the ruftic vafe the trembling cream
When gently mov'd: the beauteous fpace between,
Like that, where froft has filver'd o'er the green,
Which fome fair vale difclofes to divide
Two little hills that rife on either fide:
Her limbs, fo truly fhap'd, might juftly claim
The fkill of Phydias, or a greater name.
Had fhe been prefent in th' Idean grove,
And feen by Paris, though the queen of love
From either goddefs beauty's triumph held,
Her charms had fcarce Olympia's charms excell'd:
Nor had he fought perhaps the Spartan lands,
In breach of facred hofpitable bands;
But thus declar'd,—Yon fair one let me gain,
And Helen with her confort ftill remain.
Or had fhe in Crotona's town been found,
When Zeuxis gather'd all the beauties round,
Culling each grace from many a naked dame,
For Juno's fane a faultlefs fhape to frame:

She

She for his model had alone ſuffic'd,
Since all perfection was in her compriz'd.
What heart will think Bireno e'er could view
Her charms unveil'd, or half his bleſſing knew;
So far to ſteel his unrelenting mind,
And leave her in that deſert iſle behind?
Oberto, fir'd with love, no more ſuppreſs'd
The paſſion ſtruggling in his amorous breaſt.
He bade th' afflicted fair no longer mourn,
But hope her ſorrow ſoon to joy might turn;
With vows t' attend her ſteps to Holland's ſhore,
And there replace her in the ſovereign power;
Nor ceaſe till in her treacherous ſpouſe he gain'd
A juſt revenge for all her wrongs ſuſtain'd.
And now he ſends fair female robes to find;
Nor long they ſought for robes of various kind,
Since every day the veſtment there was ſtor'd
Of ſome loſt virgin by the orc devour'd.
From theſe the king Olympia's limbs attir'd,
But could not clothe her as his ſoul deſir'd;
For ſhould the choiceſt ſilks from far be brought,
With every coſt of art and genius wrought,
Should ev'n Minerva all her ſkill unfold,
And Lemnos' god ſupply the pureſt gold;

Yet

Yet to th' enamour'd prince 't would ſcarce appear
A covering worthy for the dame to wear.
  With ſecret joy Orlando ſaw confeſt
Th' increaſing paſſion in Oberto's breaſt;
For hence he knew the monarch would be led
T' avenge her wrongs on falſe Bireno's head;
That thus, himſelf, releas'd from further ſtay,
No longer need his amorous ſearch delay;
Who came not thither in her cauſe to prove
His proweſs, but from death to ſave his love;
Whom vainly there he ſought, nor yet could tell,
If thither brought, or what the fair befel:
For, ſlaughter'd by the foe's deſtroying hand,
Not one ſurviv'd of all Ebuda's band.
  Next morn the king, the dame, and friendly crew,
Embarking, from the cruel port withdrew:
With theſe Orlando to Hibernia went,
Who thence to France his ſpeedy voyage meant.
Scarce on the iſland he remain'd a day;
Not all their friendly prayers could bribe his ſtay:
Cupid, the wandering lover's conſtant guide,
No longer there permits him to reſide;
But ere he went, he to Oberto's care
The cauſe entruſted of the injur'd fair:

The king, already by her quarrel fir'd,
In zeal exceeded what the earl requir'd:
A league with England and with Scotland made;
He rais'd a force the traitor to invade,
Drove him, an outcaſt, from the Belgic ſhore,
And next in Friza ruin'd all his power:
He rouz'd his native Zealand to rebel,
Nor ceas'd, till in the war Bireno fell:
He fell; yet ſcarce his wretched life could prove
A forfeit equal to his breach of love.
Olympia ſoon Oberto's bride is ſeen,
A counteſs late, and now a powerful queen.

But let us to Orlando turn the ſtrain;
Who ſailing night and day divides the main,
Till in the port again his veſſel rides,
The port from which he firſt had plough'd the tides:
He leaps on ſhore, and Brigliodoro takes,
All arm'd he mounts, and wind and ſea forſakes.
Ere winter's months in due ſucceſſion roll'd,
Full many an action worthy to be told,
The knight atchiev'd; but blame not here the bard,
If worth conceal'd ſhould paſs without regard:

Ver. 522.—*a powerful queen.*] The poet ſpeaks no more of Oberto and Olympia in the courſe of this work.

Far readier was the Paladin to court
From deeds true glory, than thoſe deeds report;
And never yet, without ſome witneſs near,
His great exploits had reach'd the general ear.

But when the ſun with circling courſe attain'd
The prudent beaſt that Phryxus once ſuſtain'd
Through narrow ſeas, and to our joyous ſphere
His beams diffus'd renew'd the laughing year:
When gentle Zephyrus with genial wing
Return'd to lead again the bloſſom'd ſpring;
Then with the riſing flowers and budding green,
Orlando's matchleſs fame again was ſeen.

On hill, on plain, on champaign, field and ſhore,
A tedious tract of land he journies o'er:
When entering now a foreſt's gloomy ſhade,
Diſtreſsful cries his ſtartled ears invade:

Ver. 537.—*that Phryxus once ſuſtain'd.*] The fable relates that Phryxus and Helle his ſiſter flying to eſcape the perſecutions of their ſtep-dame, by the advice of Juno mounted upon a ram, the fleece of which was gold, and attempted to croſs a narrow arm of the ſea. Helle fell into the water, which was afterwards called the Helleſpont, but Phryxus arrived ſafe at the court of Æates king of the Colchians, and there, in gratitude for his ſafety, ſacrificed the ram, which was placed among the ſigns of the zodiac. The golden fleece remained in poſſeſſion of Æates, and was afterwards won by Jaſon.

He graſps his ſword, he ſpurs his fiery ſteed,
And to the ſound impels his eager ſpeed.
But till ſome future time I here ſuſpend
The cauſe to tell, if you the tale attend.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ORLANDO, deceived by the likeneſs of Angelica, is drawn to the enchanted caſtle of Atlantes. Angelica arrives at the ſame place, where ſhe finds Orlando, Sacripant, Ferrau, Gradaſſo, and many other knights. By the virtue of her ring ſhe delivers Orlando, Sacripant, and Ferrau, from the power of the magician. Battle between Orlando and Ferrau. Angelica leaves the combatants, and Sacripant departs in ſearch of her. The battle being ſtopped between Orlando and Ferrau, they ſeparate. Orlando meets two bands of Pagans, which he defeats: he then continues his purſuit of Angelica, and finds a damſel detained in a cave of outlaws.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN Ceres from maternal Ida flew,
And ſwiftly to th' accuſtom'd vale withdrew,
Where thunder-ſtruck Enceladus remains,
Who burning Ætna on his limbs ſuſtains,
And there no more her Proſerpine beheld,
Sequeſter'd late in Enna's flowery field,
With grief ſhe rav'd, and, frantic with deſpair,
Her boſom beat, and tore her golden hair:
Two pines ſhe lighted then at Vulcan's fire,
And bade the kindled torches ne'er expire:
Theſe, ſeated in her car, the goddeſs took,
(Two ſcaly dragons harneſs'd to her yoke)

Then ſearch'd the fields, the mountains, plains, and
woods,
The vales, the ſtreams, the torrents and the floods;
Till having circled earth and ocean round,
She ſunk beneath, and reach'd the Stygia ſound.

If good Orlando power in love could claim
But equal to the Eleuſinian dame,
No region would eſcape his piercing ſight,
Nor lands, nor ſeas, nor ſhades of endleſs night:
But ſince forbid to guide thro' viewleſs air
His flying ſnakes; with unremitting care,
As far as man could ſeek, he ſought the fair.
France has he ſearch'd; and next, with ceaſeleſs toil,
Would range the German and Italian ſoil;
The new and old Caſtile he mean's t' explore,
Then croſs the Spaniſh main to Lybia's ſhore.
Such thoughts revolving in his anxious breaſt,
He ſeem'd to hear the cries of one diſtreſs'd:
He ſpurr'd his ſteed, and ſoon before him 'ſpy'd
A knight upon a ſtrong-limb'd courſer ride;

Ver. 18.—*the Eleuſinian dame,*] The ancient poets often gave titles to their deities, derived from the ſeveral places where they were worſhipped. Ceres is here called the Eleuſinian dame, becauſe in Eleuſis, a city of the Athenians, her name was held in great veneration.

Who bore by force acrofs his faddle-bow,
A female form with every mark of woe:
She ftruggled in his arms, fhe wept, fhe pray'd,
And call'd Anglante's valiant prince to aid.
Now on the dame Orlando bent his view,
And well the features of her face he knew:
At leaft it feem'd Angelica the fair,
Whom long he fought with unavailing care.
  When he, in femblance of a maid diftrefs'd,
Beheld her image that his foul poffefs'd
Thus borne away,—fire flafhing from his eyes,
He call'd the knight with loud and threatening cries:
He call'd aloud, and thundering on his fteed,
Let loofe the reins to Brigliadoro's fpeed.
The felon nought reply'd, nor deign'd to ftay,
But all intent upon his lovely prey,
Through the thick foreft held fo fwift a pace,
The wind had lagg'd behind him in the race.
Thus flying, one purfuing, one purfu'd,
While fhrill complainings echo'd thro' the wood,
They reach'd a mead, where in the midft appear'd
A ftately pile, with various marble rear'd.
Here pafs'd the ftranger through the golden door,
Who in his arms the feeming virgin bore,

And ſoon the entrance Brigliadoro gain'd,
That fierce Orlando on his back ſuſtain'd:
Orlando, entering, caſt his eyes around,
And neither knight nor damſel more was found.
With fury fir'd, alighting from his ſteed,
He ruſhes thro' the dome with reſtleſs ſpeed:
Now here, now there, his ſtep impatient bends,
Till, all below explor'd, the earl aſcends
The winding ſtairs, and round with equal pain,
Each gallery, hall, and chamber views in vain.
Of ſilk and gold he ſees each coſtly bed,
Rich figur'd hangings o'er the walls are ſpread,
And, for the floor, the feet on tap'ſtry tread.
Above, below, unweary'd ſeeks the knight,
Yet finds not what alone can glad his ſight,
Nor ſees Angelica, nor him eſpies
Who ſnatch'd her beauties from his longing eyes.
While thus intent he rov'd the palace round,
Ferrau and king Gradaſſo here he found:

Ver. 74. *Ferrau*—] We have not heard of this knight ſince Book i. ver. 223, where he ſees the ghoſt of Argalia.

Ibid.—*king Gradaſſo*—] Gradaſſo was laſt mentioned as one of the priſoners in Atlantes' caſtle, delivered by Bradamant, Book iv. ver. 283.

King

King Sacripant and Brandimart he view'd,
With various warriors, who like him purſu'd
A fruitleſs ſearch, and of the wrongs complain'd
They from the maſter of the dome ſuſtain'd;
Who ſtill, himſelf unſeen, their ſight abus'd,
Whom each of ſome diſcourteous theft accus'd.
One for his courſer ſtol'n with anger burn'd:
Another for his raviſh'd miſtreſs mourn'd:
From various cauſes others there remain'd;
And many knights were weeks and months detain'd.
  Still ſearch'd Orlando round; and oft he cry'd:
My cares, perchance, are all in vain apply'd
For him who by ſome ſecret gate withdrew,
And, diſtant now, defies me to purſue
The virgin fair——Debating thus, with ſpeed
He left the dome, and travers'd o'er the mead,
Still gazing round with downcaſt look to trace
What tracks of feet had lately mark'd the place.
  A voice he heard, that call'd Orlando's name;
He look'd, and thought he view'd his much-lov'd
        dame;

Ver. 75. *King Sacripant*—] The laſt we heard of this knight was when he was left by Angelica, after their duel for Angelica, Book ii. ver. 136.

That much-lov'd dame, whose beauty's power so
chang'd
His manly heart, and every thought estrang'd.
High at a window stood the seeming maid,
And thus, in moving words, implor'd his aid:
Ah! help!—I give to thy protecting care
My honour, dearer than the vital air!
Shall this vile ravisher his will pursue
Unpunish'd, in my dear Orlando's view?
Ah! rather let thy sword prevent my shame,
And save by timely death my virgin fame.

These words repeated oft in mournful strain,
Impell'd the knight with frequent steps again
T' explore the dome, by turns with anger fir'd,
By turns with vain, yet pleasing hope inspir'd.
Anon he stopp'd, anon he seem'd to hear
The well-known accents breaking on his ear.
While thus he listen'd, though th' imploring dame
Appear'd not far his needful aid to claim,
He knew not whence the sounds distressful came.

But turn we to Rogero; who pursu'd
The maid and giant through the shady wood;
Whence to a spacious mead his course he bore,
(The place to which Orlando came before)

Within

Within the gate the tow'ring giant paſs'd,
Him cloſe behind Rogero preſs'd as faſt;
The portal entering (wondrous to the knight)
The maid and giant vaniſh'd from his ſight.
In every part he ſought with fruitleſs care,
And much he marvell'd how his foe could bear
So ſudden from his view the captive fair.
Through chambers, halls, and fair ſaloons he went,
Then ſearch'd beneath the winding ſtairs' aſcent;
At length he turn'd him to the neighbouring wood,
In hope—but ſoon a voice his ſteps purſu'd;
A voice, that late Anglante's knight appall'd,
And now Rogero to the dome recall'd.
The form and ſpeech illuſive that deceiv'd
Orlando, for Angelica believ'd,
To good Rogero ſeem'd the Dordan dame,
Whoſe virgin charms his amorous heart inflame.
  This ſtrange device, the like unknown before,
By old Atlantes of Carena's lore
Was fram'd, to keep Rogero ſafe from war,
Till paſt the influence of his evil ſtar
That menac'd early death: Atlantes' power
For this had rais'd the ſteel-embattled tower;
For this had try'd Alcina's guileful chain,
In love the youthful champion to detain.

Not him alone, but all whoſe martial fame,
For valorous deeds had ſpread thro' France their name,
Atlantes here confin'd in magic thrall,
Leſt by their hands the much-lov'd youth ſhould fall;
And all proviſions due prepar'd ſo well,
That knights and dames might here with pleaſure dwell.

Now to Angelica the tale we bend,
Whoſe finger wore the ring that could defend
From deepeſt ſpells, that in her mouth convey'd
Conceal'd her perſon like a viewleſs ſhade.
The virgin in the cave her limbs attir'd,
And found ſuch food as Nature's wants requir'd:

Ver. 146. *Leſt by their hands,* —] It may appear very extraordinary, that Atlantes ſhould bring together in one place with Rogero the knights, from ſome of whom he feared the prophecy might be fulfilled that threatened the young warrior's life: the commentators have obſerved, that during their abode in this enchanted dwelling, the knights were totally unknown to each other, and that conſequently Rogero was in no danger from any national hoſtility; and that every perſon, being engaged by the ſpell, on his own particular loſs, had no leiſure to attend to Rogero, who therefore continues perfectly ſafe: but ſurely it is difficult to underſtand how his ſafety is more ſecured by this device of Atlantes.

A mare ſhe ſingled from the grazing train,
Reſolv'd to view her native ſeats again,
Fair India's realms—and gladly would ſhe take
King Sacripant, or brave Orlando make
Guide of her way; though neither knight ſhe priz'd,
But both their amorous ſuits alike deſpis'd.
Yet bending eaſtward her adventurous courſe,
By towns and caſtles girt with hoſtile force,
Some guard ſhe wiſh'd, that danger could defy;
And well their valour might her want ſupply:
Them long in cities, towns, and woods ſhe ſought,
Till chance at length the wandering virgin brought
Where Sacripant, and where Orlando bound
By fated ſpells; where join'd with theſe ſhe found
Gradaſſo ſtern, Rogero and Ferrau,
And many more in abject ſtate ſhe ſaw.

The gate ſhe fearleſs paſs'd, to none reveal'd,
Ev'n from Atlantes by her ring conceal'd.
Orlando here and Sacripant ſhe view'd,
Who through the dome their fruitleſs ſearch purſu'd.
She knew Atlantes, by her likeneſs feign'd,
Orlando and king Sacripant detain'd
With covert wiles; of theſe ſhe long reſolv'd
The doubtful choice, and ſcarce at length reſolv'd

On whom to fix, but stood in deep suspense,
Between Orlando and Circassia's prince.
Full well she knew Orlando's dauntless might
Could best defend her in the day of fight;
But knew not how hereafter to displace
A lover thus exalted in her grace,
When, danger past, she meant t' abridge his power,
Or send him back, repuls'd, to Gallia's shore:
But let her raise Circassia to the skies,
Again submissive at her foot he lies,
Should she command; and hence each reason weigh'd
Inclin'd to him the long debating maid;
Then sudden from her mouth the ring she took,
And, lo! the mist king Sacripant forsook:
But while she meant from Sacripant to draw
Th' obscuring veil, Orlando and Ferrau
She near him view'd, who both had long explor'd
The magic roof for her their souls ador'd.

Ver. 183. *But knew not how hereafter to displace*] It appears to me that Angelica was not meant for an amiable character, but is rather a natural lively picture of, and covert satire on, the coquetry and levity of many of the fair sex; and I believe every reader will confess, through all the course of the adventures, or even in any misfortunes which befall her, that she never takes hold of the heart like Bradamant, Flordelis, Isabella, and others, evidently drawn by the poet for models of female excellence.

Around the princeſs throng'd th' impatient three,
No more deny'd their lov'd-one's charms to ſee.
Two warriors on their breaſt the cuiraſs wore,
All arm'd in proof, their heads the helmet bore:
Nor night, nor day, they caſt aſide their arms,
Since firſt they reach'd this ſeat of magic charms;
Nor ſeem'd, by uſe inur'd, their limbs to feel
The weighty preſſure of incumbering ſteel.
The third, Ferrau, in radiant mail was cas'd,
But o'er his brows no temper'd helmet lac'd:
All helmets he renounc'd, till that he gain'd
Which once Orlando's valorous arm obtain'd
From great Almontes; ſuch the oath he took,
When for Argalia's caſque he ſearch'd the brook.
Now ſtood Anglante's champion at his ſide,
Nor him to battle yet Ferrau defy'd:
For neither (ſuch th' illuſions of the place)
While there detain'd, could in his mind retrace
The leaſt reſemblance of another's face.
Here night and day the ponderous mail they wore,
And conſtant on their arm the buckler bore;
In ſtalls at hand their harneſs'd courſers ſtood,
By plenteous cribs ſurcharg'd with generous food.
No longer could Atlantes' baffled power
Detain the champions captive in his tower;

Who,

Who, lightly leaping on their ſteeds, withdrew
In haſte, the roſy damſel to purſue,
The black-ey'd virgin, bright with golden hair,
Who now to flight impell'd her gentle mare:
Diſpleas'd the knights ſhe view'd, nor wiſh'd to prove
At once three rival-ſuitors for her love.
When theſe ſo far were led, ſhe fear'd no more
Th' enchanter's arts could work their baleful power;
The ring, in danger ever prov'd her ſhield,
The fair between her ruby lips conceal'd,
That done, ſhe vaniſh'd from their longing ſight,
And mute with wonder left each gazing knight.
The wayward damſel who ſo late deſign'd
Orlando or king Sacripant to find,
Now, ſudden chang'd, far other thoughts purſu'd,
And both the chiefs alike diſdainful view'd,
Reſolv'd to neither's arm that aid to owe,
Which, in their ſtead, her ring might well beſtow.
Meantime the lovers, who deluded ſtood,
On either ſide amid the gloomy wood,
Alternate gaz'd: like hounds that loſe the trace
Of hare or fox, which long they held in chace.
Herſelf inviſible, the ſcornful maid
Their baffled plight with ſecret ſmiles ſurvey'd.

One

One only path amid the foreſt led,
That ſeem'd to point the way by which ſhe fled.
Orlando and Ferrau with eager ſpeed
The ſearch purſu'd, and Sacripant his ſteed
As ſwiftly ſpurr'd, while left behind, the dame
Her bridle check'd, and ſoftly pacing came.
  But, branching now in tangled brakes, was loſt
The winding way, that through the woodland croſt:
With heedful eyes the champions ſought around
What track of horſes' feet had mark'd the ground:
Ferrau, of kings the proudeſt midſt the proud,
Thus, turning tow'rds the two, exclaim'd aloud:
Say—whither would ye go?—your courſe refrain—
Unleſs you breathleſs mean to preſs the plain.
Think not in love a rival will I view,
Or let another her I love purſue.
Then to Circaſſia's king Orlando ſpoke:
Who dares our wrath unpuniſh'd thus provoke,
Muſt deem us, ſure, a vile and abject pair,
More fit the diſtaff than the lance to bear.
Thou wretch! (indignant, to Ferreau he ſaid)
But that I view no helm defends thy head,
This arm ſhould teach thee to repent the wrong,
And curſe th' ungovern'd licenſe of thy tongue.

To whom the Pagan—Lo! I ſtand prepar'd,
Nor think my head defenceleſs I regard:
Tho' here without a helm, I truſt full well
This hand your force united can repel.
Then thus Orlando Sacripant addreſs'd:
Lend him awhile your helm at my requeſt,
Till with this weapon I chaſtiſe in fight
Th' unequall'd folly of yon boaſting knight.
Great were my weakneſs then (the monarch cry'd;)
But if thou ſeek'ſt to have his wants ſupply'd,
Thy own beſtow—nor deem me leſs prepar'd
Than thou, to give a fool his juſt reward.
Ferrau rejoin'd—Inſenſate both! for know
Did I a helmet ſeek to meet the foe,
Yourſelves had prov'd my proweſs to your coſt,
And each had now his caſque in combat loſt.
Bare headed thus, and bound by ſolemn vows,
Learn, never covering muſt ſurround my brows
But what Orlando wears, the glorious prize
I ſeek to gain—With ſmiles the earl replies:
Wilt thou ſecure, with head defenceleſs dare
Aſſail the Paladin in equal war,
To win from him ſuch honour as he won
In Aſpramont from Agolantes' ſon?

I rather deem his near approach would make
From head to foot thy frame with terror ſhake;
Make thee the helmet's boaſted claim forego,
To yield thyſelf and weapons to the foe.
To whom the Spaniſh boaſter thus reply'd:
Full oft this arm Orlando's force has try'd;
When I at pleaſure, not his helm alone,
But all his armour might have made my own;
Then little priz'd,—though now I ſeek to gain
The temper'd helm, and truſt ſhall ſoon obtain.
His patience loſt, enrag'd Orlando cries:
Thou infidel! artificer of lies!
When was the time, and where the fatal ground
On which thy arms o'er mine th' advantage found?
Behold that champion (little thought ſo near)
Behold in me the Paladin is here!
Prove if thy force can make this helmet thine,
Or this right hand thy ſhield and armour mine;
Nor ſeek I any vantage.—Thus he ſaid,
And ſwift the caſque unlacing from his head,

He

Ver. 312. *Nor ſeek I any vantage.—*] Both the poet and Orlando, and likewiſe Ferrau before, ver. 271. ſeem to have forgot the enchantment, by which each knight was incapable of being wounded. But one general obſervation will ſerve for all theſe circumſtances

He hung it on a tree in open view,
And Durindana from the ſcabbard drew.
No leſs Ferrau was ſeen his ſword to wield,
While o'er his head he rais'd the fencing ſhield:
They rein their ſteeds, they ſtrike, they ward by turns,
Their fury kindles as the combat burns.
Where beſt their force can plate or joint invade,
They ſpeed the thruſt or whirl the beamy blade.
Not all the world a fearleſs knight can ſhow
Like each of theſe to meet a fearleſs foe.
For courage both, for proweſs both renown'd,
And both alike incapable of wound.
Oft have you heard (my lord) that magic art
Secur'd Ferrau in every vital part,
Save that alone, which firſt the nurture gives
Whilſt in the womb the helpleſs infant lives.
Not leſs Anglante's knight, by potent charm,
Was kept in combat ſafe from every harm

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cumſtances, whenever they occur; they are ſuch ſlips as will be found in every great work; and to which, though the reference is rather common, we may always apply the words of Horace:

— aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

— ſometimes good Homer ſleeps.

Ver. 330. *Not leſs Anglante's knight,*—] He makes Orlando and Ferrau invulnerable, according to the common fable of Achilles and Cygnus. See this matter diſcuſſed at large, Book xxix. note to ver. 122.

Of weapon's edge; while pervious to the ſteel
His feet, beneath, the piercing wound could feel:
But each ſecur'd, in every bloody ſtrife,
With double plates, the place endangering life.
Thus leſs for need than pomp of outward ſhow,
They went in arms array'd againſt a foe.
  More dreadful grew the war—Ferrau ſo well
His weapon aim'd, it ſtruck, when'er it fell,
With point or edge: nor leſs at every ſtroke
Orlando's ſword the mail in ſhivers broke.
There ſtood Angelica, conceal'd from ſight,
The ſingle witneſs of ſo fierce a fight.
For Sacripant, who deem'd the royal maid
Not far remote amid the foreſt ſtray'd,
Soon as Orlando and Ferrau he view'd
Engag'd in ſtrife, her fancy'd courſe purſu'd.
  Angelica awhile in equal ſcales
The conflict ſees, where neither ſide prevails:
At length deſire ſome new device to prove,
Incites her thence the helmet to remove;
In harmleſs paſtime, meant alone to view
What part the rival warriors would purſue.

Ver. 347. —*her fancy'd courſe purſu'd.*] Sacripant appears again, Book xxii. ver. 92.

Then in a ſportive mood the caſque ſhe took,
And ſoon the place and combatants forſook,
Unſeen of each, ſo eager in the fight:
At length Ferrau, who turn'd aſide his ſight,
Firſt held his hand, and to Orlando ſaid,
Lo! how our late companion has betray'd
The faith of knights! What prize for us remains,
When he, by fraud, the victor's meed obtains?
Then on the tree Orlando bent his view;
The helm he miſs'd, and fierce his anger grew;
And with Ferrau agreed, that this, in ſcorn
Of either's claim, Circaſſia thence had borne
The earl his Brigliadoro through the wood
Impatient urg'd; as ſwift Ferrau purſu'd;
Till different tracks of horſes' feet they found,
Left by the knight and damſel on the ground.
Here to the left his courſe Orlando bore,
The courſe Circaſſia's king had held before;
Ferrau, by chance, more near the mountain ſtray'd,
Through late worn traces of the flying maid.
  Meantime the virgin to a fountain drew,
Where verdant bowers, with leaves o'erſhading grew;
Where pilgrims, ſhelter'd from the ſultry beam,
With draughts refreſhing from the limpid ſtream

Allay'd

Allay'd their thirſt: here, fearleſs of ſurprize,
Angelica (who on her ring relies
In every danger) to the bank deſcends,
And on a bough the glittering helm ſuſpends;
Then ſeeks a place where, ty'd at eaſe, her beaſt
Might crop from flowery meads the verdant feaſt.
The Spaniſh knight, who cloſe purſu'd the dame,
By equal windings to the fountain came,
Not unobſerv'd, for inſtant from his ſight
She vaniſh'd, and prepar'd her ſpeedy flight;
But vainly ſtrove the helmet to regain,
That roll'd to diſtance bounded on the plain.
When firſt the Pagan prince with raptur'd eyes
Beholds Angelica—he haſtes, he flies
To meet the fair-one, who his hope deceives,
As ſome light form th' awaken'd dreamer leaves.
He ſeeks her round in covert, ſhade, and bower,
But ſeeks in vain—blaſpheming every power,
With Trevigant and Mahomet, ador'd
By Pagan votaries, as Gods implor'd,

And

Ver. 396. *With Trevigant and Mahomet*—] The name of Trevigant is common in the romances of Chivalry and in the old Ballads, where Trevigant and Mahound (Mahomet) frequently occur.

And every name his ſect repeats with awe,
The prieſts and teachers of this impious law.
Now near the fount again the warrior drew,
And, caſt on earth Orlando's helmet knew,
By characters that round its edge explain'd
When, and from whom, the precious prize was gain'd

While

So likewiſe Spenſer:

And oftentimes by Termagaunt and
Mahound ſwore.

FAIRY QUEEN, Book vi. C. vii.

"Termagaunt (or as here call'd Trevigant) is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Saracens, in which he is conſtantly linked with Mahound: thus in the old Legend of Sir Guy,

So help me Mahowne of might,
And Termagaunt my god ſo bright,

Perhaps Termagaunt had been a name given to ſome Saxon idol, and our ignorant anceſtors, who thought all that did not receive the Chriſtian law were neceſſarily Pagans and Idolators, ſuppoſed the Mahometan creed was in all reſpects the ſame with that of their Pagan forefathers, and therefore made no ſcruple to give the ancient name Termagaunt to the god of the Saracens: the French romancers, who had borrowed the word from us, corrupted it into Tervagaunte: the Italians called it Trevigante."

See RELIQUES of Ancient Poetry, Vol. I. p. 76. 3d edit.

While much he griev'd to loſe the lovely maid,
Who unapparent, like a phantom ſhade,
Eſcap'd his ſight, he ſeiz'd with eager haſte,
And on his head the long-ſought helmet plac'd.
One only wiſh remain'd yet unpoſſeſt,
To find his miſtreſs and in love be bleſt.
He ſearch'd the woods, till every hope was loſt,
Then turn'd to Paris, to the Spaniſh hoſt:
But though deſponding with a lover's grief,
His vow fulfill'd afforded ſome relief,
Since thus the helm he gain'd from great Anglante's chief.
Soon as theſe tidings to the earl were brought,
Long time from land to land Ferrau he ſought;
Nor ceas'd, till from his head the prize he drew,
And him between two neighbouring bridges ſlew.

Ver. 418. *And him between*, &c.—] The incident here mentioned appears no where in the Orlando Furioſo, but probably Arioſto alludes to a ſtory in ſome popular romance, familiar to his Italian readers, though not known to his tranſlator.—Fauſte de Longiana, an Italian commentator, tells us that Ferrau was of a gigantic ſtature, and came over with Agramant againſt Charlemain, in which war he made many French nobles priſoners, but was afterwards ſlain by Orlando. Some ſay that he invaded France with twenty thouſand Saracens, ſent by the admiral of Babylon, that he had in himſelf the ſtrength of forty men, and was ſtabbed by Orlando in the navel, in which part only Boyardo and

Angelica with ſad and penſive look,
Alone, inviſible, her journey took:
The helmet loſt employ'd her anxious mind,
Which near the fount her haſte had left behind.
My too officious care (exclaim'd the maid)
His truſty head-piece from the earl convey'd:
And is it thus his merits I regard,
And claims from me his ſervice ſuch reward?
Heaven knows my ſecret heart! (though now th' event
Has other prov'd) my blameleſs purpoſe went
To ſtay the fight; but ah! I little thought
To give yon brutal knight the prize he ſought!—
Repentant thus ſhe mourn'd the deed that left
Anglante's champion of his helm bereft;
And eaſtward journey'd, now to ſight reveal'd,
Now by her ring from every eye conceal'd;
Through many a region, many a city paſs'd,
Till to a lonely wood arriv'd at laſt,
Between two warriors ſlain a youth ſhe view'd,
Whoſe wounded breaſt a crimſon ſtream bedew'd

and Arioſto tell us that he was vulnerable. We have the teſtimony of Marcus Antonius Sabellicus, a noted writer of the fifteenth century, that there was a Mooriſh Spaniard, named Ferrau, a redoubted champion of the ageof Charlemain.

But

But here Angelica we leave, and tell
What new adventures many a knight befel:
Nor of Ferrau, nor Sacripant we ſing,
But tune to different themes the various ſtring.
Far other taſk demands me to record
The valiant deeds of Brava's noble lord*;
What long laborious ſearch he yet ſuſtain'd
To gain that bleſſing which he never gain'd.
Another caſque the careful hero bought,
(For ſtill to keep himſelf unknown he ſought)
But nor the metal, nor the temper try'd,
His fated ſkin the edge of ſteel defy'd;
Then follow'd her (whoſe love he held ſo dear)
Through every ſeaſon of the changing year.
As Phœbus from the fields of Ocean drew
His ſmooth-hair'd courſers wet with briny dew;
What time Aurora ſtream'd with ruddy light,
And ſtars yet glimmer'd in the rear of night:
Not far remote from Paris' regal town,
Orlando gain'd new laurels of renown.

* Orlando.

Ver. 439. *But here Angelica we leave,* —] He returns to Angelica in the xixth Book, ver. 122.

Ver. 441. *Nor of Ferrau, nor Sacripant* —] Ferrau appears again in the review of the Pagan army, Book xiv. ver. 111, and Sacripant is ſpoken of, Book xxvii. ver. 92.

Two bands he met; one Manilardo led,
A Pagan reverenc'd for his hoary head;
Of Norway king; once gallant in the field;
But better now in arts of council ſkill'd.
To lead the other, with his ſtandard came
The king of Tremizen, of mighty fame
In Afric, and Alzirdo was his name.
Theſe troops, with all the numerous Pagan hoſt
In towns and caſtles held their winter's poſt;
Some near the walls, which Agramant in vain
Had waited long with powerful ſiege to gain;
And now reſolv'd, in all the dreadful form
Of horrid war, at one aſſault to ſtorm.
For this intent he ſummon'd every power;
Not thoſe alone that came from Afric's ſhore,
Or thoſe by king Marſilius brought from Spain;
But thoſe which France had added to his train:
For late from Paris' walls to Arlis' flood,
He many a town in Gaſcony ſubdu'd.
When now, unchain'd from winter's icy cold,
Within their beds the murmuring currents roll'd;
When the glad meads reſum'd their vivid green,
And budding leaves to deck the trees were ſeen;
Then gave king Agramant his wide command,
To muſter all his forces, band by band:

For

For this the king of Tremizen in hafte,
And king of Norway, o'er the country pafs'd,
To lead their fquadrons, where the army drew
To pafs before their chiefs in juft review.
When now Alzirdo had the earl efpy'd,
Whofe like in arms not all the world fupply'd,
Whofe limbs and mien heroic from afar
Denounc'd defiance, like the God of war;
He deem'd him firft of every martial band,
And rafhly long'd to meet him hand to hand.
Young was Alzirdo, and of lofty pride,
Of daring courage, and of vigour try'd.
His focial ranks, in evil hour, he left,
And fpurr'd his fteed, of better fenfe bereft,
At once the foe's prevailing force to feel,
And fink tranfpierc'd by great Anglante's fteel.
The courfer flies affrighted o'er the plains,
No mafter on his back to guide the reins!
Now rofe a dreadful tumult, when they view'd
The youth all pale and weltering in his blood:
Some couch'd their fpears, and fome their falchions drew,
And on the knight with headlong fury flew;
While fome with darts and arrows gall'd from far
The flower of champions in a miffive war.

As

As gathering round with hoarſe obſtreperous cry
Appear the ſwine, when from ſome cavern nigh
The wolf or bear, to ſeize their prey deſcends,
And with fell jaws a bleeding porket rends:
So ſeem'd the crew, inflam'd with barbarous ſpite,
And urg'd each other on t' aſſault the knight.
A thouſand darts, and ſpears, and ſwords rebound
From his broad ſhield, or on his cuiraſs ſound.
One ſtruck behind him with a ponderous mace;
One ſtood beſide; one met him face to face:
But he who ne'er a thought of fear allow'd,
With careleſs eye beheld th' ignoble crowd:
Thus, leaping o'er the fence in nightly folds,
A wolf the number of the ſheep beholds.
His hand was ſeen the thundering ſword to wield,
By which ſuch numerous Pagans preſs'd the field.
Hard were the taſk, amid the throng, to tell
The warriors that beneath his weapon fell!
A purple torrent all the plain o'erflow'd,
That ſcarce ſuffic'd to bear the ghaſtly load.
No quilted veſt, nor fencing turban roll'd
Around the head in many a winding fold,
Nor plated ſhield, nor temper'd caſque defends,
Where Durindana's trenchant edge deſcends.

Loud

Loud groans and cries the dying ſoldiers yield,
And heads and arms are ſcatter'd o'er the field.
Death ſtalks amidſt the crimſon ranks of fight,
In various forms, all horrible to ſight;
Yon weapon in Orlando's hand (he cries)
With my fell ſcythe in copious ſlaughter vies!
The wounded fly, nor longer will await
A ſecond wound, but fear the ſtroke of fate;
While thoſe who thought a ſingle knight to make
Their eaſy conqueſt, now the plain forſake,
Nor one remains with him his deareſt friend to take.
Regardleſs of the way, with fearful ſpeed
This plies his feet, that ſpurs his rapid ſteed.
Lo! Virtue bears her mirror in the field,
Which every blemiſh of the ſoul reveal'd:
None look'd therein, except a hoary ſire;
Age ſhrunk his nerves, but could not damp his fire.
He ſaw 'twas nobler far in fight to die,
Than with diſhonour turn his back to fly.
This ſage was Norway's king, who graſp'd his lance,
And fearleſs met the matchleſs peer of France.
Againſt the ſhield's round boſs the weapon broke;
Ahmov'd the Paladin receiv'd the ſtroke.
As Manilardo paſs'd, Orlando aim'd
His deadly falchion that like lightning flam'd;

But Fortune favour'd here the king ſo well,
The blade fell flat, yet with ſuch fury fell,
The reverend warrior ſenſeleſs lay for dead,
And ſwooning darkneſs o'er his eye-balls ſpread.
Orlando left him there, and eager flew
To chace the remnant of the flying crew.
As birds affrighted wing their airy way,
When the fierce hawk purſues his trembling prey:
So far'd theſe bands before the Chriſtian knight,
Some maim'd, ſome ſlain, and ſome diſpers'd in flight.
  Orlando now, tho' well the land he knew,*
Uncertain where his miſtreſs to purſue;
To left or right, where'er his courſe inclin'd,
On other parts ſtill ran his anxious mind;
Through woods, through plains, he ſought the beauteous dame,
'Till near a mountain's craggy ſteep he came;
Thence, from a cleft, a ſtream of yellow light
Pierc'd the dun ſhadows of ſurrounding night.
As in the ſhelter which the buſhes yield,
Or midſt the ſtubble of the new-reap'd field,
In brake or dell, th' unweary'd hunter's care
Winds the deep mazes of the fearful hare:
So, with a beating heart, by hope betray'd,
The knight, who ſaw the ſudden gleam that play'd

Amidſt the trees, the hill explor'd, and found
A ſpacious cavern hewn within the ground,
The mouth with brambles fenc'd ; a ſafe retreat
For thoſe that fix'd in woods their ruſtic ſeat
From human haunts !—the taper's ray reveal'd
With glimmering light the cave by day conceal'd.
Orlando, while he mus'd what ſavage race
Might there reſide, reſolv'd t' explore the place.
His Brigliadoro firſt ſecurely ty'd,
He clear'd the branches that acceſs deny'd ;
Then in the tomb, that held the living, went
By many ſteps a narrow deep deſcent.
Large was the cave, but ſcarce at noon of day
The winding mouth receiv'd a feeble ray ;
Yet from an opening to the right appear'd
A beam of ſunſhine that the dwelling chear'd.
Here, ſeated near a blazing hearth he found,
In budding prime, a tender virgin crown'd
With beauty that might every heart entice,
And make this gloomy grot a paradiſe ;
Though in her eyes the ſtarting tear confeſs'd
Some hidden anguiſh rankling in her breaſt.
With her an aged beldame ſeem'd to jar
(As women oft are wont) in wordy war :

But when Orlando in their preſence came,
Each held her peace: the knight to either dame
Fair greeting gave, as one whoſe noble mind
Was ever gentle to the gentle kind.
They riſing ſudden, his ſalute repaid,
Though each at firſt appear'd with looks diſmay'd,
To hear his voice, and, entering there behold
A man all arm'd whoſe mien might freeze the bold.
With wonder fill'd, Orlando ſought to know
What ſavage wretch, to human race a foe,
Could keep entomb'd in ſuch a lonely place,
The ſweet attractions of ſuch virgin grace.
Scarce to the knight the damſel can reply,
Her words cut ſhort by many a heavy ſigh,
Which from her coral lip her griefs exhale,
While ſtill ſhe ſtrives to ſpeak her woeful tale.
Tears ſtain her lovely cheek; as oft we view
The roſe and lily wet with morning dew.

Th' enſuing book, my lord, the ſequel ſhows,
For time requires that here the book we cloſe.

END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Isabella relates her ſtory to Orlando, who delivers her from the outlaws. Bradamant, lamenting for the abſence of Rogero, is comforted by Meliſſa, and inſtructed how ſhe may ſet him at liberty from the caſtle of Atlantes. Meliſſa, at the requeſt of Bradamant, tells her the names of many illuſtrious women that are to deſcend from her race. She then conducts her near the caſtle of Atlantes, and takes leave of her. Agramant prepares to muſter his forces.

THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

RIGHT venturous were the knights of old renown'd,
Who in the defert fhade, the vales profound,
The gloomy cavern, or the foreft dell,
Where ferpents, bears, and roaring lions dwell,
Found many a dame of fuch exalted mien,
As rarely now in palaces are feen,
Who, in their earlieft bloom of charms, might bear
The prize from all—the faireft of the fair.
  I told how to Orlando was reveal'd
A tender virgin in a cave conceal'd,
Of whom he fought the hidden caufe to know
That kept her there; and now with heart-felt woe,

She ſpoke her griefs, enforc'd by many a ſigh,
And made, in pleaſing accents, this reply.

Though, courteous knight, my mournful tale diſclos'd,
To certain puniſhment I ſtand expos'd,
Since yonder woman will my words relate
To him, who holds me in this captive ſtate;
Yet let it come—what can I from his hand,
More grateful than the ſtroke of death demand?
Hear firſt, that Iſabella's name I own,
Daughter of him who fills Galicia's throne:
Once was I his—but now, alas! the heir
Of deſolation, ſorrow, and deſpair!
From Love I trace the cauſe of all my ſmart,
From Love that ſteals the virgin's gentle heart.
Once was I young and beauteous, rich and bleſt,
Now poor and low, with fortune's frowns oppreſt.
Yet let me, undiſguis'd, ſir knight, diſcloſe
The early cauſe of all my preſent woes;
And ſhould you fail to cure, at leaſt my grief
May from your generous pity find relief.
Twelve months are paſt, ſince in Bayona's land,
My royal ſire a tournament ordain'd,

To which, invited by the trump of fame,
From various regions various champions came.
But, whether love misled my partial mind,
Or that his virtues o'er the warrior kind
So brightly blaz'd—Zerbino singly won
My soul's dear praise, Zerbino only son

To

Ver. 39. — *Zerbino* —] " A Scotch author, Drummond of Hawthornden, in his history of Scotland says, that though Ariosto did not know him personally, he complimented the virtues of James V. in the character of Zerbino; and having cited Ariosto, he adds some verses from Ronsard in praise of that prince. Another author says, that when James V. married the duke of Guise's daughter, he made an excursion from France into Italy, and became acquainted with Ariosto. James was a most accomplished prince: Latin was, in his time, the favourite study of Scotland, and to the utmost gallantry of disposition he added a singular love for polite literature, and was himself a poet. Christ Kirk on the Green, and some of his other ballads, contain genuine description and humour. James died, at the age of thirty-one or two, of grief. Just as his army was going to give battle to the English, he sent one Oliver Sinclair, his favourite, with a commission to supersede the general; upon which the whole army yielded themselves prisoners of war, without one blow being struck: his high spirit could not brook this affront, and he expired in a few days in the fever of indignation."

For the above note I am indebted to my friend Mr. Mickle, the excellent translator of Camoëns; but on further examination of the matter, there appeared a great objection to the account of Drummond.

To Scotland's king, whose knightly feats of arms
My throbbing bosom fill'd with soft alarms.
I lov'd—yet happy seem'd to place my heart
Upon an object of such high desert.
Zerbino, every lord my eyes beheld,
In comely form and bravery excell'd.
Not less sincere than mine his passion glow'd;
And though forbid to meet, our flames we vow'd
By message oft, and while we liv'd disjoin'd,
We felt the tenderest union of the mind.

---

mond. James died in the year 1542 or 1543, being then thirty-one or thirty-two years of age, so that when Ariosto published his Furioso in 1515, James was only five or six years old, unless we suppose that any characteristic compliment was inserted by the author in the last edition, which passage may be cited by Drummond. The last edition published in the life of the poet was in 1532, at which time James was about twenty-one years of age, but had not entered upon public life, being detained in the power of the earl of Angus. With respect to the journey made by James into Italy, mentioned by the other author, on the prince's marriage with the duke of Guise's daughter, it is certain this marriage did not take place till about the year 1539, and that Ariosto died in 1533. Hence we may observe, how little dependence is to be had on these kind of stories so readily adopted by the partiality of historians, to do honour to a favourite national character.

See HUME's History of England, Vol. iv. Oct. edit.

Zerbino

Zerbino now, when clos'd the ſolemn feaſt,
To Scotland's realm again his courſe addreſs'd.
If e'er your ſoul the hour of parting knew,
Reflect what ſorrow muſt his loſs enſue.
He night and day was preſent to my thought;
While like affection in his boſom wrought,
And bade him every ſecret means employ
With my lov'd ſight to crown his future joy.
Our different faiths forbade him to require
My hand in marriage of the king my ſire.
A Pagan I, and he a Chriſtian bred;
With open rites he ne'er muſt hope to wed
Galicia's princeſs; hence his fearleſs mind
To bear me from my native land deſign'd.

Oft in a garden, deck'd with ſummer's pride,
Where near the gay parterres a cryſtal tide
Meandering roll'd, upon the banks I ſtood,
And view'd afar the hills and ſurgy flood.
This place t' effect his bold deſign he choſe,
That nothing might our union more oppoſe:
To me his ſecret thoughts he firſt declar'd,
Then, well equipp'd, a rapid bark prepar'd,
By Odorico the Biſcayan's care,
On ſea and land a maſter of the war.

Zerbino, by his aged father ſent,
With all his powers in aid of Gallia went:
Himſelf forbid to ſtay, he left behind
This Odorico, and to him conſign'd
Th' important charge: as one he ſtill had found
By every act of love and duty bound:
On whom he deem'd his friendſhip might rely,
If benefits conferr'd could fix the tye.

Now, in my garden, on th' appointed day,
Till night I ſtay'd, a voluntary prey:
When Odorico near the city drew,
And up the river with his choſen few,
Advancing ſilent, ſudden leapt on ſhore,
And me in triumph to his galley bore,
Ere yet the tumult had the town alarm'd;
My houſehold train, affrighted and unarm'd,
Part in the ſkirmiſh fell, while others fled,
And part, ſurpris'd, with me were captive led.
Joyful I bade my native ſoil adieu,
In hopes my lov'd Zerbino ſoon to view.
Scarce had our ſhip the cape of Mongia paſt,
When, riſing from the left, a ſtormy blaſt
Drove clouds on clouds, made mountain-ſurges riſe
And daſh their ſpumy foreheads in the ſkies,

While from her track the wind our veſſel bore,
And gather'd ſtrength with every dreadful hour:
Not all the ſailors' art could ſtem the tide,
Nor could the cordage work the bark to guide:
In vain we ſtrike the ſail againſt the maſt,
We bind the courſes, from the deck we caſt
Each uſeleſs load; we find, as thus we ſtrive,
Our ſhip againſt the rocks of Rochelle drive.
Swift as a ſhaft before the ſtorm it drove,
And none could ſave, but HE who rules above!
Struck with our peril, the Biſcayan try'd
A laſt reſource, too oft in vain apply'd:
With him he bade me from the ſhip deſcend,
And to the ſhallow ſkiff our lives commend.
Two more deſcended; and a numerous band
As ſoon had follow'd, but with ſword in hand
Compell'd, alas! their entrance we deny'd,
Our cable cut, and floated on the tide,
Till ſafe we landed on the rocky coaſt;
But with the veſſel wreck'd the crew were loſt
And all her freight—my hands to Heaven I rais'd,
And for my life preſerv'd my Maker prais'd,
Who left me not to periſh far from ſhore,
And never ſee my dear Zerbino more.

Though

Though with the ſinking ſhip remain'd behind
My veſts and jewels, wealth of every kind,
Yet bleſt with hopes to find my prince again,
Unmov'd I ſaw them ſwallow'd by the main.

Wild was the land, uncultivate and rude,
Nor track of feet, nor roofs of men we view'd;
Nought but a mountain, round whoſe craggy brow
The loud winds blew, the billows roar'd below.

Here cruel Love, that falſe perfidious boy,
Prompt to deceive, and watchful to deſtroy,
With ſuit diſhoneſt, by his froward will,
My joy to ſorrow chang'd, my good to ill.
That friend, in whom his truſt Zerbino plac'd,
Froze in his faith, and burnt with flames unchaſte.
Whether at ſea he felt th' unhallow'd fire,
But durſt not then avow his black deſire:
Or whether this remote and lonely place
Inſpir'd his boſom with a thought ſo baſe:
The traitor now a ſecret plan revolv'd,
T' accompliſh what his impious ſoul reſolv'd;
And hence of two that 'ſcap'd with us the flood
Would one diſmiſs, a youth of Scottiſh blood,
Almonio nam'd, and by Zerbino lov'd,
In faith unſully'd, as in arms approv'd:

Him Odorico bade to weigh the ſhame,
Should they to Rochelle's walls a princely dame
On foot convey: and begg'd him hence with ſpeed
From Rochelle to ſupply our preſent need.
Almonio, fearing nought, his courſe purſu'd
To where, conceal'd from view beyond the wood,
Six miles remote, the peopled city ſtood.
His friend remain'd: to him the traitor meant
Without diſguiſe t' unveil his foul intent:
Corebo of Bilboa was his name;
Whom Odorico, nothing aw'd by ſhame,
Would tempt to break his faith; with him he led
His early life; with him from childhood bred,
He hop'd to ſee him prize his friend's deſire
Above the ties that virtue might require.
Corebo, great of ſoul, and nobly born,
Abhorr'd the deed, and with indignant ſcorn
Reproach'd his breach of faith, and firmly ſtrove
By every means t' oppoſe his impious love.
From threat to threat increaſing paſſion grew
In either breaſt, till each his weapon drew:
When, ſtruck with terror to behold the fight,
I turn'd me to the woods in ſpeedy flight.
Soon Odorico, long to battle train'd,
By ſkill ſuperior, ſuch advantage gain'd,

He left Corebo on the ground for dead,
And follow'd me who thence ſo ſwiftly fled.
Love ſurely lent him pinions to purſue;
Love taught his tongue with ſoothing ſpeech to woo;
But fruitleſs all—for rather than comply
With ſuch deſires, I ſtood reſolv'd to die.
When prayers, and threats, and flatteries nought avail'd,
With open force my honour he aſſail'd.
In vain I wept—implor'd—in vain I preſs'd
The ſacred friendſhip to his lord profeſs'd;
Bade him reflect that to his faith ſincere
Zerbino truſted all he held moſt dear.
Entreaties loſt, and every hope of aid
Far, far remote to ſave a wretched maid;
While he with impious rage and force increas'd,
Aſſail'd my virtue like ſome ravenous beaſt,
With hands and feet in my defence I ſtrove,
With teeth and nails repuls'd his brutal love:
His hair and beard I tore, his fleſh I rent,
And pierc'd with ſhrieks the vaulted firmament.
I know not if by fortune thither led,
Or by my voice that round the country ſpread

Its

Its piercing notes; or wont to ſcour the ſtrand
When veſſels bulg'd, or ſtrew'd with wrecks the
ſand;
But from the ſummit of the hill I ſpy'd
A crew deſcending to the ocean's ſide:
Th' impure Biſcayan, ſeiz'd with guilty fright,
His purpoſe left, to ſave himſelf by flight.
Behold me by this band in happy hour
Preſerv'd, my lord, from that falſe traitor's power,
Yet but preſerv'd the proverb to fulfil;
"Who 'ſcapes one miſchief meets another ſtill."
'Tis true—I am not yet ſo curſt to find
My honour wrong'd, though this degenerate kind
No virtues hold in awe; but thirſt of gain
Incites them from my perſon to abſtain,
Which kept, as now, in maiden luſtre pure,
Will for my purchaſe ampler ſums ſecure.
Eight months elaps'd, I ſee the ninth arrive,
Since here I wretched dwell entomb'd alive.
All hopes of my Zerbino now muſt fail—
From theſe I learn, my beauty ſet to ſale,
And terms agreed, a merchant will receive,
And me, unhappy, to the Soldan give.

So

So ſpoke the lovely maid, and as ſhe ſpoke,
Sighs following ſighs her angel ſpeeches broke:
Her tender grief compaſſion might infuſe
In aſps and tigers, while ſhe thus renews
Her tender ſorrows, or in plaintive ſtrain
Allays the anguiſh of her ſecret pain.

Thus they; when ſudden in the cave appears
A crew with knotty clubs, with ſtaves and ſpears;
Th' ill-favour'd leader of the brutal crew
His ſingle eye around the cavern threw;
A wound that chanc'd upon his face to light,
Had cropt his noſe and clos'd one eye in night.
Soon as he ſaw the chief, who liſtening ſate
To hear the virgin-fair her tale relate,
He turn'd, and joyful to his fellows ſaid:
Behold a bird for whom no net was ſpread!
Then to the earl—For me in luckier hour
No ſtranger ever reach'd this place before:
Thou may'ſt have heard I long have ſought in vain,
Such radiant arms and veſt like thine to gain;
And gladly I behold thee thus at hand,
To anſwer now whate'er my wants demand.

Swift ſtarting from his ſeat with noble pride,
Orlando ſmil'd ſevere, and thus reply'd.

These

These arms I value at a price ſo high,
Who hopes their purchaſe muſt full dearly buy.
Then from the blazing hearth a brand he took,
All red with fire and hiſſing from the ſmoke,
And ſudden threw—above the caitiff's noſe,
By chance it ſtrikes between the meeting brows;
And inſtant quenches in eternal night
His only wretched miniſter of light;
And ſends his ghoſt to join the dreary train
By Charon doom'd to lakes of fiery pain.
A table, form'd in ſquare, of ponderous wood,
Of ſize capacious, in the cavern ſtood;
Which, ill-ſuſtain'd with rude unſhapen feet,
The thief and all his fellows held at meat:

Ver. 249. *By Charon* —] Of theſe burning lakes in which thieves and murderers are puniſhed, an account is given in Dante, Canto xxv. of his Inferno; where he aſſigns to theſe the ſeventh gulph, and where, he tells us, Chiron the Centaur, and his companions, ſtand armed with darts, which they ſhoot at the damned, as often as they attempt to eſcape from the lake of torment. Some commentators read in this paſſage of Arioſto, Chiron inſtead of Charon. Zatta, in the laſt edition of 1772, tells us, that in the editions of 1516 and 1532, both corrected by the author, it is printed Chiron and not Charon; and Fornari, in his commentary gives it Chiron.

Eaſy, as from his hand diſmiſt in air,
The dextrous Spaniard ſends the cane afar,
Wondrous to tell! this weight Orlando threw,
Where throng'd together preſs'd th' ungodly crew.
The ſhatter'd limb, cruſh'd head, and gory breaſt,
The crackling bone the thundering maſs confeſs'd:
Some crippled every part, ſome ſlain outright:
Who leaſt is hurt attempts to 'ſcape by flight.
So when in cluſtering knot, a ſnaky brood,
Reviving joyful with the ſpring renew'd,
Baſk in the ſun, if by ſome peaſant thrown
Amidſt them lights a huge unwieldy ſtone,
On all the curling heap what miſchief flies!
This leaves his ſever'd tail; that, mangled dies:
Another cruſh'd and bruis'd attempts with pain
To drag behind his ſinuous length of train:
Another happier 'midſt the graſſy way
Eſcapes, and hiſſing glides anew for prey.
Such was the havock here—leſs ſtrange to tell,
Since from Orlando's arm the ruin fell.

Ver. 255. *The dextrous Spaniard* —] The poet alludes to an exerciſe uſed among the Spaniards, requiring much dexterity and agility: it was performed on horſeback, and conſiſted chiefly in throwing canes or reeds to a great diſtance.

Good Turpin's page declares that ſev'n alone
Eſcap'd the weight by fierce Orlando thrown.
While to their feet their ſafety theſe commend,
The champion ſtands the paſſage to defend;
With pinioned arms he drags them forth to view,
Where with thick boughs an aged ſervice grew:
The leaves he clears, and hangs them quivering there
A living prey to all the fowls of air.
Nor needs he iron bands, or ſtrong link'd chain,
To purge the earth of ſuch an impious train;
The tree its branches yields, with theſe ſupply'd,
Orlando by the neck the ſtruggling wretches ty'd.

That aged beldame, to the thieves a friend,
Who ſaw their ill-ſpent lives diſaſtrous end,
With ſhrieks and outcries, tearing from her head
The hoary hairs, to woods and deſerts fled;
Till near a ſtream ſhe met (as chance befel)
A knight, whoſe name I here forbear to tell,
And turn to her, who ſtill Orlando pray'd
With guardian power to watch a helpleſs maid;
And vow'd her ſteps ſhould all his ſteps attend:
The noble warrior, like a tender friend,

Ver. 279.——*an aged ſervice*—] Vecchio ſorbo—a tree bearing a fruit like a pearl or medlar.

Ver. 291. *A knight, whoſe name*—] He reſumes this ſtory, Book xx. ver. 779.

Her ſorrows ſooth'd; and when Aurora dreſt
In roſy garland and in purple veſt,
Reſum'd her wonted track through morning air,
The knight departs with Iſabella fair.
Then many a day they journey'd ere befel
Adventures worthy of the Muſe to tell.
At length, amidſt a mingled crew, they found
A champion dragg'd along in fetters bound.

To Amon's daughter now we change the ſtrain,
To her, whom late we left in amorous pain.
The valiant maid, whom every breaſt muſt mourn,
Who vainly hopes Rogero's ſwift return,
Still near Marſeilles reſides in anxious woe,
And every day annoys the Pagan foe,
That wide o'er hill and dale with plundering bands
O'er-run Provence and all the neighbouring lands,
Where the bright maid a great example gave,
Of prudent leader as of warrior brave.
Long has the time elaps'd that to her ſight
Should once again reſtore her deareſt knight;
In dread ſuſpenſe, a thouſand thoughts moleſt,
For lov'd Rogero's ſtay, her tender breaſt.

Ver. 304. *To Amon's daughter now*—] He returns to Orlando and Iſabella, Book xxiii ver. 386.

One

One day, of many a day, retir'd to mourn
Her fate alone, ſhe ſees that dame return,
Who in the wondrous ring the med'cine bore,
To heal the heart that felt Alcina's power.
But when (ſuch tedious hours of abſence paſt)
She ſees her come without the knight at laſt,
Swift from her cheek the fading roſes fly,
And ſcarce her trembling knees their aid ſupply.
  Soon as th' enchantreſs ſees the virgin's fear,
She haſtes to meet her with reviving chear,
Where every look ſuch ſpeaking comfort wears,
As his are wont who happy tidings bears.
Let no vain doubts (ſhe cry'd) thy boſom ſhake,
Rogero lives, and lives but for thy ſake,
Yet lives, compell'd his freedom to forego,
Again the priſoner to thy conſtant foe.
Now would'ſt thou ſeek him, mount thy ready ſteed
Without delay, and follow where I lead.
Soon ſhalt thou, virgin, well inſtructed, ſee
The means to ſet thy lov'd Rogero free.
  This ſaid; ſhe all the magic guile declar'd
Which for the knight Atlantes had prepar'd,
Who Bradamant's reſembling features wore,
The ſeeming captive in a giant's power,

When to th' enchanted dome the youth he drew,
Then inſtant vaniſh'd from his wondering view;
And how, with like device, th' enchanter wrought
On knights and damſels to his caſtle brought;
Who from his ſight ſuch various paſſions prov'd;
Who view'd in him, by ſtrange deception mov'd,
Friend, ſquire, companion, ſteed, or dame belov'd.
Urg'd by deluſive hope they fondly trace,
With ceaſeleſs toil, the viſionary place.
Soon as thy feet (ſhe cries) ſhall reach the land
Where, near, the wondrous pile is ſeen to ſtand,
Th' enchanter ſhalt thou meet, who to thy ſight
Will ſeem thy love, oppreſt by ſtronger might;
But leſt, by magic guile, thou here ſhould'ſt fall
In ſnares, that till this hour have fetter'd all,
Diſtruſt thy ſenſe, and when thou ſee'ſt him nigh,
Unſheath thy ſword, and bid the traitor die.
Nor think of life Rogero to deprive,
But him from whom thy woes their ſource derive.
Hard muſt it prove to aim the mortal blow
On him whoſe looks thy knight's reſemblance ſhow:
Then ere I lead thee hence yon dome to find,
Firm to the purpoſe ſteel thy conſtant mind,
For ne'er to thee may Fate Rogero give,
If through thy weakneſs now thy foe ſhould live.

The

The warlike virgin, with determin'd will
To free her lover and the ſorc'rer kill,
Appears in arms, impatient to purſue
Her guiding ſteps whoſe truth ſo well ſhe knew.
Meliſſa leads her thence with eager haſte,
O'er many a cultur'd land and dreary waſte,
Thro' wood and lawn; while ſage diſcourſe beguiles
The tedious journey and relieves their toils.
Much of the virgin's race th' enchantreſs tells,
On this, her lov'd, her favourite theme, ſhe dwells:
That from Rogero and herſelf ſhould riſe
Heroes and demi-gods to claim the ſkies.
As to Meliſſa every power was given
To view the ſecrets of myſterious Heaven;
Her ſearching eye could each event preſage,
Long hence decreed in Time's ſucceeding page.
O friend approv'd! O ever prudent guide!
(Thus to the propheteſs the virgin cry'd)
Whoſe art has many a famous man foretold,
My unborn ſons, when years on years have roll'd:
Vouchſafe to ſpeak of ſome illuſtrious dame
(If ſuch my line may boaſt) whoſe future fame
Among the virtuous and the fair may riſe:
She ceas'd—the matron mildly thus replies.

Great dames from thee deſcend, of whom ſhall ſpring
The potent emperor and ſceptred king;
All theſe, in ſweeping veſt, have equal praiſe
With creſted knights that bright in armour blaze:
For wiſdom, piety, and courage, crown'd
With fame, but moſt for chaſtity renown'd.
Hard taſk to name, where many ſtand ſo high,
Not one I ſee to paſs in ſilence by.
Yet, midſt a thouſand, let me (to purſue
What time permits) ſelect the nobler few.
O! had'ſt thou in the cave thy thoughts diſplay'd,
Thine eyes had then each paſſing form ſurvey'd.
See! from thy glorious ſtem a dame deſcend,
To virtuous deeds and liberal arts a friend:
With her for grace and beauty reſts the prize,
Chaſte with the chaſteſt, with the wiſeſt wiſe;
Fam'd Iſabella! whoſe reſplendent light
Shall gild with equal beams, by day, or night,

Ver. 407. *Fam'd Iſabella! —*] Iſabella, the wife of Franciſco Gonzaga, who was general of the Venetians againſt Charles VIII. in aid of the Genoeſe: ſhe was daughter to the firſt Hercules duke of Ferrara, and ſiſter to Alphonſo and Hippolito, a lady of great qualities and virtue.

PORCACCHI, EUGENICO.

The

The walls which Mincius' ſilver waters lave,
The land whoſe title Ocnus' mother gave.
There ſhall ſhe long a bright example give,
And, with her lord, in ſweet contention live,
Who beſt ſhall rear, who deareſt Virtue hold,
Who wideſt of Benevolence unfold
The ſacred gates: In Rheims or Taro's land,
While Gauls repuls'd confeſs his conquering hand,
She, like Penelope, the pureſt dame,
Not leſs than her Ulyſſes lives to fame.
Of her great things, and many I reveal,
Compriz'd in little ſpace, but more conceal,
Which when I left the buſy world, and ſought
The cavern'd dome, prophetic Merlin taught.
In this vaſt ocean ſhould my veſſel dare,
Not Tiphys' voyage could with mine compare.

Let

Ver. 410. *The land whoſe title* —] He means Mantua, built by the fairy Manto, mother of Ocnus, according to the words which he puts in the fairy's mouth, Book xliii. ver. 723. in the tale of Adonio:

> Lo! I, whom men the fairy Manto call,
> Who founded firſt yon city's favour'd wall,
> Which thou muſt oft have heard from flying fame
> Has ſince been Mantua call'd from Manto's name.

ſome ſay that this city was founded by her ſon.

Ver. 424. *Not Tiphys' voyage* —] Tiphys was pilot of the ſhip Argo, in which the Argonauts ſailed with Jaſon to Colchis for

 ſhip

Let this ſuffice—what Virtue can beſtow
Of good or great, ſhall Iſabella know.
Nor leſs her ſiſter Beatrice ſhall claim
Each gift, that well befits a ſiſter's name;
Bleſt in herſelf, ſhall equal bliſs afford
To all around, but chief her plighted lord;
Who, at her death, a ſad reverſe ſhall know,
And ſink from heighth of bliſs to depth of woe:
While ſhe ſurvives, Calabria's earls remain,
Unquell'd, with Moro and with Sforza gain
A dreadful name, from Hyperborean ſnows
To where remote the gulph of Perſia flows
O'er ruddy ſands—from India's furtheſt bound
To where your ſeas in Gades' ſtraits reſound,
Her death lamented ſhall reverſe their fate,
And whelm, with them, in bonds th' Inſubrian ſtate.

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the conqueſt of the golden fleece: he was eſteemed the moſt expert navigator of his age.

Ver. 427. *Nor leſs her ſiſter Beatrice* —] Beatrice was daughter of duke Hercules, wife of Ludovico Sforza, ſurnamed Il Moro, duke of Milan: This lady was a woman of great ſpirit, and interfered, rather more than became her ſex, in matters of government. She died in the year 1476, in child-bed, and not long after Ludovico loſt his dukedom under Lewis XII. EUGENICO.

All

All Italy its ſufferings ſhall deplore,
And wiſdom, like her own, be ſeen no more.
Before her birth ſhall many a matron claim
With worth no leſs the like illuſtrious name.
Of theſe muſt one (a dame rever'd) encloſe
With fair Pannonia's crown her honour'd brows:
And one, when low in earth her frail remains
She leaves behind, ſhall on th' Auſonian plains
Amidſt the ſaints with hallow'd rites be plac'd,
Her votive ſhrine with gifts and incenſe grac'd.
The reſt I paſs—though each might ſingly aſk
The lofty trump, and all the Muſes taſk.
Still in my breaſt I bear each generous dame,
Of Conſtance', Lucrece', and Bianca's name;
All that through wide Italia's ſtates ſhall ſhine,
Mothers and ſaviours of their noble line.
Above each favour'd race thy houſe ſhall moſt
In female iſſue glorious fortune boaſt:
Each mother in her ſons not happier found,
Than each fair conſort in her ſpouſe renown'd:

Ver. 447. *And one, when low in earth*—] Beatrice of Eſté, eſteemed a ſaint, and whoſe body was depoſited in the mountains of Padua, in a place called Ganola, four miles from Eſté, where, on the top of a hill was a nunnery richly endowed. PORCACCHI.

Behold

Behold Richarda, left in widow'd youth,
Pattern of courage and connubial truth;
Left by her lord in luckleſs hour behind
To Fortune's frowns, which oft the virtuous find.
She ſees her ſons depriv'd of native home,
And exil'd far in foreign regions roam:
Left in the hands of their inſulting foe,
Till all their wrongs a happy period know.
Nor midſt theſe heroines I forget to place
Th' illuſtrious queen of Aragonian race;
Than whom, for chaſte reſerve and counſel ſage,
None more adorn'd the Greek or Roman page.

Ver. 461. *Behold Richarda,—*] This Richarda might juſtly be called an example of fortitude: She was daughter of a marquis of Salazzo, and wife of Nicholas of Eſté: being left a widow, ſhe ſaw the inheritance of Hercules ſeized by Lionello and Borſo, and her ſons expelled and driven in ſearch of ſome new eſtabliſhment, all which ſhe ſupported with the utmoſt courage. Hercules retired to the court of Alphonſo of Aragon, till by a change of fortune he was put in poſſeſſion of the government.

PORCACCHI, EUGENICO.

Ver. 470. *Th' illuſtrious queen—*] Duke Hercules retiring to the court of Alphonſo, by his virtue and valour gained to wife Leonora, daughter of Ferrando king of Naples: by her he had three children, Hippolito, Alphonſo, and Iſabella, here celebrated by Arioſto.

Not

Not one ſhall more the ſmiles of Fortune ſee;
She, mother of a beauteous progeny,
Shall with Alphonſo give, to bleſs the earth,
Hippolito and Iſabella birth:
This ſhall be Leonora—doom'd to twine
(So Heaven decrees) her happy branch with thine.
How ſhall my words an equal tribute raiſe
To her, the next in order, next in praiſe?
Lucretia Borgia—who in beauty's power,
In virtue, fortune, and in fame ſhall ſoar
Above her ſex—who ſpreads her foſtering ſhade
Like the green ſapling in a fruitful glade.
As droſs to gold, as lead to ſilver ſhows;
The field-bred poppy to the garden roſe;
The willow pale to ever verdant bays;
Or painted cryſtal to the diamond's blaze:
Ev'n ſo to her, of whom unborn I tell,
Shall each appear that elſe might moſt excel.
Of every virtue, whoſe tranſcendent fame
Shall grace, alive or dead, her ſpotleſs name,

Ver. 481. *Lucretia Borgia,—*] Daughter of Pope Alexander VI. of the houſe of Borgia. Her firſt huſband was Giovanni Sforza, lord of Piſaro: her ſecond was Aloiſio of Aragon, natural ſon of king Alphonſo, and after his death ſhe married Alphonſo duke of Ferrara. EUGENICO.

Be this the chief, her Hercules to raiſe
With all her ſons to deeds of martial praiſe;
To plant the ſeeds that future wreaths may yield
To bind their brows in counſel and in field.
Nor muſt I here Renata fail to place,
(Lucretia's near ally'd) of Gallia's race,
Of Lewis born (the twelfth that bears the name)
And her, of Brittany the laſting fame.
Each virtue woman has been found to know,
Since fire was ſeen to burn, or ſtreams to flow,
Since yon bright orbs have circled round the pole,
I ſee compriz'd in fair Renata's ſoul.
Of noble Alda (Saxon born) to tell
I paſs; nor on Celano's counteſs dwell:
Bianca ſage, in Catalonia bred,
The royal offspring of Sicilia's bed;
And lovely Lippa, of Bologna's ſtrain,
With numbers more that yet untold remain:

Ver. 497.—*Renata*—] Lewis XII. after he came into poſſeſſion of the realm of France, having divorced his firſt wife, who was ſiſter to Charles VIII. he married Anna the daughter of Francis duke of Bretagne, with a view to gain the hereditary dominions which that princeſs held from her father. Of Lewis and Anna was born this Renata, who was daughter-in-law to Lucretia Borgia.

EUGENICO.

2 For

For ſhould I ſingly count their praiſes o'er,
I venture on a ſea without a ſhore.
  Thus to the liſtening maid the dame reveal'd
Names yet in Time's remoteſt womb conceal'd:
At length arriving where Atlantes made
His near abode, her courſe Meliſſa ſtay'd;
Nor would ſhe further now her way purſue,
But ſhunn'd to meet the falſe enchanter's view:
Then having warn'd the dame, and urg'd once more
Her preſſing counſel, urg'd ſo oft before,
Her leave ſhe took—the martial maid alone
Purſu'd a narrow track her guide had ſhown.
Not far ſhe rode, when lo! before her ſight
Appear'd the likeneſs of her much-lov'd knight,
Her dear Rogero, clos'd in fight between
Two mighty giants, who with dreadful mien
Wield their huge weapons, while he pants for breath,
And ſeems juſt ſinking in the jaws of death.
  Soon as the virgin ſees ſo ſorely preſt
One, in whoſe form Rogero ſtands confeſt,
Her faith is vaniſh'd, new ſuſpicion wakes,
And every late reſolve her breaſt forſakes.
She thinks through hatred to Rogero, grown
From ſome ſtrange cauſe, from ſome offence unknown,

Meliſſa this unheard of ſnare had ſpread,
By her, who lov'd him, to behold him dead.
Is that Rogero (to herſelf ſhe cries)
Still at my heart—and ſure before my eyes?
If 'tis not him I ſee—if thus deceiv'd—
Henceforth can aught be known or aught believ'd?
And ſhall I (every certain ſenſe deny'd)
Too blindly in another's faith confide?
Unſeen my ſympathizing heart can tell,
If near or abſent he I love ſo well.
While thus ſhe thinks, ſhe hears or ſeems to hear
Rogero's well-known voice aſſail her ear
Imploring help—and now ſhe ſees him wheel
His courſer round, and with the goring ſteel
Urge all his haſte, while each gigantic foe
As ſwift purſues: nor was the virgin ſlow
To mark their courſe, but urges all her ſpeed
Till at the magic gate ſhe checks her ſteed.
No ſooner enter'd but Atlantes' wile
Involves her ſenſes in the common guile.
In vain her ſearch, now here, now there ſhe bends,
Explores each part below, and now aſcends.
Nor day, nor night her anxious reſt ſhe took,
Yet oft the virgin with Rogero ſpoke,

And oft they met, though neither (ſtrange to tell)
The other knew—ſo ſtrong the magic ſpell!

Here leave we Bradamant, nor vex thy mind
To leave her thus by fraudful ſpells confin'd:
When time ſhall ſerve, behold the charm we break,
And both the lovers from their bondage take.
As, at the board with plenteous viands grac'd,
Cate after cate allures the ſickening taſte;
So, while my muſe repeats her varied ſtrains,
Tale following tale the liſtening ear detains.
Full many a thread my buſy fingers weave,
To form the various web my thoughts conceive.
Then hear, how drawn from every winter's poſt,
Before king Agramant the Mooriſh hoſt
Paſs in review, by different names enroll'd,
And threat with arms the fleur-de-lys of gold.
From theſe what gallant leaders late were loſt,
Of Æthiopia, Spain, and Lybia's coaſt!
Theſe to replace, with all th' unnumber'd train
That breathleſs lie on many a well fought plain,
Marſilius calls from Spain his ſubject powers,
And Agramant from Afric's diſtant ſhores,

Ver. 561. *Here leave we Bradamant —*] He returns to Bradamant, Book xxii. ver. 141

Appointing

Appointing each, to every marſhall'd band,
(As need requires) new leaders to command.

Here ceaſe, my lord—the tale awhile we cloſe
Th' enſuing book their names and order ſhows.

END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

The review of the Pagan forces by Agramant and Marsilius: names and characters of the several leaders. First appearance of Mandricardo, king of Tartary: he hears of the defeat of the two bands by Orlando, and engages to go in search of that knight: in his way he meets with Doralis, daughter to the king of Granada, betrothed to Rodomont; he attacks her guard, and carries her off by force. In the mean while Agramant prepares for a general assault of Paris: the behaviour of the emperor Charles upon the occasion: God commands his Angel, with the assistance of Silence, to conduct the Christian army under Rinaldo to the walls of Paris, and bids him send Discord amongst the Pagans. Description of the house of Sleep. Agramant begins the assault: the appearance of Rodomont, king of Sarza, who is the first to win the works, and makes a dreadful slaughter of the Christians: the gallant defence made by the besieged.

THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

IN many a fierce aſſault and cruel fight,
When Spain and Afric prov'd with France their might,
Unnumber'd warriors pale and breathleſs lay,
To hungry wolves and ravenous birds a prey!
But while the Gallic legions to their coſt,
The Pagans met, and mourn'd the battle loſt,
The boaſtful foes, though victors from the plain,
More wept their valiant chiefs and princes ſlain.
Such, great Alphonſo, if the verſe may dare
With preſent times the times of old compare,
Such was the victory our arms obtain'd,
Due to thy glory, by thy virtues gain'd:

Such was the ſlaughter, that for rolling years,
Muſt fill Ravenna's heavy eyes with tears!

When firſt the Chriſtians in the ſanguine field,
Began before their haughty foes to yield,
Thy conquering arms oppos'd the Spaniſh force,
And check'd their banner in its midmoſt courſe;
Whilſt thy undaunted youths (a glorious band)
Purſu'd thy ſteps, to merit from thy hand,
That fateful day their great reward to hold,
The golden falchion and the ſpurs of gold:
Theſe with ſuch ardour join'd thy arms in fight,
They ſhar'd each danger, when, with dauntleſs might,
Thy warlike arm the golden acorns ſhook,
The yellow and vermilion truncheon broke.

To

Ver. 14. *Muſt fill Ravenna's heavy eyes with tears!*] The poet here alludes to the ſiege of Ravenna, held by Mark Antonio Colonna for the Pope, and attacked by M. de Fois, general of the French army. The capture of this city was chiefly owing to the valour and conduct of Alphonſo of Eſté, though both ſides ſuffered greatly, and the victors, as well as vanquiſhed, had long reaſon to lament the loſs they ſuſtained.

Ver. 22. *The golden falchion and the ſpurs of gold;*] Alphonſo rewarded the valour of thoſe who had fought under him with preſents of rich ſwords and ſpurs, the ornaments of knighthood.

Ver. 25. —— *the golden acorns ſhook,*
The yellow and vermilion truncheon broke.] By the

golden

To thee, that guard'ſt the fleur-de-lys from ſhame,
To thee alone is due the laurell'd fame;
While, for his Rome Fabritio ſav'd beſtows
Another wreath to deck thy honour'd brows:
This mighty column of the Roman ſtate,
By thee ſubdu'd, by thee preſerv'd from fate,
Gives thee more praiſe than if thy ſingle hand
Had cruſh'd the numbers of that threatening band
Who with their blood Ravenna's furrows fed,
Or thoſe, who trembling from their ſtandards fled,
When nought avail'd to chace th' ignoble fear
Of Aragon, Caſtile, and proud Navarre!

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golden acorns the poet means Pope Julius II. who bore an oak for his arms, and whoſe power was greatly ſhaken by the defeat at Ravenna: by the yellow and vermilion truncheon, ſaid to be broken, is meant the power of Spain, which received a greater wound than that of the church: by the fleur-de-lys is figured the empire of France defended by Alphonſo I. duke of Ferrara

Ver. 29. *While, for his Rome Fabritio ſav'd* —] Fabritio Colonna ſurrendered himſelf priſoner to Alphonſo on condition that he might not be given into the hands of his ancient enemies the French, to which condition Alphonſo agreed, and notwithſtanding the moſt earneſt ſolicitations from the French, afterwards generouſly gave him his liberty, and ſent him ſafe to the Pope. EUGENICO.

Though many a bleſſing from our conqueſt flow'd,
Our arms ſucceſsful little joy beſtow'd,
Too much we mourn'd our Gallic leader ſlain,
And numerous princes lifeleſs on the plain;
Who, from beyond where cold the Alps ariſe,
Had paſs'd to guard their kingdoms and allies.
Our weal, our lives we to our conqueſt owe,
Though dearly won—by this full well we know
The clouds diſpers'd, whence Jove prepar'd to ſhed
The wintry ſtorms on our devoted head.
But ill in joy or feſtival we ſhare,
When round we hear the cries of deep deſpair,
From Gallia's widows clad in ſable ſtole,
Down whoſe wan cheek big tears of anguiſh roll.

Now comes the hour when Lewis muſt provide
New leaders his forſaken troops to guide,
When to his country's praiſe, his vengeful hand
Shall puniſh thoſe, whoſe ſacrilegious band
Wives, matrons, daughters durſt alike invade,
The holy brotherhood and cloiſter'd maid,
To make each ſilver vaſe their impious prize,
While caſt on earth their great Redeemer lies!

Ver. 59. *To make each ſilver vaſe* —] Alluding to the rapacity of ſome of the ſoldiers, who carried off the veſſels of the ſacrament, and threw the conſecrated wafer on the ground.

Unbleſt

Unbleſt Ravenna! why the victor's power
Didſt thou reſiſt?—Why not, in happier hour,
Rather example take from Breſcia's fate,
Than Rimini's and ſad Faenza's ſtate,
Warn by thy ruin, though Trivultius ſage
By Lewis ſent, eſſay'd with words of age
To rule thy people, and perſuaſive tell,
For crimes like their's what mighty nations fell?

As now our Gallic king, oppreſt with cares,
New leaders for his powers encamp'd prepares,
So Spain and Afric's monarchs to provide
Such chiefs as beſt befit their troops to guide,
From where they long maintain'd their winter's
poſt,
In order ſummon'd all the numerous hoſt
By ſquadrons rang'd, t' appoint for every band
Such choſen chieftains as the times demand.
Marſilius firſt, then Agramant to view
Bids every ſquadron paſs in order due,
Before the reſt the Catalans appear,
And Doriphœbus' waving banners rear:
Then march (no more by Fulvirantes led,
Their gallant king by brave Rinaldo dead)

Thoſe of Navarre; the Spaniſh king's command
Commits them now to Iſolero's hand.
Next Balugantes Leon's people leads:
Grandonio then Algarbi's troop precedes,
Marſilius' brother: Falſirones arm'd
The leſs Caſtile; around his banner ſwarm'd
Thoſe that with Madaraſſo Seville leave,
And peopled Malaga; from Gades' wave
To where her paſtures green Cordova ſhows,
And Betis o'er his flowery border flows.
Then Stordilano and Teſſira lead,
With Barricondo, numbers that ſucceed,
In proud array—the firſt Granada ſway'd;
The ſecond Uliſbona's rule obey'd;
The third Majorca held—in blood ally'd,
Teſſira reign'd a king when Larbin dy'd.
Galicians came, that, Maricaldo loſt,
On Serpentino fix'd to guide their hoſt;
Then Calatrava, and Toledo's bands,
Whoſe ſtreaming enſign Sinegon's commands
But late confeſs'd—with all the tribes that lave
In Guadiana's flood or drink his wave,

Ver. 84. — *Iſolero's hand.*] Iſolero, a Spaniſh knight, one of the perſonages in Boyardo's poem.

Whom

Whom Matalifta rules—Aftorgo's train
By Bianzardin guided, prefs the plain,
Form'd in one troop—thefe Piaganza yields;
Thofe Salamanca and Paloncia's fields;
And thofe Avila and Zamora fend:
Beneath one leader all their ranks extend.
  The Saragozan troops and houfehold bands
Of king Marfilius' court, Ferrau commands,
All ftrongly arm'd, and well in combat known:
Here Malgarino, Balinverno fhone.
Here Malzarifes and Morgantes, led
By equal fate a foreign foil to tread;
Whom each, of kingdom and of wealth bereav'd,
Marfilius in his regal dome receiv'd.
Here Follicones, great Marfilius' fon,
Whofe fire to lawlefs love Almeria won.
There Doricantes, Analardo here;
And Argalifa and Bavartes near.
The noble earl of Sagontino's name,
And Langhiran efteem'd in fields of fame.
With Archidantes Ammarantes ftands;
And Malagur, of all the martial bands
Deep vers'd in guile—with numbers more whofe praife
The mufe fhall blazon in recording lays.

Thefe

These numbers marſhall'd, next in fair review
The chiefs of Agramant their forces drew.
Oran's huge king appear'd upon the plain,
A giant-leader o'er his vaſſal train.
The following ſquadron march'd with ſorrow fill'd
For Martaſin, whom Bradamant had kill'd;
And much they griev'd that ever woman's breath
Should vaunt the king of Garamanta's death.
Marmonda third ſends forth her mourning hoſt,
In Gaſcony their chief Argoſto loſt:
Theſe leaders ſlain, king Agramant to guide
The widow'd bands, would other chiefs provide,
Though few he boaſts—at length three names aroſe:
He brave Buraldo and Ormido choſe,
With theſe Arganio, whom at utmoſt ſpeed
He ſent, as time requir'd, the troops to lead.
Arganio rules the Libicanian train,
Who wept for ſable Dudrinaſſo ſlain.
With eyes caſt downward and with cloudy hue,
Brunello brings his Tingitanian crew:
For ſince beneath the near o'erſhading wood,
Where on the rock Atlantes' caſtle ſtood,
He loſt to Bradamant the fatal ring,
He liv'd diſgrac'd with Afric's potent king;

And had not Isolero, who beheld
Brunello bound, to Agramant reveal'd
The truth at full, a gibbet had receiv'd
The wretched culprit, and of life bereav'd.
The king to mercy by their prayers dispos'd,
Releas'd the fatal noose already clos'd;
But solemn vow'd, the next offence he gave,
No plea again his forfeit life should save.
Next Farurantes see! with him a force
Maurina sends of mingled foot and horse.
Libanio, near, his new-made king defends;
And with him Constantina's troop attends.
On him, but late, the crown and golden rod
Which Pinadorus bore, the king bestow'd.
Hesperia's nation Soridano leads:
With those of Setta Dorilon proceeds.
O'er Nasamoni's Pulian's hand presides,
Amonia's train king Agricaltes guides.
Fizana's race Malabuferzo shows:
The following troop to Finadurus owes
Its martial discipline, who brings the bands
From far Canaria and Morocco's sands.
Balastro leads the powers who lately knew
Tardocco king—two squadrons these pursue

From

From Mulga and Arzilla—this retains
Its ancient lord; to that no more remains
Its leader mourn'd; brave Chorineus try'd,
His ancient friend, the king elects their guide.
O'er Almansilla, where Tansirion reign'd,
Caicus now the kingly power obtain'd:
To Rimedon he gave Galicia's land:
Then Balinfrontes came with Casca's band.
The rule o'er those who came from Bolga's field,
(Clarindo lost) to Mirabald he yields.
Next Baliverso march'd, and not a name
Of all the throng so stain'd the list of fame.
No nobler banner through the camp was spread,
Than that which valiant sage Sobrino led.
Through all the host could few with him compare,
In tents to counsel, or in fields to dare.
The troops by Gualciotto late display'd,
Now Rodomont's imperious rule obey'd;
Of horse and foot he led united powers,
New rais'd by Agramant, from Afric's shores.
What time the sun obscur'd his glorious light
In dreadful tempests of surrounding night,

From

Ver. 197. *What time the sun obscur'd*—] The character of Rodomont is continued from the Orlando Innamorato; the features

From mountain billows his afflicted band,
But three days ſince, he ſafely brought to land.
No bolder Saracen in all their hoſt,
No ſtronger warrior Afric's camp could boaſt;
Nor midſt their countleſs legions could they ſhow
To Chriſtian faith a more inveterate foe,
And Paris more his cruel prowéſs fear'd,
Than all the forces that combin'd appear'd,
By Agramant and by Marſilius led,
Their hoſtile banners on our plains to ſpread.

---

features are the ſame in both poets, and appear to originate in the Mezentius of Virgil. Boyardo relates, that Rodomont, after having waited ſome days at Algiers for a fair wind to embark his troops for France, at length compelled the pilot to leave the port in the middle of the night with his whole fleet, when he met with a terrible ſtorm, and that while the reſt were imploring Heaven for their ſafety, he vented his fury and impatience in blaſphemies, according to what Arioſto ſays of him further in this book, ver. 875.

——— when others to the ſkies
Breathe fervent prayers, he God's high power defies.

The fleet having been ſome time toſt about at the mercy of the waves, at length made the coaſt of France, where the landing of the troops was for ſome time oppoſed by the Chriſtians; till Rodomont, after incredible efforts of valour, effected a landing, having firſt loſt numbers by the ſea and by the enemy. ORL. INN. Book ii. C. vi.

Then Prusion, Alvarecchia's king proceeds:
Zuma's sovereign Dardanello leads
His forces next—sure luckless birds of night,
Or crows, or ravens of ill-omen'd flight,
To these from mouldering roof or lonely bower,
Presag'd the chance of some disastrous hour!
For heaven decrees to-morrow's fatal field,
Shall see each chief his life in battle yield.

The squadrons past, in numerous order train'd,
Save Tremizen and Norway none remain'd:
Of these no martial standards yet appear'd,
Of these no tidings in the field were heard.
When Agramant awhile in anxious thought
Had weigh'd their absence, to his sight was brought
A squire, who serving late (amidst his guard)
The king of Tremizen, the truth declar'd;
That Manilardo and Alzirdo quell'd,
With numbers slaughter'd press'd the sanguine field.
Scarce have I scap'd by headlong flight (he cry'd)
And had not Fortune turn'd his course aside,
The knight (O king!) whose conquering arm alone
O'erthrew these troops, had all your camp o'erthrown.
No more can horse or foot oppose his rage
Than goats or sheep the prowling wolf engage.

Few

Few days had paſt, ſince to the Turkiſh hoſt
A champion came, in arms his country's boaſt;
None mightier ſtrength, or firmer courage knew,
And from the weſt his glorious birth he drew:
Him Agramant with honours due careſs'd,
The valiant heir of Tartary confeſt,
The ſon of Agrican, of ſtory'd fame,
And Mandricardo his redoubted name.

His

Ver. 240. — *Mandricardo* —] This character is a continuation from Boyardo; he was ſon of Agrican king of Tartary, who laid ſiege to Albracca for the love of Angelica, and was ſlain by Orlando. Boyardo gives the following extravagant account of him.

The pride and cruelty of this prince was ſuch, that, diſdaining to reign over any but thoſe that were ſtrong and courageous in battle, he gave command for all others to be put to death; for which cauſe his ſubjects fled from their country till the whole land became almoſt a deſert: at length an old man had the courage to remonſtrate with him, repreſenting that while he was thus venting his fury on the innocent, he forgot to revenge the death of his father Agrican, killed by Orlando. Mandricardo, ſtruck with the reproach, reſolved to go in ſearch of Orlando.

The manner in which he gained poſſeſſion of the armour of Hector, with the wonders he met with in atchieving that adventure, are thus related in the third Book, and firſt and ſecond Cantos of Orlando Innamorato.

Having committed the government of his kingdom to the care of a vicegerent, he ſet out one day on foot, and without armour,

like

His deeds had through the world diffus'd his praiſe;
But one eclips'd each deed of former days;
When

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like a pilgrim, determining to expiate his neglect hitherto by the greateſt exertions of valour in encountering every difficulty. Thus travelling alone he paſſed through Armenia, and came at length to a fountain of green, blue, red, and yellow marble, the water of which was tranſparent as cryſtal, and near the fountain ſtood a pavilion, where he immediately entered with a reſolution to ſeize by force the firſt horſe or armour he ſhould find. No perſon appeared, but he heard a voice from the fountain that addreſſed him in theſe words: "Sir knight, thou art now made a priſoner, thy raſh courage has betrayed thee into a danger from which thou never canſt eſcape." Mandricardo, without attending to the voice, continued to ſearch the pavilion, and found a ſuit of complete armour, with the weapons befitting a knight, and ſoon perceived a horſe ready capariſoned tyed to a pine-tree. He immediately put on the armour, and mounting the horſe, was preparing to depart, when a ſudden fire ſprung up which conſumed the pine-tree, and ſpreading wider and wider, burnt all the trees and ſhrubs, the fountain and pavilion alone remaining unhurt: this enchanted fire now began to encloſe the knight, and at laſt ſeizing on his armour, he felt ſuch intolerable heat, that unable longer to ſupport it, he leaped in fury from his horſe, and running to the fountain, plunged himſelf headlong in the water; but the fire had ſuch effect upon his arms and veſture, that cuiraſs, helmet, ſhield, and every part of his dreſs ſhrunk to aſhes; and he remained naked in the water, where he ſoon found himſelf in the embraces of a beautiful lady, who having kiſſed him, told him that he was priſoner in the fountain of

When at the Syrian fairy's drear abode,
The feat of magic, dauntlefs might he fhow'd,
Amidft

---

of a fairy with Gradaffo, Gryphon, Aquilant, and many more; but that if his valour was unfhaken, it refted with him to fet all the knights at liberty. She told him, that near was a ftately caftle belonging to a fairy, in which were preferved all the arms of Hector except the fword; that after the death of Hector (whom Achilles flew by treachery) the fword named Durindana, was taken by Penthefilea, was afterwards poffeffed by Almontes, and then by Orlando. After the deftruction of Troy, the armour of Hector came to Æneas, but Æneas by misfortune falling into the power of an inhuman king, who kept him confined in a fepulchre, he was delivered by this fairy, who opened the fepulchre, and as a reward for the fervice done demanded thefe arms, which fhe had ever fince kept by enchantment: the lady concluded her account by offering to conduct the knight where he might prove his courage in fo marvellous an adventure, as to attempt the conqueft of Hector's armour.

Mandricardo, upon hearing this, declared his refolution to undertake the adventure; but expreffing fome uneafinefs at being thus expofed naked, the damfel unbound her hair, and clafping the knight to her, entirely covered herfelf and him with her long and beautiful treffes; and thus, concealed as with a veil, they iffued together from the fountain, and entered the pavilion, where having remained fome time, the knight being afrefh provided by his companion with horfe, armour, and other apparel, and fhe mounting on a palfrey, they began their journey towards the caftle of the fairy; where he was informed

Amidſt a ſcene, whoſe wonders but to hear
Would ſtrike the boldeſt heart with chilling fear,
What

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informed that he muſt firſt enter the liſt with Gradaſſo the fairy's champion, before he was admitted to attempt the conqueſt of the arms.

Mandricardo being arrived at the caſtle, engaged Gradaſſo, and came off victorious, but the night drawing on, the lady told him he muſt defer the further proof of his valour till morning, as the caſtle gates would not be opened that night: ſhe then carried him to the palace of a lady that inhabited near, and was accuſtomed to receive with hoſpitality all knights and damſels that wandered that way; the lady gave him a courteous welcome; but ſoon after his arrival her dwelling was attacked by a cruel giant named Malapreſa, who was uſed frequently to moleſt her: Mandricardo engaged with and ſlew the giant, and after being refreſhed with a night's repoſe, he and his guide next morning returned to the caſtle of the fairy, where the enchanted arms were kept.

The knight and his companion having reached the caſtle, now paſſed the bridge, and entered the gate without moleſtation: here as ſoon as any knight had paſt the threſhold, he was ſworn upon the faith of knighthood to touch with his ſword the ſhield of Hector, which ſhield, of a bright azure colour, was placed in the middle of a ſpacious court, ſupported by a golden pillar, on which were theſe words: "Do not preſume to touch this ſhield unleſs thou art another Hector, for he who firſt bore this ſhield had not his equal in the world."

The damſel here alighted from her palfrey, and bowed herſelf with great reverence to the earth, and Mandricardo doing the ſame by her

What time he won the cuirafs, which, of yore,
In fields of battle Trojan Hector wore.

This

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her example, advanced, without meeting with any refiftance, to the middle of the court, where drawing his fword he lightly touched the bofs of the fhield, and immediately a violent earthquake fhook the building, accompanied with moft dreadful thunder, as if the world was haftening to its final diffolution; a fecret portal, called the gate of the treafure, flew open and difcovered a field of corn, the blade and ears of which were of gold; but the portal of the eaft by which they had entered, fuddenly clofed. The damfel then addreffed him thus: Moft noble, and valiant knight! no one muft ever hope to efcape from this place, unlefs he firft fhall mow the field of corn, and tear up by the roots that fpreading tree, which you fee placed in the middle of the field." She had no fooner ended thefe words, but Mandricardo entered the field with his fword in hand, and began to cut the corn, when a ftrange enchantment followed: every ear that fell to the ground became alive, and was immediately changed into the form of fome fierce and dreadful animal, a lion, a tiger, or wild boar, and attacked the knight. Mandricardo exerted his utmoft valour, but his ftrength, incredible as it was, muft have been at length exhaufted in fuch a conflict, his enemies continually increafing as the ears fell: at length, ftooping down, he took a ftone in his hand, which ftone was enchanted, though the virtue was unknown to him: he caft this among the army of beafts, and immediately they attacked each other with great fury, and in a few hours the knight beheld his formidable affailants flain by themfelves.

Mandricardo then prepared to purfue the adventure and root up the tree thathad a thoufand branches, every branch covered with bloffoms:

he

This chief the ſquire's unwelcome tidings heard,
And, fir'd with rage, his haughty viſage rear'd;

Reſolv'd

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he graſped the trunk and endeavoured with all his force to tear it from the ground, while, as he ſhook it, the leaves and bloſſoms fell in great abundance round him, and, as they fell, changed into every ſpecies of ravenous birds, ravens, falcons, vultures, and eagles; all which aſſailed the knight, and, notwithſtanding he was covered and defended by his armour, ſo effectually moleſted him, that it was long before he could, with his utmoſt efforts, put an end to his labour. At length, redoubling his force, he tore the tree up by the roots, and ſuddenly a loud thunder was again heard, and a ruſhing wind aroſe that beat all his feathered enemies to the ground. Turpin relates that the wind iſſued from the womb of the earth, where the root was buried, and the ponderous ſtones were hurled aloft as if caſt from an engine. The champion then caſt his eyes down, and beheld an enormous ſerpent iſſuing from this ſubterraneous cave with one head, but branching into ten diſtinct bodies. Mandricardo, eager to put a ſpeedy end to the adventure, attacked the ſerpent with his ſword, and aimed a ſtroke at his head, but the ſcales, which were impenetrable, defeated his intent. The monſter then leaped upon the knight, and winding two of his tails round the champion's legs, others round his body, and others round his arms, drew him forcibly to the earth, and fixing his teeth in Mandricardo's ſide, began to cruſh his armour like ſome brittle ſubſtance. The knight, exerting all his remaining ſtrength, ſtruggling with the monſter, at laſt fell with him into the cave, and by good fortune falling with all his weight upon the ſerpent's head cruſhed him to death in an inſtant.

The

Refolv'd at once the knight unknown to find,
But kept his purpofe fecret in his mind,

Whate'er

The ferpent being dead, the knight examined the cave on all fides, and by the light of a carbuncle difcovered it to be a fepulchre cut out of a rock, covered over and adorned with coral, amber, filver, and gold. In the middle appeared a kind of tomb of polifhed ivory, fupported by a gold and azure dragon: on the tomb appeared to lie an armed knight, but, upon nearer infpection, inftead of a body was depofited the empty armour: this was the armour fo celebrated of Hector, but without the fhield or fword; the firft, as has been related, was fufpended to the golden pillar in the court of the caftle, and the laft was in the hands of Orlando: thefe arms were of moft ineftimable value, adorned with pearls and emeralds, and in the front of the helmet was the large carbuncle which gave light to all that gloomy habitation.

While Mandricardo was gazing with admiration on thefe unparalleled arms, he heard a noife behind him; when fuddenly a gate opened, and many damfels iffuing forth with inftruments of various forts, congratulated the warrior in fongs and dances for the great victory which he had obtained, and having finifhed their fongs and dances fell on their knees before him. Then one of them rifing gave the knight infinite praifes for the atchievement of fo perilous an adventure, and two other damfels, having difarmed him, led him out of the cave, then covering him with a mantle of fine filk, and fcenting him with the moft exquifite perfumes, they refumed their fongs and dances, and reconducted him by a ftaircafe of marble into the palace where the fhield of Hector was

 fufpended

Whate'er the cauſe—perchance he fear'd his thought
Diſclos'd, in others like deſign had wrought.

He

ſuſpended in the court; and here he found a great number of knights and ladies aſſembled, who, as ſoon as Mandricardo appeared, paid every honour to him as to a prince. In the midſt of this company, on a rich throne ſate the fairy, who calling the victor before her ſpoke to him thus: "Sir knight, thou haſt this day won a treaſure that has not its equal in the world; but as it behoves thee to add to theſe arms the ſword, thou muſt here ſwear to me upon thy faith, that thou wilt by force take from the earl Orlando the enchanted ſword Durindana, formerly the property of Hector; and know that till thou haſt atchieved this adventure, thou ſhalt not wear by thy ſide any other weapon, or place the regal crown on thy head: but take heed never to be deprived of the ſilver eagle painted on that glorious ſhield, for remember that in poſſeſſing theſe arms and that device, thou haſt the nobleſt treaſure that ever recompenſed the valour of a knight."

King Mandricardo then, making a low obeiſance to the fairy, pledged the oath impoſed upon him, and immediately the damſels, in her preſence, buckled on him the famous armour: the knight, being completely armed, took leave of the fairy, having thus diſſolved the enchantment by which many lords and knights had been ſo long detained, among whom were Iſolero the Spaniſh knight, king Gradaſſo, young Gryphon, and his brother Aquilant. Gradaſſo and Mandricardo departed together from the caſtle of the fairy, and performed many and great exploits before they arrived in France." ORL. INN. Book iii. c. i. ii.

This

He bade to aſk the ſquire, what veſtments o'er
His mailed arms, the dreaded champion bore;
To this he anſwer'd—Black his mournful veſt,
Black was his ſhield and unadorn'd his creſt:
And true he ſpoke, for with dejected mind,
Orlando left his blazon'd ſhield behind,

This adventure of Mandricardo exhibits one of the moſt romantic ſtories of chivalry, at the ſame time attended with many circumſtances that ſpeak ſtrongly to the imagination: it is to be obſerved, that although Arioſto has taken up the general ſtory of Boyardo, and continued the ſame characters, yet he has no fiction ſo out of nature in all his poem, unleſs we except the battle between Aſtolpho and Orilo, (Book xv.) which is not of his own invention, but taken up and continued from Boyardo.

In the Fairy Queen is a paſſage not unlike that part of Boyardo, where Mandricardo is burnt with the enchanted fire, and leaps into the fountain. Pyrrochles, having been engaged with Furor, contracts an inward heat that ſeems to prey upon his vitals, and ſeeks relief by plunging into the water.

——— to the flood he came,
There without ſtop or ſtay, he fiercely leapt
And deep himſelf beducked in the ſame.

——— ——— ———

I burn, I burn, I burn! then loud he cry'd,
O how I burn with implacable fire!
Yet nought can quench my inly flaming ſide, &c.

Fairy Queen, B. ii. c. v.

That by his outward garb might ſtand reveal'd
The hidden ſorrows which his breaſt conceal'd.
  To Mandricardo late a beauteous ſteed
The king Marſilius gave, of generous breed,
His colour bay, but black his feet and mane,
His dam of Friza, and his ſire of Spain.
This, Mandricardo ſheath'd in ſteel, beſtrode,
And ſpurr'd impetuous o'er the field, and vow'd
To view the camp no more, till he ſurvey'd
The unknown knight in ſable arms array'd.
  Soon many a wretch he met that ſmit with dread,
From fierce Orlando's proweſs trembling fled:
One mourn'd a ſon's, and one a brother's death,
Before their eyes depriv'd of vital breath:
Speechleſs and pale around the plain they rov'd,
While every face their daſtard terrors prov'd.
  Ere far he paſs'd, he came where he beheld
A dreadful field with ſanguine torrents ſwell'd,
And mingled carnage, where too plain appear'd
What Agramant ſo late with anguiſh heard.
The warrior caſt his angry eyes around,
Survey'd the ſlain, and meaſur'd every wound
With greedy gaze, while envy rent his breaſt,
To ſee ſuch numbers by one hand oppreſt.

As

As when a wolf or maſtiff gains the field,
Where ſturdy hinds the labouring ox have kill'd,
When dogs and fowls have rent the fleſh away,
And only left the fragments of their prey,
The hoofs and hide: the longing beaſt in vain
Beholds the ſpoils: Thus on the reeking plain
The cruel Pagan ſtood, and curs'd his fate,
That brought him to the feaſt of death ſo late.

That day and half the next, in eager thought,
Enquiring oft, the ſable knight he ſought:
When lo! he view'd a meadow, crown'd with ſhade,
Where a deep ſtream with circling waters ſtray'd:
Thus fair Otricoli the Tyber laves,
And near encloſes with circumfluent waves.
To guard the narrow paſs, a numerous band
Of hardy warriors, clad in armour, ſtand.
The Pagan aſks what chief had thither ſent
So ſtrong a force, and what the concourſe meant?
To him their leader ſcorn'd not to reply,
Mov'd with his lordly ſpeech; whoſe preſence high,
And arms, enrich'd with gold and gems, proclaim,
Some mighty warrior, not unknown to fame.

Sent

Ver. 297. *Thus fair Otricoli the Tyber laves,*] A piece of land near Rome, where the Tyber winding forms a peninſula.

Ver. 305. *And arms, enrich'd with gold and gems, —*] Boyardo gives a moſt ſplendid deſcription of theſe arms of Hector, in

Sent by our lord (he cry'd) we hither bring
The royal daughter of Granada's king;

Whom

in the adventure related in the former note: the words of Berni are,

Forbite eran quell' armi luminoſe,
Ch'el occhio a pena ſoffre di vederle,
Fregiate d'oro, e pietre prezioſe,
Di rubini, emeraldi, e groſſe perle.
Mandricardo le voglie avea bramoſe,
E' mill' anni gli pare indoſſo averle:
Se le volge per man, ſi meraviglia,
Ma ſopra tutto all'elmo alza la ciglia.

In cima all'elmo, d'oro era un lione.
Ch'un breve avea d'argento in una zampa,
Di ſotto a lui pur d'oro era il torchione,
Con vente ſei formagli d'una ſtampa;
Nell'mezzo della fronte era il carbone,
Ch'a guiſa rilucca di chiara lampa,
Faceva lume, com' è ſua natura,
Per ogni canto della grotta ſcura.

Orl. Inn. Lib. iii. c. ii.

Theſe glorious arms were poliſh'd beamy bright,
That ſcarce the eyes could bear the flaſhing light,
Bedeck'd with gold and many a coſtly ſtone,
Where rubies, mix'd with pearls and emeralds, ſhone.
Fierce Mandricardo with impatience glow'd
To feel his limbs ſuſtain the radiant load.
He turn'd the ponderous mail with looks amaz'd,
But on the helmet chief in rapture gaz'd:
A golden lion on the creſt diſpos'd,
A ſilver label in his paw inclos'd:

Beneath

Whom now, though ſcarce the tidings yet have ſpread,
He gives to bleſs the king of Sarza's* bed.

When

* Rodomont.

Beneath the creſt was ſeen a wreath of gold,
Enrich'd with ſparkling ſtuds of ſemblant mold.
Full in the front the carbuncle appear'd,
Whoſe ruddy blaze the lonely dwelling chear'd,
And (ſuch its wondrous kind) a light diſplay'd
That pierc'd the murky grotto's diſmal ſhade.

" In this manner (ſays Mr. Upton) Sir Triſtram feeds his eyes with the bright ſpoils and goodly armour of a dead knight, handling them and turning them a thouſand ways.

But Triſtram then deſpoiling that dead knight
Of all thoſe goodly implements of praiſe,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair ſight
Of the bright metal ſhining like ſun rays,
Handling and turning them a thouſand ways, &c.

Fairy Queen, B. vi. c. iii.

" It ſeems to me that Mr. Pope, when he tranſlated that beautiful paſſage in Homer, where Thetis brings to her ſon his arms, juſt as they came from the forge of Vulcan, had his eye ôn this paſſage of Spenſer, for he uſes his words; the verſes are very harmonious, and well worth tranſcribing.

Then drops the radiant burthen on the ground,
Clang the ſtrong arms, and ring the ſhores around;
Back ſhrink the Myrmidons with dread ſurprize,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes;
Unmov'd the hero kindles at the ſhow,
And feels with rage divine his boſom glow:
He turns the radiant gift and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artiſt had deſign'd.

Iliad xix. ver. 15.

This

When evening caſts her welcome ſhadows round,
And graſhoppers ſurceaſe their grating ſound,
We to her ſire encamp'd ſhall lead the maid,
Meanwhile ſhe lies repos'd in yonder ſhade.
But he, whoſe daring heart the world deſpis'd,
Reſolv'd to prove how far theſe warriors priz'd
Their ſovereign's treaſure; if their force avail'd
To guard their miſtreſs, or in combat fail'd.
He thus—The virgin doubtleſs then is fair:
Fain would I view the charge that claims your care;
Lead me to her, or here the dame convey,
For haſte forbids me longer to delay.

This paſſage in Homer has been borrowed by Virgil, where Venus is in like manner introduced bringing armour to her ſon.

Ille deæ donis, et tanto lætus honore,
Expleri nequit, atque oculos per ſingula volvit,
Miraturque, interque manus et brachia verſat
Terribilem criſtis galeam, flammaſque vomentem,
Fatiferumque enſem loricam ex ære rigentem,
Sanguineam, ingentem.— ÆN. Lib. viii.

Proud of the gift he roll'd his greedy ſight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vaſt delight:
He lifts, he turns, he poiſes, and admires
The creſted helm that vomits radiant fires.
His hands the fatal ſword and corſlet hold;
One keen with temper'd ſteel, one ſtiff with gold;
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright—
DRYDEN, v. 819.

See UPTON's Notes on Spenſer.

What

What madneſs has thy better thoughts miſled—
Granada's captain ſaid—nor further ſaid:
The Tartar plac'd his eager ſpear in reſt,
Which furious ruſh'd againſt the ſpeaker's breaſt:
Before the ſtroke the ſhatter'd cuiraſs flies,
And, prone on earth, a lifeleſs corſe he lies.
The ſon of Agrican his ſpear regain'd,
Nor other weapon in the field ſuſtain'd:
No ſword nor mace he held: that fated hour,
When, won by conqueſt, Hector's arms he bore,
The ſword he miſs'd, and vow'd that never blade
Should grace his ſide (nor vain the vow he made)
Save Durindana, by Almontes borne,
Orlando's now, and once by Hector worn.
Great was the courage of the Tartar knight,
On ſuch unequal terms to wage the fight.
Who dares diſpute my paſs? (enrag'd he cries)
And with couch'd ſpear amid their battle flies.
This drew the ſword, that plac'd the lance in reſt,
And round him cloſe the furious numbers preſs'd.
In heaps they fell—at length the javelin broke,
The broken truncheon in each hand he took.
As Hebrew Sampſon, wielding in his hand
The fatal jaw, o'erthrew the hoſtile band

Of

Of ſtern Philiſtines—ſhields and helmets fly;
And oft at once the horſe and horſeman die.
To death theſe wretches run with headlong pace,
Nor though one falls, another ſhuns his place.
Leſs hard it ſeem'd to yield their vital breath,
Than thus to periſh by ſo ſtrange a death:
Nor could they bear, beneath a ſplinter'd ſpear
To fall, and loſe whate'er in life was dear;
To periſh thus like frogs or hiſſing ſnakes,
In reedy marſhes or entangled brakes.
But ſince, by fatal coſt, too well they find
That cruel ſtill is death of every kind,
Two thirds already kill'd, the remnant-train
Attempt t' eſcape in ſafety from the plain:
But the fierce Saracen their flight withſtood,
And ſtill inſatiate, thirſting ſtill for blood,
Diſdain'd that one amidſt the trembling band
Should 'ſcape with life from his deſtroying hand.
As in the open fields, or ſunny meads,
The brittle ſtubble and the ſpiky reeds
Reſiſt but little, when the wary hind
Kindles the flame, to which the northern wind
Gives double force, till wide around it preys
And all the furrows crackle in the blaze:

So theſe alike in vain defence engage
With haughty Mandricardo's dreadful rage.
Soon as the paſſage freed the champion view'd,
Where late the centry to defend it ſtood,
Amid the new worn path, with eager tread,
He preſs'd the turf by ſounds of ſorrow led
And loud laments, to judge how truly Fame
Had rais'd the beauties of Granada's dame.
Where the ſtream winding gave the Pagan way
He paſs'd, while round him ſlaughter'd warriors lay;
Till midſt the mead his matchleſs prize he found,
The gentle Doralis with beauty crown'd;
So was ſhe nam'd—beneath its ancient ſhade,
An oak's rough trunk ſuſtain'd the trembling maid.
Her tears, like ſprings that unexhauſted flow,
Fell trickling down, and ſtain'd her breaſt of ſnow,
And on her features plain reveal'd appear'd,
She wept for others, for herſelf ſhe fear'd.
Her fears redoubled, when the knight ſhe view'd
With viſage ſtern, and arms with blood bedew'd,
Blood of her friends: her wailings rent the ſky;
Her ſad attendants join'd the piercing cry;
Whom, added to her train, a parent's care
Had round her plac'd to tend the royal fair;

Sage matrons, ſquires, and dames (a choſen band)
The beſt and faireſt of Granada's land.
Soon as the Tartar prince that face beheld,
Whoſe charms the brighteſt charms of Spain excell'd;
That ev'n in grief can ſpread the flame of Love;
(How muſt ſhe then in joy each boſom move!)
He conquers but to yield: enrapt he ſtands,
A willing priſoner in his captive's hands.
Yet would he not ſo far her empire own,
To yield his right in arms ſo lately won.
Though loſt in woe, he hopes by love's ſoft wiles,
To change her grief to joy, her tears to ſmiles.
Then on a milk-white ſteed without delay,
He ſeats the damſel to purſue his way:
But firſt, in gentle words he bids adieu
To dames, to ſquires, and all the weeping crew.
Henceforth in me will be her guard (he cries)
I ſhall, her ſquire, her lord, her mate ſuffice
At every need—my friends, farewell!—They hear,
And helpleſs part with many a ſigh and tear.
What grief, what anguiſh (to themſelves they ſaid)
Will pierce her father's ſoul! what thoughts invade
Her conſort's breaſt! What vengeance ſhall aſſuage
His cruel pangs, and ſate his dreadful rage!

Why comes he not at this difastrous hour?
O! were he here, from yon Barbarian power
Ere yet too late, to fave from foul difgrace
Th' illuftrious blood of Stordilano's race!
The Tartar, happy in his prize obtain'd,
A prize by fortune and by valour gain'd,
Abates the fpeed, with which fo late he prefs'd
T' o'ertake the champion of the fable veft.
By flow degrees his former zeal declin'd,
Far other thoughts revolving in his mind,
To reach fome kind retreat, and eafe the fmart
His youthful bofom felt for Cupid's dart.
Meantime he fooths his fair-one's grief and fears,
Whofe cheeks and lovely eyes are wet with tears:
Full oft he feigns, and vows her beauty's fame
Long in his foul had fed the growing flame;
That, for her fake, he left his realm and crown,
Whofe rule extends to lands of far renown,
Not to contemplate France or Spain (he cries)
But the foft beauties of her beaming eyes.
If love unfeign'd may ever hope to prove
The virgin's fmiles—I merit then your love:
If high defcent—who nobler can afpire?
I boaft the mighty Agrican my fire.

If wealth or power—what name exceeds my own?
In empire I ſubmit to God alone:
If valour—well my deeds to day declare
My valour pleads my title to the fair.
These words, and many more which love had taught,
In Doralis, with ſoft perſuaſion, wrought
A gentle change, till freed from former fear
With leſs reſtraint ſhe ſeem'd his ſuit to hear;
When yielding by degrees, and courteous grown,
She gives him anſwers in a milder tone;
Nor on his face diſdains ſometimes to bend
Her languid eyes, where pity ſeems to blend
With young deſire: The Pagan hence, whoſe heart
Had oft confeſs'd the painful pleaſing ſmart,
Drew certain omens that the beauteous dame
Would not for ever ſcorn his amorous flame.
Thus journeying on, in thought elate and gay,
With Doralis, companion of his way,
The hour advanc'd, when friendly night prepares
Its balmy reſt to baniſh mortal cares:
Now half conceal'd the ſinking ſun he views,
And with redoubled haſte his courſe purſues,
Till diſtant ſounds of ruſtic pipes he hears,
And curling ſmoke from village roofs appears:

There harmleſs ſhepherds hold their humble ſeat,
No ſumptuous dwelling, but a calm retreat.
The maſter of the herds with ſimple grace
Welcom'd the knight and damſel to the place;
Who pleas'd his welcome heard; for not alone
In towns and courts are courteous manners known;
Full oft in wilds, beneath the lonely ſhed
Of Nature's ſons, are ſocial virtues bred.

What paſs'd beneath the night's all covering ſhade
Between the Tartar prince and blooming maid
I dare not now reveal—let each ſurmiſe
Thoſe truths which here we veil from vulgar eyes:
Yet either ſeem'd all difference to compoſe,
For light and blithſome with the morn they roſe.
And Doralis her grateful thanks expreſs'd
To him, whoſe roof receiv'd her for his gueſt.
Thence, roving on, from place to place they ſtray'd,
At length they came, where near a bowery ſhade
To reach the ſea, with ſilent courſe and flow,
A river flow'd, yet ſcarcely ſeem'd to flow:
So clear, ſo pure the ſtream; the ſands ſo bright;
The channel lay reveal'd to every ſight.
Here in cool ſhelter, on the banks reclin'd,
Two warriors and a dame unknown they find.

Ver 490. *Two warriors and a dame*—] He purſues this ſtory, Book xxiii. ver. 518.

The genius that forbids me to purſue
One path unchang'd, here leads my ſteps anew
To where the Moors their thouſand banners rear,
(With ſhouts and clamours deafening Gallia's ear)
Round the high tent, where king Troyano's ſon,
With haughty pride defies th' Imperial throne:
Where Sarza's* monarch threats to wrap in flame
Fair Paris' walls, and raze the Roman name.

Now heard king Agramant that England's powers
Had paſt the narrow ſeas from Britain's ſhores:
Marſilius, Garbo's ancient king, and all
The Pagan leaders, at the herald's call
In council meet: and in one voice unite,
Againſt the walls to bend their ſtrongeſt might;
For well they knew that Paris ne'er would yield,
When once th' expected aids had reach'd the field.
Unnumber'd ſcaling-ladders they prepare,
And every engine of beſieging war.
Above the reſt the king unweary'd goes,
The firſt and ſecond ſquadron to diſpoſe:
Himſelf reſolves with theſe th' aſſault to make,
And every toil and danger to partake.

Ere yet th' aſſault began, the Chriſtian lord
In Paris' walls with holy rites implor'd

* Rodomont.

Th'

Ver. 513. *Ere yet th' aſſault began,*—] The acts of devotion here

Th' offended powers; and rang'd in meet array
The priefts and brethren, fable, white, and grey,
Sung fervent hymns; while thofe repentant bands,
By pure confeffion fnatch'd from Stygian hands,
In bleft communion join'd the dear repaft,
As if th' enfuing morn were doom'd their laft.
Th' Imperial chief, on pious acts intent,
By peers and fenators furrounded, went,
By knights and princes, to the loftieft fane,
Himfelf th' example to his fubject train;
There, with clafp'd hands, and eyes to Heaven ad-
dreft,
He pray'd—O God! though fins pollute my breaft,
Yet let not thefe for prefent vengeance call,
Left, through my guilt, thy faithful people fall.
If 'tis decreed that thy Almighty hand
Muft deal thofe fufferings which our crimes demand,

---

here defcribed to be exercifed by the Chriftian leader, appear to be imitated by Taffo, particularly in the folemn proceffion at the beginning of the eleventh book, which is perhaps one of the fineft paffages in the Jerufalem Delivered.

Ver. 516. — *fable, white, and grey,*] Milton, in his Limbo of Vanity, "Black, white, and grey."

At leaſt awhile thy righteous ire forego,
Nor let thine enemies inflict the blow.
Should theſe ſubdue us, while we boaſt the grace
Of Chriſtian faith, eſteem'd thy favour'd race,
The Heathen world that power may uſeleſs call
Which lets its votaries unaided fall:
For one that now rejects thy hallow'd name,
Behold a hundred then thy faith diſclaim!
So Babel's laws o'er all mankind ſhall ſpread,
And pure Religion hide her ſacred head.
Preſerve thy choſen flock—lo! theſe the bands
That freed thy ſepulchre from impious hands:
Lo! theſe the chiefs—that oft have ſtood prepar'd
Thy blameleſs paſtors and thy Church to guard.
Too well we feel when we for mercy pray,
Againſt our faults how light our merits weigh:
But let thy grace our deep contrition wake,
Our ſouls will ſoon a ſecond nature take:
Nor can we doubt thy ſaving help to find,
Thy help ſo oft beſtow'd on loſt mankind.

So ſpoke the prince devout, and meekly pour'd
His fervid vows to Heaven's eternal Lord,
With heart-felt anguiſh, ſuch as well became
Himſelf, his danger, and his regal name.

Nor was his humble ſuit in vain addreſt,
The guardian Angel, in his ſeats of reſt,
Receives the prayer, then ſpreads his hallow'd wings,
And to his Saviour's ear the offering brings.
Unnumber'd vows that inſtant thus preferr'd
By thoſe bleſt ſpirits, Heaven's Eternal heard:
At this the ſouls in endleſs bliſs above,
With features blending pity, peace, and love,

All

Ver. 556. *The guardian Angel.* —] Not unlike this paſſage is the beginning of Book xi. Paradiſe Loſt, where Milton repreſents our firſt parents addreſſing their ſupplications to Heaven after the fall.

——— To Heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miſs'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or fruſtrate: in they paſs'd
Dimenſionleſs through heav'nly doors; then clad
With incenſe, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Interceſſor, came in ſight,
Before the Father's throne, them the glad Son
Preſenting ——

Ver. 561. *At this the ſouls in endleſs bliſs above,*] Arioſto mentions the compaſſion of the bleſſed ſaints and angels for the ſufferings of man.

—— Come gli aſcoltar l'anime ſante,
Depinte di pietà il viſo pio,
Tutti miraro il ſempeterno amante, &c.

Milton, in like manner, repreſents the angels as ſympathizing with the miſeries of mankind at the fall.

—— Soon as th' unwelcome news
From earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, diſpleas'd

All turn'd to him, the ſource of endleſs grace,
With one requeſt to ſave the Chriſtian race.
The Goodneſs Infinite, whoſe ear to gain
The upright heart has never pray'd in vain,
Caſt round his pitying eye, and with his hand
Call'd faithful Michael from th' Angelic band;
Then thus he ſpoke—Go! ſeek the Chriſtian power,
With friendly veſſels brought from England's ſhore;
Lead

All were who heard, dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
That time celeſtial viſages, yet mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliſs.

PAR. LOST, B. X. V. 21.

Ver. 569. — *Go! ſeek the Chriſtian power,*] The whole conduct of this admirable machine has been greatly extolled by Dryden in the following paſſage of the notes to his tranſlation of Virgil.— " The only beautiful machine which I remember in the modern poets, is in Arioſto, where GOD commands St. Michael to take care that Paris, then beſieged by the Saracens, ſhould be ſuccoured by Rinaldo. In order to this, he enjoins the Archangel to find Silence and Diſcord. The firſt to conduct the Chriſtian army to relieve the town, with ſo much ſucceſs, that their march ſhould not be diſcovered; the latter to enter the camp of the Infidels, and there to ſow diſſention among the principal commanders. The heavenly meſſenger takes his way to an ancient monaſtery, not doubting there to find Silence in her* primitive abode; but inſtead of Silence finds Diſcord: the Monks, being divided into factions, about the choice of ſome new officer, were at ſnic and ſnee with

* Arioſto makes Silence of the male gender.

their

Lead these to Paris from the distant coast,
Unheard, unnotic'd, by the Pagan host.
Find Silence first—command him to prepare
Whate'er befits with thee the task to share—
Such is my will—then seek a different road,
Where in her cavern Discord makes abode:
Bid her with speed her steel and fuel take,
And in the Moorish camp new flames awake;
Amongst the chiefs for mightiest prowess known,
Let every seed of wild debate be sown;
Let war intestine, mutual death succeed,
Let some be captives, some in combat bleed,
And some, in rage, self-exil'd from the host,
Their sovereign leave to mourn his champions lost.

He said: The blessed Angel nought replies,
But swift t' obey his heavenly Maker flies:

---

their drawn knives. The satire needs no explanation. And here it may be also observed, that ambition, jealousy, and wordly interest, and point of honour, had made variance both in the cloister and the camp; and strict discipline had done the work of Silence, in conducting the Christian army to surprise the Turks." Note to ivth Georgic, ver. 660.

Ver. 585. — *The blessed Angel* —] The Italian has—*benedetto augel*—blessed bird——an expression not to be hazarded in English, and which seems reprehensible in any language. So Dante

—— Augel divino ——

PARAD. C. ii.

Where'er his courſe the radiant envoy ſteers,
The clouds diſperſe, the troubled ether clears:
And round him plays a circling blaze of light,
Such as when meteors ſtream thro' duſky night.
While ſtill he ponders in his zealous mind
Where beſt this enemy of ſpeech to find;
At length he deems that Silence ſure may dwell
With monks and abbots in the cloiſter'd cell,
The church's hallow'd walls; where never ear
Might other ſound than chanted pſalters hear:
Where, fed with ſlender meals, each quiet ſleeps,
Where every room inſcrib'd the name of Silence keeps.
To meet him there he certain hope aſſumes,
And moves with ſpeed increas'd his golden plumes;
Nor him alone, but there expects to find
Fair Peace and Charity together join'd.
No Silence there he found, he view'd alone
His name enroll'd, himſelf no longer known:
Nor Peace, nor Charity was there to ſee,
Nor Love, nor Faith, nor meek Humility;
Theſe held their ſtation there in days of yore,
But now, long ſince expell'd, are ſeen no more.
For theſe, Wrath, Av'rice, Gluttony, and Pride,
Sloth, Cruelty, and Envy there reſide.

The

The Angel, wond'ring at a fight fo new,
Saw Difcord foon amidft the brutal crew,
Her, in whofe fearch, he meant, at Heaven's command
T' explore Avernus' ever mournful ftrand;
And lo! he finds her now (moft ftrange to tell)
Midft prayers and maffes in this earthly hell.
He knew her by the vefture's hundred dyes,
Of lifts unnumber'd of unequal fize,
Which rent in fhreds, but ill thofe limbs conceal'd
By every ftep or breath of wind reveal'd.
Her uncomb'd hairs feem'd conftant ftrife to hold,
Of varions hues, black, filver, brown and gold.
Some hung in ringlets, fome in knots were ty'd;
Her bofom fome, and fome her fhoulders hide:
Her hands and lap a countlefs medley bore
Of writs, citations (an exhauftlefs ftore!)
Oppreffion's various forms, that make the poor
In cities never find their ftate fecure.
Before, behind, on either fide her ftand
Attornies, notaries,—a brawling band!
 Her Michael call'd, and bade her inftant go
To feek where lay encamp'd the Pagan foe,
And every art effay, that might engage
Their braveft knights in ftrife and deathful rage.

For

For Silence then he aſk'd, of whom full well
He deem'd that Diſcord might ſome tidings tell;
As one, who ſtill on kindling flames intent,
Through every land of earth's wide region went.
Amidſt my travel (Diſcord thus replies)
That Silence never yet has met my eyes:
Though oft his name from many I have heard,
Oft heard his praiſe for craft and guile preferr'd;
But Fraud, ſometime the partner of his way,
Our comrade here, can beſt his haunts betray—
Lo! where ſhe ſtands—She ſaid, and pointing ſhow'd
Where Fraud appear'd amidſt the motley crowd.
Her garb was decent, lovely was her face,
Her eyes were baſhful, ſober was her pace;
With ſpeech, whoſe charms might every heart aſſail,
Like his who gave the bleſt ſalute of—hail!
But all deform'd and brutal was the reſt,
Which cloſe ſhe cover'd with her ample veſt,
Beneath whoſe folds, prepar'd for bloody ſtrife,
Her hand for ever graſp'd a poiſon'd knife.
Of her the Angel aſk'd, and Fraud reply'd:
Silence was wont with Virtue to reſide,
With Benedict and old Elias' train,
In convents where religion firſt began:

Much

Ver. 657. — *Benedict — Elias*] " He here ſpeaks of the monaſ-
teries

Much time he chofe in learned fchools to pafs,
With Architas and wife Pythagoras.
But when thofe faints and fages were no more,
That kept him true to Wifdom's righteous lore,
His godly cuftoms learnt he foon forfook,
And to new paths his wandering feet betook.
Fond lovers firft at midnight hour he pair'd;
Then, mix'd with thieves, in all their counfels fhar'd.
With Treafon oft he dwells, and him I view'd
Late join'd with Murder ftain'd in human blood.

---

teries that were founded under the names of Benedict and Elias. Benedict was of Norcino, and built his firft monaftery on mount Caffino, where he lived a moft exemplary life. Elias was the prophet fpoken of in Holy Scripture, who is believed by many to be ftill living in the terreftrial paradife with St. John and Enoch: he lived a long time on Mount Carmel, from which circumftance originated the order of the Carmelites."

PORCACCHI.

Ver. 660. — *Architas — Pythagoras —*] Pythagoras, an ancient philofopher of great celebrity, who enjoined his fcholars five years filence at their entrance into his fchool: he taught women as well as men. Architas was his difciple, who was likewife a great philofopher and well fkilled in mathematics. He is faid to have invented a dove of wood, that by the action of mechanical powers, kept itfelf fufpended in the air: he was a great friend of Plato.

PORCACCHI.

With

With coiners has he oft been known to dwell
Remote from view, in ſome ſequeſter'd cell.
So much he ſhifts his partners and his place,
'Tis hard t' affirm where beſt his ſteps to trace:
Yet have I hope to guide your courſe aright:
Go—ſeek, when ſhade proclaims the middle night,
The houſe of Sleep, there may'ſt thou Silence find,
Where oft he reſts remote from human kind.

Though Fraud was ever wont in lies to deal,
Yet here ſuch ſeeming truth her words reveal,
The Angel truſts her faith, nor longer ſtays,
But ſpeeding from the convent, wide diſplays
His rapid wings to reach by noon of night
The houſe of Sleep with unremitting flight.

A pleaſing vale beneath Arabia's ſkies,
From peopled towns and cities diſtant lies:
Two lofty mountains hide the depth below,
Where ancient firs and ſturdy beeches grow.
The ſun around reveals his chearing day,
But the thick grove admits no ſtraggling ray
To pierce the boughs: immers'd in ſecret ſhades,
A ſpacious cave the duſky rock pervades.

Ver. 683. *A pleaſing vale* —] This fine deſcription of the houſe of Sleep appears to be partly taken from Ovid and Statius, but varied with ſuch circumſtances as to make the picture in a manner Arioſto's own.

The

The creeping ivy on the front is ſeen,
And o'er the entrance winds her curling green.
Here drowſy Sleep has fix'd his noiſeleſs throne,
Here Indolence reclines his limbs o'ergrown
Through ſluggiſh eaſe; and Sloth, whoſe trembling feet
Refuſe their aid and ſink beneath her weight.
Before the portal dull Oblivion goes,
He ſuffers none to paſs, for none he knows.
Silence maintains the watch and walks the round
In ſhoes of felt, with ſable garments bound;
And oft as any thither bend their pace,
He waves his hand, and warns them from the place.
  The Angel gently whiſper'd in his ear:
Heaven bids thee now (and Heaven's high mandate hear!)
Conduct Rinaldo, with his ſocial powers,
In aid of Charles, to Paris' lofty towers:
Be ſuch their march, ſo wary and ſo ſtill,
That not a ſound the Pagan's ear may fill:
Till, ere loud Fame beſpeak the Chriſtians near,
Their force ſhall thunder on the hoſtile rear.
  No anſwer Silence gave, but bow'd his head
In ſignal of the heavenly charge obey'd.

Together now they take their ſpeedy flight,
And ſoon in fruitful Picardy alight.
There Michael urges on each fearleſs band,
(Wondrous to tell!) ſo ſwift from land to land;
Ere day declin'd, to Paris' walls he brought,
The numerous troops, yet not a human thought
Perceiv'd that Heaven the miracle had wrought.
No leſs attentive, Silence to purſue
Th' important charge, around the legions threw
A darken'd veil to intercept the ſight,
Though all the forces march'd in open light,
While the thick cloud forbade each Pagan ear,
The ſhrill-mouth'd trump or deep-ton'd horn to
hear.
While thus, by Silence and the Angel led,
His rapid march the bold Rinaldo ſped;
So huſh'd, that not a Saracen could know
From rumour's voice the near approaching foe;
King Agramant his numerous foot had plac'd
In ſuburbs near; where part encamping fac'd
The threaten'd walls, far ſtretch'd from tower to tower,
In that aſſault to prove his utmoſt power.
What countleſs myriads rang'd in deep array,
That hour combin'd againſt the Chriſtian ſway!

Who theſe can tell, may tell the plants that grow
On fertile Appenine's o'er-ſhading brow;
May number, where the ſurgy ocean laves
Old Atlas' feet, the Mauritanian waves;
Or count the ſtars, when Heaven with all its eyes,
At midnight hour the lover's theft deſcries.
  Frequent and deep the hallow'd bells around
With dreadful echo give their warning ſound.
In every temple many a hand they rear,
And breathe thro' many a lip the fervent prayer.
Could bleſt immortals with deſiring eyes
Behold that wealth which men ſo highly prize,
Each ſaint might hope in future to behold
His votive ſtatue fram'd of pureſt gold.
The white-hair'd ſire deplores his wretched ſtate,
Reſerv'd to drain the bittereſt dregs of fate;
He calls his lov'd forefathers doubly bleſt,
Long clos'd in earth and laid for years at reſt.

Ver. 740.—*when Heaven with all its eyes,*—] Catullus requeſting to receive from Leſbia as many kiſſes as there are grains of ſand on the ſea ſhore, adds,

> Aut quam ſidera multa, cum tacet nox
> Furtivos hominum videt amores.

And our Spenſer:

> More eath to number with how many eyes,
> High Heaven beholds ſad lover's nightly thieveries.

While thoſe whoſe younger breaſts no fears appall,
Advance on every ſide to guard the wall:
There barons, paladins, and earls, and knights,
Kings, dukes, and lords, with all whom fame incites,
Soldiers from far, or natives of the land,
To die for Christ in arms undaunted ſtand:
All ardent urge the king each bridge to lower,
And on the Saracens their fury pour:
With joy he ſees the warriors' noble fires,
But prudence checks what patriot zeal inſpires.
Meantime he bids in various parts diſpoſe
Their generous ranks againſt th' invading foes.
Where ſtrong the wall, leſs thick the troops aſcend,
But lines on lines each weaker paſs defend.
Some watch the huge machines; and ſome prepare
With ſulph'rous flame to meet the ſtorm of war,
While wary Charles in no fix'd place abides,
But through the works for every chance provides.
Amidſt a ſpacious plain fair Paris ſtands,
(The heart of France) and all the realm commands:
A river, that beneath the ramparts glides,
The city parts, but firſt with branching tides
An iſland forms, ſecuring from the reſt,
Of all the town the ſtrongeſt and the beſt:

Each other part (three parts the whole compoſe)
The foſſe, without, and ſtream, within, encloſe.
The city, ſtretch'd around, in circuit wide,
Might yield a place t' aſſault on every ſide;
But Agramant againſt the weſtern towers
Collects the force of all his threatening powers:
For hence, no realms or forts behind him lay
To diſtant Spain, but own'd his ample ſway.
Far as the walls extend, ſo far the care
Of Charles is ſeen the bulwarks to repair.
On mouldering works he bids new works ariſe,
And every engine of defence ſupplies.
Where the ſtream enters, where the town it leaves,
He draws huge chains acroſs the paſſing waves;
With Argus' eyes the ſon of Pepin bends
His heedful watch, where Agramant intends
The great aſſault; nor could the Pagan crew
Againſt the Chriſtians their deſigns purſue:
But ſoon their foes' preventive care they knew.
  Now fierce in arms Marſilius preſs'd the plain
With all his ſquadron drawn from diſtant Spain.
There Serpentino and Ferrau were found,
Grandonio, Iſolero, names renown'd.
There Balugantes ſhone with equal might,
And Falſirones, well approv'd in fight;

There, on the left, beside the winding flood
Of silver Seine, Sobrino, Pulion stood,
With Dardinello, brave Almontes' son,
Oran's huge king, for giant stature known!
Why seems my pen more slow to speak their praise,
Than these their weapons in the field to raise?
There Sarza's king, impatient to engage,
Blasphemes aloud, nor curbs his impious rage.

As eager flies in buzzing legions play,
Midst the warm sunshine of a summer's day,
Where rural vessels have allur'd their taste,
Or the sweet relicks of a late repast;

Ver. 811. *As eager flies*—] Mr. Upton says these similies are after the cast of Homer; and indeed there can be little doubt but Ariosto had in view the simile in the second Iliad, to express the number of the Grecian troops that passed in review.

— thick as insects play,
The wand'ring nation of a summer's day,
That drawn by milky steams, at ev'ning hours,
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers:
From pail to pail with busy murmur run,
The gilded legions glitt'ring in the sun.

POPE, ver. 552.

Milton has the following,

Or as a swarm of flies, in vintage-time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd.

PARAD. REG. B. iv.

As

As round the ripe'ning grapes of purple dye,
The plumy race in buſy cluſters fly:
So to the fierce aſſault the Moors repair,
While ſhouts and barbarous clamours rend the air.
The wary Chriſtians from their rampart's height,
With javelins, darts, and ſwords, maintain the fight,
With ſtones and mingled fire; unmov'd they ſtand,
And ſcorn the fury of the Pagan band:
And oft as this, now that ill-fated bleeds,
Another fearleſs to his place ſucceeds.
Back to the ditch the Saracens withdrew,
So thick the weapons of the faithful flew:
Huge maſſy fragments from the walls they rend,
And crumbling bulwarks on the foes deſcend.
From many a hand the boiling ſtreams employ'd,
With dreadful heat the ſuffering Moors annoy'd;
Reſiſtleſs pour'd on each advancing creſt,
Through the clos'd helmet pierc'd the liquid peſt.
Not ſo the ſword can waſte—What tongue ſhall tell,
How from above the lime deſtructive fell
In diſmal clouds! how burning veſſels pour'd
Pitch, ſulphur, nitre; all their flaming hoard;
Whence hiſſing torrents ſent in tides below,
With fearful ruin gall'd the Pagan foe!

Meantime the king of Sarza brought his powers
(The ſecond band) beneath the Chriſtian towers:
With theſe Buraldo and Ormida went;
That Garamanda, this Marmonda ſent.
Beſide him Soridon, Clarindo came,
Nor Setta's king declin'd the field of fame.
Morocco's king, and Caſco's theſe purſue,
Reſolv'd that all their noble deeds might view.
High on his banner, that with crimſon glow'd,
The Sarzan Rodomont a lion ſhow'd,
Whoſe ſavage mouth diſdain'd not to receive
The curb a courtly damſel ſeem'd to give;
The beaſt beſpeaks the knight; the beauteous dame
Whoſe gentle hands the lordly lion tame,
Beſpeaks the charms of Stordilano's heir,
Granada's princeſs, Doralis the fair!
Her, whom ſo lately Mandricardo won
From all her guards (as well the verſe has ſhown)
And her whom Rodomont had learnt to prize,
Dear as his kingdom, dearer than his eyes!

Ver. 839. *Meantime the king of Sarza* —] It has been already ſaid, that the character of Rodomont is drawn cloſely after Boyardo; the device on his banner is likewiſe taken by Arioſto from his predeceſſor.

For

For whom he wrought ſuch deeds of endleſs fame;
Nor knew her yielded to a ſtranger's flame.
At once a thouſand ladders rais'd in air,
With crowded ſteps the ſwarming ſoldiers bear:
A ſecond urges him who foremoſt leads
The daring way, and him a third ſucceeds.
Through courage ſome, and ſome attack through fear;
Though girt with dangers, none muſt tremble here,
For Rodomont o'erlooks the dreadful fray,
And wounds or kills who dares deſert the day.
Thus on the town the thicke'ning legions fall,
Through flames and ruins ruſh to ſcale the wall.
But while the reſt with wary ſearch attend
Where leaſt the foes each guarded paſs defend,
The king of Algiers ſcorns his arms to wield
But where dire peril frowns upon the field:
In that dread hour, when others to the ſkies
Breathe fervent vows, he GOD's high power defies.
To fence his breaſt a ſerpent's jointed ſcale
Supply'd the corſlet tough and plated mail;

Ver. 876. — *he God's high power defies.*] See the behaviour of Capaneus at the ſiege of Thebes, who was thunderſtruck while he blaſphemed Jupiter.

STATIUS THEB. Book x.

These arms his grandsire won, whose impious might
Would Heav'n invade with Babel's towery height:
Who sought to drive th' Almighty from his throne,
And make the empire of the stars his own!
For this intent th' accurs'd blasphemer made
His shield, his helm, and strongly-temper'd blade.
 Stern Rodomont a second Nimrod stood,
Like him unconquerable, fierce, and proud:
He little heeds what guards the passes keep,
How strong the bulwarks, or the fosse how deep;
Headlong he plunges in—he wades—he flies—
Above his breast the troubled waters rise.
All drench'd and grim with ooze he makes his way,
While round him arrows, flames, and engines play
In rattling storms—As through the sedgy moor,
Where spreads our Malean plain, the woodland boar
Lifts his strong chest, around his tusks he throws,
And breaks through all that would his course oppose:

Ver. 885. — *a second Nimrod* —] Boyardo makes Rodomont a descendant of Nimrod, who built the tower of Babel.

Ver. 893. —— *As through the sedgy moor,*
Where spreads our Malean plain, —] A low marshy land in the districts of Ferrara, on the left of the Po, near the sea, abounding at that time with wild boars.

ZATTA.

So

So the fierce Pagan lifts his ſhield on high,
And ſcorns the towering walls, and threats the ſky.
  Now from the foſſe ſtern Rodomont attains
The firmer land, and now the ſummit gains,
Where the broad ramparts form a platform wide,
To range the Chriſtian files on either ſide.
Where many a ſoldier, many a knight and lord
Now feel the edge of his reſiſtleſs ſword.
Head, arms, are lopt—while from the lofty towers
Down the ſteep foſſe the ſanguine torrent pours.
His buckler caſt behind, he graſp'd his ſteel
With either hand, and on Arnolpho fell;
A duke, who came from where the Rhine, that laves
The neighb'ring meads, is loſt in briny waves;
Not more the wretch devoted 'ſcapes his ire,
Than heaps of ſulphur 'ſcape the waſting fire;
Swift thro' his neck the bloody falchion ſped,
There heav'd the dying limbs, here roll'd the gaſp-
    ing head.
Now with a backward ſtroke the mortal wound
Oldrado, Prando, and Anſelmo found,
With Spineloccio—midſt the thronging train,
And narrow ſpace, no blow was aim'd in vain.
The Flemings firſt his dreadful fury feel;
The Normans next beſtain his ſmoking ſteel.

Orghetto of Maganza ſinks to reſt:
Aim'd at his front the weapon through his breaſt
Divides his bleeding corſe: Then from above
He Andropino and Moſchino drove;
Headlong they fell—the firſt was wont to ſhine
In prieſtly robes; the laſt in draughts of wine
Steep'd all his hours: like bane or viper's blood
He ſhunn'd to taſte the cooling limpid flood.
Lo! here he dies, and more regrets his death,
In water's loathſome drench to yield his breath.
Sever'd in two provincial Lewis lies:
Through Arnold of Thouloufe the weapon flies.
Oberto, Claudio, Dionyſius pour
Their ſouls, with Hugo, in a ſtream of gore.
Near theſe of Paris four to death ſucceed:
Ambaldo, Odo, and Gualtoro bleed,
With Satallones—heaps on heaps there fell!
Nor can the Muſe their names and country tell.
Not leſs behind the ſwarming troops prevail;
They fix the ladders, and the bulwarks ſcale:
But 'twixt the walls and ſecond rampire ſteep,
Where ſinks the foſſe, all horrible and deep,
The Chriſtians from th' interior works renew
A ſtrong defence againſt the Pagan crew;

With ſpears and darts they rain an iron cloud,
To check the numbers of th' advancing crowd;
And ſoon had check'd, but that the dauntleſs might
Of Ulien's ſon * inſpir'd and urg'd the fight.
He drives them on, and each though loath obeys,
With threatenings theſe incites, and thoſe with praiſe:
Who turns a ſtep to fly, his fate receives:
His breaſt he pierces, or his helm he cleaves;
And down the ſteep he drives ſo huge a train,
That ſcarce the foſſe their numbers can contain.

While thus compell'd the rude barbarians go,
Or tumble headlong to the depth below,
The king of Sarza every muſcle ſtrains,
And lo! (as if a ſtrength of wing ſuſtains
Each agile member) with a wondrous bound
Leaps o'er the foſſe, and lights upon the ground
With all his armour's weight, though yawning wide,
Full thrice ten feet it ſtretch'd from ſide to ſide.
Swift as a greyhound o'er the ſpace he flies,
Nor to his feet the ſilent earth replies,
So light he leapt—now round his blows he drives,
And the mail'd plate, like brittle ſubſtance, rives.
Not more the Sylvan bark a tree defends,
When on its trunk the ſounding axe deſcends:

* Rodomont.

Thick folds of ſteel can no defence afford,
Such his huge nerve, and ſuch his ſweepy ſword.
Meantime our legions in the depth below
Have plac'd their ſnares to catch th' incautious foe.
Serewood and pitch beneath the banks they hide,
And many a veſſel cloſely rang'd, ſupply'd
With nitre, oil, or ſulphur, to conſpire
In one vaſt blaze to ſpread the murderous fire.
And now prepar'd each wary ſoldier ſtands
To cruſh the folly of the Mooriſh bands,
Who blindly from the trench's depth aſſail,
And ſtrive, with many a ladder rear'd, to ſcale
The town's laſt works—when at a ſignal given
From different parts, the burſting fires are driven
Amid the foe :—huge conflagration rolls
From ſide to ſide, and mounting to the poles
Might dry the vapoury moon, while dark as night
Thick ſmoke obſcures the ſun and blots the light:
And rumbling peals re-echo long and loud,
Like thunders breaking from a fearful cloud!
Now frantic ſounds in mingled tumults riſe,
Of dreadful howlings, groans, and dying cries;
As by their leader's cruel raſhneſs ſlain,
One wretched fate involv'd the Pagan train,

While

While the flame crackling on their members prey'd,
And with their ſhrieks a horrid concert made.

But ceaſe we here—nor more the tale prolong,
For my hoarſe voice forbids the lengthen'd ſong.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Continuation of the ſiege of Paris. Aſtolpho is diſmiſſed with preſents from Logiſtilla, who ſends Andronica and Sophroſyne to conduct him ſafely on his paſſage home. Their voyage deſcribed. Aſtolpho hears the future glory of Charles V. and many great men of his age. They reach the gulph of Perſia, and Aſtolpho purſues his journey by land: He arrives in Egypt, and is warned by a hermit to ſhun the dwelling of Caligorant: his adventure with that giant. He finds the magician Orilo engaged in combat with Gryphon and Aquilant, who endeavour in vain to deprive him of life. Aſtolpho undertakes that adventure. Aſtolpho, Gryphon, and Aquilant, enter Jeruſalem, where they are hoſpitably received by Sanſonetto, the Chriſtian regent. Gryphon hears from a pilgrim unwelcome news of his miſtreſs Origilla.

THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

GREAT honours every victor muſt obtain,
Let Fortune give ſucceſs, or Conduct gain:
Yet oft a battle, won with blood, will yield
Leſs praiſe to him who boaſts the conquer'd field.
But ever glorious is that leader's name,
And adds new laurels to his martial fame,
Who, while the forces of his foes o'erthrown
Proclaim his might, from loſs preſerves his own.
Such was the war by thee, my patron, wag'd,
When Leo on the waves had fiercely rag'd,
Had ſeiz'd each ſhore from where the Po deſcends,
And to the ſea from Francolino bends.

Ver. 12. — *Francolino* —] A place forty miles from the mouth of the Po.

[library stamp]

Though from afar we ſeem'd his roar to hear,
When preſent thou, each breaſt forgot to fear:
Well didſt thou teach us victory to gain:
By thee thy friends were ſav'd, thy foes were ſlain.
Not ſo the Pagan chief who raſhly bent
On Chriſtian ſlaughter, down the deep deſcent
Compell'd unpitying his reluctant powers,
Where the dire flame the hapleſs band devours.
The foſſe, though large, could ſcarce the throng receive,
But while the raging fires of life bereave
Each ſtruggling wretch, on every limb they prey
Till ſhrunkto little ſpace the mingled aſhes lay.
Here thouſands, as their chieftain's raſhneſs led,
Midſt flames and ſmoke are number'd with the dead:
Aloft in air their groaning ſpirits ſoar,
Their bodies, ſoon conſum'd, are ſeen no more;
While he, from whom their dreadful ſufferings riſe,
Fierce Rodomont eſcapes, and as he flies
High bounding o'er the foſſe that yawns below,
Lights on th' interior ramparts of the foe:
But had the trench the fearleſs chief receiv'd,
No more his arm had deeds of death atchiev'd!
Now when he turns to view th' infernal vale,
And ſees on every ſide the flames aſſail

His ſocial bands, and hears their ſhrieks and cries,
Impious he raves and loud blaſphemes the ſkies.
While thouſands here a ſtrife unequal wag'd,
Where ruthleſs war with death and horror rag'd,
King Agramant before his army's head,
The fierce aſſault againſt a portal led,
Where leſs perchance he deem'd the Chriſtian powers
Prepar'd in arms to guard their threaten'd towers.
With him in field king Bambirago ſhin'd,
And Baliverſo, baſeſt of mankind!
With Chorineus, Pruſio ſhares his toils,
The wealthy king who rules the happy iſles.
Malabuferzo, who the region ſways
Of Fez, for ever ſcorch'd with ſolar rays;
And many a chief, with others long inur'd
To fields of fight, and well in mail ſecur'd.
Though arm'd, yet numbers naked ſeek the field,
For not a thouſand plates the coward ſhield.
But, all unthought, the king of Afric there
Found the ſtrong ſinews of the Chriſtian war:

Ver. 48. — *who rules the happy iſles.*] The Canary iſlands, formerly called the Fortunate iſlands, ſituated in the Atlantic ocean: theſe iſlands are ſubject to the Spaniards.

Imperial Charles, with him a generous train,
King Salomone, and the noble * Dane:
Each Angelino there his ftation took,
With either Guido and Bavaria's duke †.
There Ganelone, Berlinger appear;
Avino, Otho, and Avolio near:
Unnumber'd more, of lefs reputed name,
Who From the Fleming, Frank, and Lombard came;
Alike prepar'd before their fovereign's fight,
To fhow their valour with the firft in fight.

Of thefe the tale fhall fpeak fome future time:
Now to a noble duke I bend my rhyme;
The bold Aftolpho, born on Albion's ftrand:
Him late, far diftant from his native land
I left; who now impatient feems to mourn
His exil'd ftate, and languifh to return,
As promis'd oft by her, whofe power had quell'd
Alcina's navy and her flight compell'd;
Her's was the care to fpeed him on his way,
To fhield from danger and prevent delay.
For this a galley had fhe launch'd, the beft
That ever plough'd the curling ocean's breaft,

* Ugero. † Namus.

Ver. 67. *Of thefe the tale fhall fpeak* —] Continued, Book xvi. ver. 111.

And

And left (for ſo her fears had oft divin'd)
Alcina, ſhould impede his courſe deſign'd,
She Andronica ſends, with ſhips prepar'd,
And fair Sophroſyne the knight to guard,
Till in his ſight th' Arabian ſea appears,
And through the Perſic tide his veſſel ſteers.
She bids him rather coaſt the Scythian ſhore,
And Nabatei and India's realms explore,
With Perſia's gulph, than tempt the ſeas where rave
Eternal winds that ſwell the northern wave,
And where, for many a month, no ſun diſplays
Above th' horizon his enlivening rays.
  Thus all diſpos'd, the dame with friendly heart
Now grants the duke permiſſion to depart,

Ver. 81, 82. — *Andronica* — *Sophroſyne* —] Fortitude and Temperance, as mentioned in notes to Book x. ver. 348.

Ver. 81. — *with ſhips prepar'd*] *Un groſſa armata* — a powerful fleet. —There is ſome obſcurity in this narrative, for it does not clearly appear what veſſels went with Aſtolpho. It ſeems by the poet's words, when Aſtolpho leaves the port of India, that he had only one galley in which he ſail'd with Andronica and Sophroſyne; nothing is ſaid of any armed force throughout the voyage, till they come to the gulph of Perſia, when the poet mentions ſhips in the plural number,

—— pigliaro il porto, e fur converſi
Con la poppa alla ripa i legni vaghi.

They ſeek the port, and reſting on the ſtrand,
With poop to ſhore the painted veſſels ſtand.

But firſt, on many a ſubject grave and ſage,
Inſtruction gives, too long to ſwell the page.
And leſt a hoſtile power ſhould once again
His ſenſes fetter in ſome magic chain,
She on the knight a wondrous book beſtow'd,
Which fair to ſee full many a ſecret ſhow'd:
This for her ſake he took—a faithful guide,
A guard againſt inchantments to provide.
Here, while his eyes the learned leaves peruſe,
Each ſpelful myſtery explain'd he views.
Another gift ſhe brought of magic power,
(A gift ſo rare was never ſeen before)
A ſounding horn that ſcatters inſtant fear
With horrid noiſe in every trembling ear.

Such

Ver. 97. *She on the knight* —] The fiction of the book is drawn from Boyardo. Orlando having delivered a young man from the power of a giant, receives from the father a preſent of a book that would reſolve all doubts. Orlando aſcends a mountain, the ſummit of which was inhabited by a Sphynx, of whom he enquires after Angelica: the monſter propoſes a riddle to him, but he being unable to anſwer it, kills her, and afterwards finds the riddle explained in this book. Flordelis has likewiſe a book by which ſhe enters into a detail with Rinaldo of the ſeveral wonders of the garden of Falerina.

Orl. Innam. B. i. C. v. xvii.

Ver. 105. *A ſounding horn* —] This horn appears to have been in a great meaſure the invention of Arioſto, at leaſt in the

extent

Such was the din, where'er its echoes ſpread,
The boldeſt knight, appall'd with terror, fled.

Not

extent of the wonderful effects here aſcribed to it: it is copied by Spenſer. When Arthur is brought by Una to deliver the Red-croſs knight from the giant Orgolio, his ſquire, on their arrival at the caſtle-gate, ſounds a horn, which is thus deſcribed.

Was never wight that heard that ſhrilling ſound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vein;
Three miles it might be eaſy heard around,
And echoes three anſwer'd itſelf again;
Ne falſe enchantment, or deceitful train,
Might once abide the terror of that blaſt,
But preſently was void and wholly vain;
No gate ſo ſtrong, no lock ſo firm and faſt,
But with that piercing noiſe flew open quite and braſt.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. i. C. viii.

Mr. Warton ſays, "It ſeems rather ſtrange that Spenſer ſhould make ſo little uſe of this horn. He has not ſcrupled to introduce the ſhield, though as manifeſtly borrowed from Arioſto, upon various occaſions."—Notes to FAIRY QUEEN.

"Turpin mentions a wonderful horn which belonged to Roland. Olaus Magnus relates, that this horn, which was called Olivant, was won together with the ſword Durenda (Durindana, ſo celebrated in Arioſto) from the giant Jutmundus by Roland; that its miraculous effects were frequently ſung by the old Iſlandic bards in their ſpirited odes, and that it might be heard at the diſtance of twenty miles. A horn was a common expedient for diſſolving enchantments.

Not ſuch the mingled roar when winds reſound,
When thunders roll, and earthquakes rock the
ground!

Rich

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chantments. Cervantes alludes to this incident of romance where the devil's horn is ſounded as a prelude to the diſenchanting of Dulcinea. Dante mentions the horn of Orlando thus: while they are wandering along the banks of Phlegethon as the twilight of evening approaches, Dante ſuddenly hears the ſound of a horn more loud than thunder or the horn of Orlando.

Ma io ſento ſonare alto corno ——
Non ſono ſi terribilmente Orlando ——

“ Virgil's Alecto's horn is as high and extravagant as any thing of the kind in romance,

—— cornuque recurvo
Tartaream intendit vocem: qua protenus omne
Contremuit nemus, et ſylvæ intonuere profundæ:
Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua ——

Æneid, Lib. vii. ver. 513.

—— to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian ſhepherds borne,
Adds all her breath; the rocks and woods around
And mountains tremble at th' infernal ſound;
The ſacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains and ſulphureous Nar,
Shook at the baleful blaſt, the ſignal of the war!

Dryden.

See Warton's Hiſtory of Poetry, vol. iii. p. 246.

“ It

Rich in th' fairy's gifts, th' intrepid duke
His laſt farewell with grateful feeling took:
He leaves the port, the quiet bay he leaves,
And in his poop the proſperous breeze receives.
And now along the ſpicy ſhore he flies,
Where India's rich and peopled towns ariſe.
He ſees a thouſand iſles on either hand
Diſpers'd—and now he views Tomaſo's land:

And

"It is ſaid (in an old romance) that Alexander gave the ſignal to his whole army by a wonderful horn, of immenſe magnitude, which might be heard at the diſtance of ſixty miles, and that it was blown or ſounded by ſixty men at once. This is the horn which Orlando won from the giant Jutmundus, and which, as Turpin and the Iſlandic bards report, was indued with magical power. Cervantes ſays, that it was bigger than a weaver's beam. Boyardo, Berni, and Arioſto have all ſuch a horn, and the fiction is here traced to its original ſource."

See WARTON's Hiſtory of Poetry, vol. I. p. 132.

Ver. 115. *And now along the ſpicy ſhore he flies,*] There can be little doubt but Taſſo had an eye to this book when he deſcribed the voyage of Charles and Ubald to bring Rinaldo from the iſland of Armida. The whole paſſage, particularly the propheſy relating to the future diſcoveries in navigation, is exactly in the ſpirit of Arioſto.

Ver. 118. — *Tomaſo's land:*] By the land of Tomaſo is meant the province of Malabar, where St. Thomas the Apoſtle, after having preached the goſpel to many nations, it is ſaid, at laſt ſuffered martyrdom.

"While

And here her courſe the wary pilot veers,
And bending to the north the veſſel ſteers:

The

" While Gama lay at anchor among the iſlands of St. George, near to Mazambie, there came three Ethiopians on board, (ſays Faria y Souſa) who ſeeing St. Gabriel painted on the poop, fell on their knees in token of their Chriſtianity, which had been preached to them in the primitive times, now corrupted. It is reported that the Portugueſe found two or three Abyſſinian Chriſtians in the city of Mombaze, who had an oratory in their houſe. In the ſouth parts of Malabar, about 200,000 of the inhabitants profeſſed Chriſtianity before the arrival of the Portugueſe. They called themſelves the Chriſtians of St. Thomas, by which Apoſtle their anceſtors had been converted. For 1300 years they had been under the patriarch of Babylon, who appointed their archbiſhop. Franciſco Rez, a Jeſuit miſſionary, complained to the Portugueſe archbiſhop of Goa, that when he ſhewed theſe people an image of our lady, they cried out: " Away with that filthineſs! we are Chriſtians, and do not adore idols or pagods."

MICKLE's note to the iiid Luſiad of Camoëns.

Camoëns at the concluſion of his poem has a particular paſſage relative to St. Thomas, in deſcribing the religious ſtate of the ſeveral provinces of India.

Here India's angels weeping o'er the tomb
Where Thomas ſleeps, implores the day to come;
The day foretold—when India's utmoſt ſhore
Again ſhall hear Meſſiah's bliſsful lore.
By India's banks the holy prophet trod,
And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour God.

Where

The golden ſoil of Cherſoneſus paſt,
She ploughs the billows of the wat'ry waſte;
And views, as near ſhe coaſts the fertile ſhores,
Where Ganges to the ſea his waters pours
With whitening foam—ſhe Taprobana views,
And Coris next; and now her courſe purſues
Where mariners th' advancing cliffs ſurvey,
That form, with ſeas confin'd, a narrow bay:

Where pale diſeaſe ere-while the cheek conſum'd,
Health, at his word, in ruddy fragrance bloom'd:
The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd,
And to the chearful day reſtor'd the dead:
By heavenly power he rear'd the ſacred ſhrine,
And gain'd the nations by his life divine.

Mickle's Luſiad, B. x.

See the whole paſſage and the note annexed, for a full account of this matter.

It is obſerved by Mazzoni, in his Defence of Dante, that it was impoſſible from the Cherſoneſus for Aſtolpho to ſee the land of St. Thomas, being at a diſtance of four hundred miles on the coaſt of Malabar, neither could he, having paſt the Cherſoneſus, ſee the mouth of the Ganges, which he muſt have left ſome hundred miles behind him in doubling Cape Comorin. But Arioſto's Geography appears very erroneous; he ſpeaks of Cochin as the laſt country which they left in India, whereas Cochin lay the furtheſt country to the eaſt, and the courſe of Aſtolpho was weſtward to the Red Sea. Taſſo is much more correct in his voyage of Rinaldo, Book xiv.

At length the realm of Cochin ſhe perceives,
And thence the furtheſt bound of India leaves.
While thus Aſtolpho cuts the briny tide,
Safe in the conduct of a ſkilful guide,
He Andronica aſks, if e'er 'twas known
That regions, titled from the ſetting ſun,
Had ſent a venturous bark with oars and ſails,
To catch in eaſtern ſeas the driving gales;
Or veſſels thence their conſtant track might keep
To France or Britain thro' th' unfathom'd deep?
Then Andronica thus—the earth embrac'd
With ocean's arms that circle round her waſte,
On every part collected waters ſees,
Where ſummers ſcorch them, or where winters freeze;
But ſince, where Æthiopia ſouth extends,
Far tow'rds the pole the ſavage land deſcends,
There are who ſay that Neptune's power withſtood,
Here finds a barrier to th' indignant flood.

Ver. 133. *He Andronica aſks, —*] Ubald, in Taſſo, enquires nearly in the ſame manner of his pilot, if any navigators had gone the like voyage before.

> Then Ubald thus began—Say thou, whoſe power
> Gives us theſe endleſs waters to explore,
> Did ever prow before theſe ſeas divide?
>
> Tasso's Jeruſalem, B. xv. v. 177.

Hence from our clime no veſſel courts the breeze,
To ſpread her daring ſail on Europe's ſeas:
Nor pilot yet, from diſtant Europe, braves
The lengthen'd tides to ſtem our eaſtern waves.
Far in the weſt, when years their courſe have roll'd,
I ſee new Argonauts their ſails unfold;
And many a Tiphys ocean's depths explore,
To open wondrous ways untry'd before.
Some coaſting round the ſhelves of Afric, trace
Th' extended country of the ſable race,
To paſs the line whence blazing Phœbus burns,
And to your realms from Capricorn returns:
At length the Cape's extremeſt point they gain
That ſeems to part from our's the weſtern main:
Each clime they view, and ſearch, with ceaſeleſs toils,
The Perſian, Indian, and Arabian iſles.
Some paſs the pillars rais'd on either ſtrand,
The well-known labour of Alcides' hand,
And like the circling ſun, with ſails unfurl'd,
Explore new lands in ſome remoter world.

Ver. 151. *Far in the weſt,* ——

155. *Some coaſting round the ſhelves of Afric,* —] The poet here alludes to the diſcoveries in navigation made by the Spaniards and Portugueſe, the firſt directing their courſe to the weſt, and the ſecond to the eaſt.

Behold

Behold the ſacred Croſs uprais'd, behold
On the green turf th' imperial ſtaff unroll'd.
Lo, ſome to guard their infant navy run,
Some haſte to ſeize the land their toils have won.
A thouſand chac'd by ten forſake the fields:
To Aragon the furtheſt India yields.
The chiefs of Charles (the fifth that bears the name)
Where'er they paſs, behold them crown'd with fame!
Heaven wills theſe climes, to future ſailors ſhown,
Now reſt, and ſhall for ages reſt unknown,
Till in due time a monarch great and wiſe,
Shall like Auguſtus o'er the nations riſe:
From Aragonian and from Auſtrian blood
I ſee beſide the Rhine's far winding flood

This

Ver. 175. *Heaven wills theſe climes,* —] The poet, in the following paſſage, alludes to the diſcoveries of the new world by Chriſtopher Columbus; of whom alſo Taſſo.

'Tis thou, Columbus, to another pole
Shall rear the maſt and o'er the ſurges roll,
While with a thouſand wings and thouſand eyes
Fame ſcarce purſues thy veſſel as it flies!

Book xv. ver. 234.

Ver. 179. *From Aragonian and from Auſtrian blood*] He celebrates the emperor Charles V. who was born at Ghent in Flanders, in the year 1510. His father, Philip the Handſome,

archduke

This ruler born, whose valour shall excel
What pens before could write, or tongues could tell.
By him Astræa see recall'd to earth,
Or rather, dead, reviv'd to second birth;
And every virtue by her hand replac'd,
Which wretched mortals from the world had chac'd.
For these deserts th' eternal will of Heaven,
Not only to his sovereign rule has given
The crown which Trajan and Agustus wore,
Which Marcus and Severus held before,
But bids his power to every realm extend,
Where suns by turns arise, by turns descend;

---

archduke of Austria, was the son of the emperor Maximilian, and of Mary, the only child of Charles the Bald, the last prince of the house of Burgundy. His mother Joanna was the second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Castile and Aragon. A long train of fortunate events had opened the way for this young prince to the inheritance of more extensive dominions than any European monarch since Charlemain. He was contemporary with Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. of England.—See ROBERTSON's History of Charles V.

Many of these predictions were inserted, or enlarged, in the latter editions of the poem, for the first edition was only fifteen years after the birth of Charles, and some of the events did not take place till after the first publication; which observation will hold good in several other parts of the work.

And

And wills that under his auſpicious ſway
One faithful flock one ſhepherd ſhould obey.
To work theſe ends th' Almighty ſhall decree
For him unconquer'd chiefs by land and ſea.
Lo! Cortez who ſhall Cæſar's arms extend,
And to his potent laws new cities bend;
With kingdoms ſo remote, that yet their name
From weſtern regions ne'er to India came.
Behold where Proſpero Colonna ſtands:
Peſcara's marquis next my voice demands;

And,

Ver. 197. *Lo! Cortez* —] After the navigation to the new world by Chriſtopher Columbus, who had been ſent by the king and queen of Spain, the emperor Charles V. ſent Herman Cortez, who made an entire conqueſt of the kingdom of Mexico.

Ver. 201. *Behold where Proſpero Colonna ſtands:*] In the war of the Milaneſe 1521, the Imperial troops took the field under the command of Proſpero Colonna, the moſt eminent of the Italian generals, whoſe extreme caution, the effect of long experience in the art of war, was oppoſed, with great propriety, to the impetuoſity of the French. He afterwards drove the French out of Milan, having defeated them at the battle of Bicocca: He made himſelf maſter of Genoa. Colonna at the age of fourſcore defended Milan againſt the French, who attacked it under the command of Bonnevit. —See Robertson's Hiſtory of Charles V. vol. ii.

Ver. 202. *Peſcara's marquis* —] "The marquis of Peſcara was joined with Proſpero Colonna in the war of the Milaneſe: he

And, lo! the third—a youth whose single praise
With Gallia's sons th' Italian name shall raise.
I see

---

he took Milan by assault: he is particularly applauded for his generous attention to the chevalier Bayard, at the death of that brave man. When Mezieres was besieged by the Imperialists, the French committed the defence of the place to chevalier Bayard, distinguished among his contemporaries by the appellation of *the knight without fear and without reproach*. The punctilious honour and formal gallantry of this man, bore a nearer resemblance than any thing recorded in history, to the character ascribed to the heroes of chivalry; he possessed all the talents that form a great general. When the French were obliged to quit the Milanese, the chevalier received in an action a mortal wound, and being unable to continue any longer on horseback, he ordered one of his attendants to place him under a tree, with his face towards the enemy; then fixing his eyes on the guard of his sword, which he held up instead of a cross, he addressed his prayers to God; and in this posture, which became his character, both as a soldier and as a Christian, he calmly waited the approach of death. Bourbon, who led the foremost of the enemy's troops, found him in this situation, and expressed regret and pity at the sight. "Pity not me," cried the high-spirited chevalier; "I die as a man of honour ought, in the discharge of my duty: They indeed are objects of pity, who fight against their king, their country, and their oath." The marquis de Pascara, passing soon after, manifested his admiration of Bayard's virtues, as well as his sorrow for his fate, with the generosity of a gallant enemy; and finding that he could not be removed with safety from that spot, ordered a tent to be pitched there, and appointed proper persons to attend him. He died, notwithstanding their care, as his ancestors for several genera-

I see him now in glorious zeal prepare
With these to strive, from these the wreath to bear.
The generous courser thus with rapid pace
Contends, and leaves his rivals of the race.
Such is Alphonso, such his worth appears,
So far above the promise of his years,
Th' imperial monarch shall in him confide
To lead his armies and his councils guide,
Till by this chief, his warlike thunders hurl'd,
Shall spread his banners o'er the subject world.
Nor less his empire where the billows roar
From Europe's bounds to Afric's burning shore:

---

tions had done, in the field of battle. Pescara ordered his body to be embalmed, and sent to his relations. Pescara died at the age of thirty six, and left behind him the reputation of being one of the greatest generals and ablest politicians of that century."

ROBERTSON'S History of Charles V. vol. ii.

Ver. 209. *Such is Alphonso, —*] Alphonso D'Avolo, marquis of Vasco, succeeded the marquis of Pescara. He was governor in Milan. He was remarkable for the beauty of his countenance. He was taken by Philippino Dorea, at the siege of Naples, and contracted an intimate friendship with Andrew Dorea. These three were captains of Charles V. in all his victories over Francis: He died the year before Francis.—EUGENICO, PORCACCHI.

There

There equal conqueſt ſhall his arms attend,
When gallant Dorea he ſecures his friend.
Lo! this the Dorea, who ſhall bravely free
From numerous pirates all your midland ſea.

Ver. 219. *Lo! this the Dorea,* —] "Andrew Dorea was the ableſt ſea-officer of his age: by his aſſiſtance, Lautrec, generaliſſimo of the French, made himſelf maſter of Genoa. At length, diſguſted with the French, he revolted to the emperor: This gallant officer, the citizen of a republic, and trained up from his infancy in the ſea-ſervice, retained the ſpirit of independency natural to the former, together with the plain liberal manners peculiar to the latter. A perfect ſtranger to the arts of ſubmiſſion or flattery, neceſſary in courts; but conſcious at the ſame time of his own merit and importance, he always offered his ſervice with freedom, and often preferred his complaints and remonſtrances with boldneſs. Dorea, having left the French ſervice, meditated the delivery of Genoa from the yoke it groaned under; which he ſoon effected; and it was then in his power to have rendered himſelf the ſovereign of his country, but with a magnanimity, of which there are few examples, he ſacrificed all thoughts of aggrandizing himſelf, to the virtuous ſatisfaction of eſtabliſhing liberty in his country: By his wiſe conduct he put a ſtop to all faction, and lived to a great age, beloved, reſpected, and honoured: His memory is ſtill reverenced by the Genoeſe, and he is diſtinguiſhed in the public monuments, and celebrated in the works of their hiſtorians, by the moſt honourable of all appellations, THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY, AND THE RESTORER OF ITS LIBERTY."

See ROBERTSON's Hiſtory of Charles V. vol. iii.

Not ſuch was Pompey's praiſe, though waſting ſwarms
Of corſairs he ſubdu'd with Roman arms;
For what was Dorea's, nam'd with Pompey's power,
That bow'd each ſtate and ravag'd every ſhore?
Yet he by conduct wiſe and dauntleſs might
Shall purge the ſeas—till from rude Calpè's height
To ſevenfold Nile, where'er his name they hear,
I ſee the diſtant nations ſhake with fear.
Behold conducted by this leader's hand
Imperial Charles has reach'd Bologna's land.
Lo! to admit him wide the gates are thrown,
His awful brows receive the ſacred crown.

Ver. 221. *Not ſuch was Pompey's praiſe,* —] Andrew, with twelve gallies, freed the ports and ſeas from corſairs: and the terror of his name was ſo great, that Barbaroſſa, the admiral of Tunis, many times ſhunned to engage him. Pompey the Great was deputed by the ſenate to clear the ſeas of pirates, which he effected in a ſhort time; but as Pompey was ſupported by the whole force of the Roman empire, the poet here extols the valour and conduct of Dorea, who performed ſuch ſervice with ſo inconſiderable a force.

Ver. 229. *Behold conducted by this leader's hand*
Imperial Charles —] The emperor Charles V. coming to Bologna to receive from Pope Clement the crown of the empire, embarked at Barcelona on board Dorea's gallies, who having driven the French from Genoa, received the emperor in that city, in order to conduct him thence to Bologna.

His

His country's freedom patriot Dorea gains,
When others for themſelves had forg'd her chains.
Such generous zeal ſhall longer glory yield,
Than Julius' battles in the ſanguine field;
Where Gallia, Spain, or Britain's diſtant ſhore,
Afric or Theſſaly confeſs'd his power.
Not great Octavius; nor Antonius great,
The mighty rival of Octavius' ſtate,
Such wreaths deſerves—the' ambition that annoy'd
Their nation's freedom every praiſe deſtroy'd!
Let theſe, let all who ſtrive their country's fame
To ſink in bondage, glow with guilty ſhame;
Nor dare to lift their eyes, where'er they hear
Great Dorea's honours breath'd in every ear.
Behold where Charles (whoſe ampler bounty flows
On virtuous Dorea's worth) on him beſtows
A fruitful ſoil, which gift in Puglia lays
The firſt foundation of the Norman praiſe.
Nor he alone, but all like him, who dare
In Cæſar's cauſe the deathful combat ſhare,
Partake his ſmiles, and happier Cæſar's breaſt
For lands and cities, through his grace poſſeſt

Ver. 248. —— *on him beſtows*
A fruitful ſoil, —] The emperor having created Dorea high admiral of the ſeas, gave him in Puglia the principality of Melſi.—PORCACCHI.

 By

By thoſe he loves, or thoſe whoſe worth obtains
His bounty, than for all the realms he gains.
While Andronica thus each chief diſplays
Whoſe future deeds the name of Charles ſhall raiſe;
Her fair companion to the eaſtern gales
Now ſhifts and now extends the bending ſails:
Now this, now that ſhe courts to ſpeed their courſe,
And now decreaſes, now augments their force.
At length the Perſian ſea their veſſel laves,
And round them flows a vaſt expanſe of waves.
Few days were paſt, when to the gulph they came,
To which of old the Magi gave the name:
They ſeek the port, and reſting on the ſand
With poop to ſhore the painted veſſels ſtand.
And now Aſtolpho from Alcina's power
Purſues his path in ſafety on the ſhore.
Where many a plain he travels, many a wood,
And many a deſert vale and mountain rude.

Ver. 259. *Her fair companion* —] Fernari allegorizes the paſſage thus:—Andronica (Fortitude) ſpeaks of high atchievements and victories: Sophroſyne (Temperance) rules and repreſſes the wind; that is, governs and keeps in due bounds the paſſions and affections of the ſoul.

Ver. 266. *To which of old the Magi gave the name;*] The Magi were an ancient ſect of Perſia, that for a long time uſurped the kingdom. In the Perſian gulph was a port called from them the port of the Magi.

There oft by day, and oft by midnight ſhade,
What murderous bands his lonely ſteps invade!
Lions and dragons fell his eyes ſurvey,
With every beaſt that haunts the dreary way.
But when he to his lip the horn applies,
Each ruffian foe, each ſavage monſter flies.
Arabia nam'd the happy, now he gains,
Incenſe and myrrh perfume her grateful plains:
The virgin Phœnix there in ſeats of reſt,
Selects from all the world her balmy neſt.
He ſaw, where once for Iſrael's choſen band,
Th' avenging waters, by divine command,
Proud Pharaoh with his numerous hoſt o'erthrew;
At length he near the land of heroes drew.
By Trajan's banks he ſpurs with winding courſe
His ſteed, unmatch'd in ſwiftneſs as in force;
When o'er the field he leads the bounding race,
No eye his footſtep in the duſt can trace:
Soft ſnows and tender graſs his hoofs ſuſtain,
He ſweeps unbath'd the billows of the main:

Ver. 286. *At length he near the land of heroes drew.*] By this muſt be underſtood the land celebrated for the heroes of ancient ſtory.

Ver. 287. *By Trajan's banks* —] He means by this the cut made by Trajan, extending from the Nile to the Red Sea.

Argalia own'd him late—no mortal ſire
He knew, conceiv'd of nimble wind and fire:
Not fill'd with earthly food, his purer frame
Was nurs'd with air, and Rabican his name.
  Aſtolpho ſtill his eager way purſu'd
To where the Nile receives the leſſer flood.
But ere he reach'd the river's mouth, he ſpy'd
A bark that tow'rds him ſwiftly ſtemm'd the tide.
An aged hermit in the ſtern appear'd,
Adown his boſom way'd his ſilver beard.
With frequent cries he call'd the knight to take
With him protection and the land forſake.
O! if thou prizeſt life, my ſon, (he ſaid)
Nor ſeek'ſt this day to mingle with the dead,
Speed to the further ſhore without delay,
For yonder path to death will lead thy way.
Scarce ſhalt thou paſs a few ſhort miles, before
Thine eyes ſhall view the dwelling red with gore.
In this his life a dreadful giant leads,
Whoſe height, by many a foot, the height exceeds
Of human race—no traveller, or knight
Can hope t' eſcape alive by force or flight.

Ver. 296. *Rabican his name.*] The account of this horſe is in Boyardo. See Note to Book vii. ver. 481.

All cruelties his fiend-like arts contrive,
He ſlaughters ſome, and ſome devours alive.
To ſeize the wretch his glutton maw deſtroys,
With cruel ſport he firſt a net employs
Of wondrous make, and near the cave with care
Hides in the yellow ſands the fatal ſnare.
Who comes untutor'd in his ſubtle wiles,
Nor knows the danger, nor ſuſpects the toils:
Then tow'rd the deſtin'd place with horrid cries,
He drives the ſtranger, who affrighted flies,
Till with loud laughter he beholds his net
With tangling meſhes every limb beſet.
No traveller he ſpares, nor knight, nor dame
Of high repute or undiſtinguiſh'd name:
He ſucks the marrow and the blood he drains,
He chews the fleſh: the bones beſtrow the plains:
And dire with human ſkins on every ſide
He hangs his dwelling round in horrid pride.
Then hear, my ſon, conſent yon path to take
That to the ſea ſecure thy way will make.

Good father thanks, and deem not I deſpiſe
Thy proffer'd love (the fearleſs knight replies)
But danger light againſt my glory weighs,
Nor life I prize compar'd with endleſs praiſe.
Thou ſeek'ſt to ſhake my fix'd reſolves in vain,
Behold I haſte yon drear abode to gain.

With loſs of honour ſafety might be won,
Yet more than death ſuch ſafety muſt I ſhun.
If now I go, what can I ſuffer more
Than what ſuch numbers there have met before?
But ſhould Heaven's pow'r ſo far my arms ſuſtain
That he ſhould yield, and victor I remain,
Behold I make yon path ſecure for all:
Slight harm may chance, but greater good befall,
My ſingle life expos'd in balance weigh
Againſt the thouſands I may ſave to-day.
Go then in peace, my ſon (the hermit cries)
Heaven ſend his Angel Michael from the ſkies
To guard thy perſon in the hour of fight!
So ſpoke the ſimple ſire, and bleſs'd the knight,
Who, as by Nilus' banks the ſteed he guides,
More in his horn than in his ſword confides.
Between the rapid ſtream and fens there lay
Amid the ſands a narrow lonely way,
That ſoon the champion to the dwelling drew,
Whoſe ruthleſs hoſt no tender pity knew.
Of wretches thither led, around were ſtrung
Diſſever'd heads, and naked limbs were hung;

And

Ver. 361. —— *around were ſtrung*
Diſſever'd heads, —] The dwelling of this giant reſembles the den of Cacus in Virgil,

—— ſemper-

And not a gate, or window there, but ſhew'd
Some horrid fragment dropping ſable blood.
As in the Alpine heights or ruſtic town,
The hunter, long in ſylvan perils known,
Aloft ſuſpends the paws and ſhaggy ſpoils
Of ſavage boars, the trophies of his toils;
So the fierce giant would the mightieſt tell
That in his power by cruel fortune fell.
The bones of others ſpread the country o'er,
And every ditch is fill'd with human gore.

Before the cave Caligorant appears,
(Such is the name the dreadful giant bears)
Who, for rich rooms with gold and tap'ſtry ſpread,
Adorns his horrid manſion with the dead.
He ſees the duke at diſtance on the plain;
He ſees, and ſcarcely can his joy contain:
For thrice the moon had chang'd, and not a knight
Had paſt that way to glut his longing ſight.

——— ſemperque recenti
Cæde tenebat humus, foribus affixa ſuperbis
Ora virum triſti pendebant pallida tabo.

Æneid. Lib. vii.

With copious ſlaughter ſmok'd the purple floor;
Pale heads hung horrid on the lofty door,
Dreadful to view and dropp'd with crimſon gore.

Pitt. ver. 257.

See likewiſe Polypheme in Homer.

Now tow'rds the fen with eager pace he ſpeeds,
(The fen o'er-grown with ſedge and ſpiky reeds)
In hope to drive the champion in the bands
That cloſe were ſpread beneath the treacherous ſands,
As oft before he many a wretch had caught,
Whom evil deſtiny had thither brought.
Soon as the Paladin the foe ſurvey'd,
Awhile in deep ſuſpenſe he cautious ſtay'd,
Leſt, as the hermit warn'd, his courſer's feet
Should unawares th' entangling meſhes meet.
But here his magic horn the warrior tries;
His magic horn its wonted aid ſupplies.
The giant hears, and ſtruck with ſudden fright
Reprints his backward ſteps: the Chriſtian knight
Repeats the blaſt: amaz'd in every ſenſe
The giant flies, but knows not where nor whence:
Headlong he ruſhes on the toils, enſnar'd
In his own toils for others oft prepar'd.
The net extending drags him to the ground,
And claſps in twining links his body round.
Aſtolpho who th' enormous bulk ſurvey'd
Low ſtretch'd on earth, at once with naked blade
Leap'd from his ſteed, for many a thouſand dead
To take due vengeance on the murderer's head.

But

But now he fears, to kill his wretched thrall,
Mankind would bafenefs more than courage call,
While on the plain all motionlefs he lies
Faft fetter'd with indiffoluble ties.
This net of fteel with more than mortal art
Had Vulcan fram'd, to break whofe fmalleft part
No ftrength avail'd: with this of old were bound
Venus and Mars in Love's embraces found.
The jealous God contriv'd the fubtle toils
T' entrap the God of arms and queen of fmiles.
Hermes from Vulcan this by ftealth remov'd
To feize fair Chloris, long his beft belov'd;
Chloris, of bright Aurora's train, who flies
Before the fun, and round the dappled fkies
From her full veft the filver lily ftrows
The purple violet and blufhing rofe.
Her clofely Hermes watch'd, till with the fnare
One day he caught the flying nymph in air.

Ver. 416. —— *Chloris*, —] Chloris was a nymph of whom Zephyrus was enamoured, and having fpoiled her of her virginity, he gave her the name of Flora. She was alfo called Zephyretta, from the name of the wind: Pope gives this laft name to one of his Sylphids.

The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care.

Rape of the Lock.

Then

Then was it known for ages to remain
Within Canopus at Anubis' fane.
Three thouſand years elaps'd, at laſt aroſe
Caligorant, the worſt of impious foes,
Who ſeiz'd with daring hand the net divine,
And fir'd the town and robb'd the holy ſhrine.
 From this Aſtolpho takes a length to bind
The caitiff's arms; theſe pinion'd cloſe behind
With band on band ſecur'd he firmly ties,
Then from the net he frees and bids him riſe.
His fierceneſs tam'd ſubmiſſive now he ſtands,
Mild as ſome damſel, to the knight's commands,
Who thinks to lead him thence, in triumph ſhown
Thro' many a city, fort, and peopled town:
With him reſolv'd the wondrous net to take,
Whoſe like no mortal tool or hand could make.
Then on his captive's back he lays the weight,
And leads behind him, in victorious ſtate,
The wretch, conſigning to his ſervile care
The ponderous helm and maſſy ſhield to bear;
And welcome joy imparts where'er he goes,
Since fear no more the pilgrim's boſom knows.

Thus

Ver. 444. *Since fear no more* —] "Arioſto, by Caligorant and his net, had an hiſtorical alluſion to a famous ſophiſt and heretick of

Thus paſs'd Aſtolpho, till he near eſpies
The well-known pyramids of Memphis riſe;
Memphis, that draws her greateſt fame from theſe;
Now crowded Cairo he before him ſees.
The people flock to view with eager eye
The giant's towering height, and wondering cry:
Whence could yon pigmy knight ſuch proweſs ſhow
To bind in captive chains ſo huge a foe?
While each beholds him with enraptur'd gaze
And gives him every palm of knightly praiſe.
Not then ſuch ſtreets and domes could Cairo boaſt
As now ſuffice not half the' unnumber'd hoſt
That there reſide; though great each manſion's height,
'Tis ſaid that hundreds paſs'd unhous'd the night.
There in a caſtle fair the Soldan dwells,
Whoſe ſpacious ſtructure others far excells;
And thrice five thouſand, held in vaſſal awe,
All renegados from the Chriſtian law,

---

of his own time, who entangled people in his ſophiſtical net of falſe logic: this heretick and ſophiſt became an orthodox and uſeful man afterwards, as Caligorant did, when foiled by his weapon and well inſtructed by Aſtolpho. Arioſto's poem, like Spenſer's, is full of hiſtorical alluſions, as well as moral allegories. Arioſto has imagined the giant and net of Caligorant from the giant Zambardo in Orlando Innamorato, Book i. c. vi."

Upton's Notes on Spenſer.

With

With wives and ſteeds, and each domeſtic train,
Beneath one roof his ample walls contain.
 Where Nile his ſtream to Damiata guides,
And where he ruſhes in the briny tides,
Aſtolpho paſs'd, yet none (ſo went the fame)
Eſcap'd alive or free that thither came.
There on the ſhore and near the mouth of Nile,
Lodg'd in a tower a robber liv'd by ſpoil
Of travellers and pilgrims thither led,
And even to Cairo's gates his rapine ſpread.
For though his limbs a thouſand wounds receive,
Not one the caitif could of life bereave.
To prove if aught avail'd in bloody ſtrife
To make the Siſters cut his thread of life,
Aſtolpho now to Damiata came
And ſought the wretch—Orilo was his name.

Arriving

Ver. 478. —— *Orilo was his name.*] Here follows one of the moſt extravagant of Arioſto's fictions: it is continued from the Orlando Innamorato; the ſtory is thus told by Boyardo.

" After the brothers Gryphon and Aquilant were delivered from the caſtle of the fairy, where Mandricardo had won the arms of Hector, they purſued their journey together till they met two ladies, attended by two dwarfs, one lady was clothed in white and the other in black veſtments, the dwarfs were apparelled in like manner, and one lady rode a white and the other a black palfrey. Theſe ladies, knowing

Arriving where the ſea receives the Nile,
He ſees the caſtle on the ſandy ſoil,
Where dwelt th' enchanted ſoul, no ſon of earth,
Who from an imp and fairy drew his birth.
Already there the fight with dreadful rage
He ſees two warriors with Orilo wage.
Alone Orilo ſtood, but ſuch his might
That ſcarce their ſkill ſuffic'd each noble knight
Himſelf to guard; yet long for valour known,
Their fame in arms o'er all the world was blown.
Theſe youths their birth from Olivero take,
Gryphon the white, and Aquilant the black.
  When firſt the field the necromancer ſought,
With great advantage on his ſide he fought:
With him a monſter came, to whom the earth
Of Egypt gives its unpropitious birth.
He baſks on ſhore, or lives beneath the flood,
And human bodies are his dreadful food,

---

knowing that the ſtars threatened the two knights with untimely death in France, in order to prevent their fate, engaged them to undertake the conqueſt of Orilo, who could not be killed by a morta weapon. The knights had a dreadful battle with him, and ſlew a crocodile, which the necromancer brought with him, and the event continued undecided when a knight arrived, leading a giant in chains.

Orl. Innam. B. i. C. ii. iii.

When thoughtlefs pilgrims by his rage are flain,
Or wretched mariners that plough the main.
The breathlefs monfter ftretch'd along the fand,
A victim lies to each brave brother's hand.
But not a wound can ftern Orilo feel,
Though both the youths their blows united deal.
Full oft his limbs they lop, but lop in vain,
Nor though difmember'd can he yet be flain.
Depriv'd of hand or leg, his magic power
Returns it to the place it held before.
Now Gryphon to the teeth drives through his creft;
Now Aquilant divides him to the breaft.
He laughs at all their blows in fell difdain,
They rave to find their blows beftow'd in vain.
So when we fee the liquid metal fall,
Which chymifts by the name of Hermes call,
Though here and there the parts diffever'd roll,
They foon again unite to form the whole.
His head lopt off, Orilo fwift defcends,
And eager in its fearch his arm extends;
Now by the nofe he takes it, now the hairs,
And, fixing on the neck, the lofs repairs.
Then vainly in the ftream that near them flows,
Brave Gryphon's hand the fever'd vifage throws:
Orilo dives, the bottom to explore,
And with his head returns unhurt to fhore.

Two

Two lovely dames, in comely garments dreſt,
This clad in white, and that in ſable veſt,
Who firſt to battle urg'd each gallant knight,
Stood near beſide to view th' unequal fight.
Theſe were the fairies, whoſe benignant care
Had bred from earlieſt years the noble pair,
When from two ravenous birds they ſnatch'd away
The harmleſs babes that in their talons lay:
Convey'd from weeping Sigiſmunda's hand,
And borne far diſtant from their native land.
But wherefore ſhould I on this ſtory dwell,
A ſtory all mankind have known ſo well?
Now from theſe climes withdraws the golden day,
The happy iſles receive the parting ray:

Ver. 527. *Theſe were the faries, —*] See the foregoing note. Boyardo lightly touches on the education and early adventures of theſe brothers, with the care taken of them by the two fairies, but ſeems, for particulars, to allude to ſome other ſtory, which though it has eſcaped the tranſlator's knowledge, might be familiar to the readers of Boyardo and Arioſto.

Ver. 535. *Now from theſe climes —*] All the following paſſage to the concluſion of the adventure with Orilo, is Arioſto's own, though engrafted on Boyardo's fiction.

Ver. 536. *The happy iſles —*] The Canary iſlands.

Pale in the ſhade the miſty objects gleam,
And the moon glimmers with a doubtful beam:
When fierce Orilo to his fort retir'd;
For now the white and ſable dame requir'd
To ſtay the combat, 'till the roſeate morn
In eaſtern ſkies ſhould make her wiſh'd return.
Aſtolpho now, to whom before were known,
By each device, but more their valour ſhown,
Gryphon and Aquilant, with eager pace
Advanc'd and held them in a ſtrict embrace.
Not leſs the brethren, when in him who drew
The giant chain'd, the Engliſh duke they knew,
With joy careſs'd him, who to Gallia came
Known by the baron of the leopard's name.
The virgins led the warriors to repoſe,
Where near in view a ſtately palace roſe;
Whence ſquires and damſels met them on the way,
With many a torch that caſt a blazing ray.
Their courſers to th' attending grooms conſign'd,
The knights unarm, and in a garden find,
Plac'd by a cryſtal fountain's murmuring tide,
A plenteous board with various cates ſupply'd.
Then with a maſſy ponderous chain they bind
The giant, on the graſſy turf confin'd,

Ty'd

Ty'd to an oak's rough trunk, whoſe ſturdy height
Had years defy'd; and left the foe by night
Should ſeek to looſe his bonds, and work them harm,
Ten ſoldiers round him watch'd to give th' alarm.
The coſtly wines that crown the ſumptuous board,
With ſavoury viands, leſs delight afford,
Than the ſweet converſe of the ſocial hour:
But chief Orilo and his magic power
Engroſs the talk; while ſtill to every mind
It ſeems a dream, that head or arm disjoin'd,
And caſt to earth, ſhould thus again unite,
And he return more daring to the fight.
Already good Aſtolpho counſel took;
And ſoon he gathers, from his wondrous book,
No mortal hands Orilo's life can end,
Till from his head one fatal hair they rend,
That loſt he dies—thus far the book can ſhow,
But tells not how the fatal hair to know.
Nor leſs Aſtolpho conqueſt now enjoys,
Than if his arms had won the glorious prize;
And ſoon to each he makes his purpoſe known
To take th' adventure on himſelf alone,
To ſlay Orilo; would the brethren yield
To him the trial of the doubtful field.

Theſe, well aſſur'd his courage vain to find,
Freely to him the arduous taſk reſign'd.
  Aurora through the ſkies her light extends,
When the fierce robber from his fort deſcends.
Aſtolpho and Orilo ruſh to fight:
One wields the mace, and one the falchion bright.
Aſtolpho long eſſays ſome well-aim'd blow
To chace the groaning ſpirit from his foe.
Now, with the mace lopt off, his better hand,
Now either arm falls bleeding on the ſand:
With backward ſtrokes he cuts him now in twain,
And with his members piecemeal ſtrows the plain.
As oft Orilo bids the parts unite,
And wondrous ſtands with new-recover'd might.
Him in a hundred parts Aſtolpho hews;
As oft his ſever'd frame itſelf renews.
Amidſt a thouſand ſtrokes, one happier ſped
At length above the ſhoulders reach'd his head:
The head and helmet from the trunk it rends:
Sudden Aſtolpho from his ſeat deſcends:
Now in the matted locks with eager ſpeed
His hand he faſtens and remounts his ſteed:
Againſt the courſe of Nile he ſpurs, he flies,
And far from ſad Orilo bears the prize.

Meantime

Meantime the wizzard haſtens to explore
(Unconſcious what had paſt) the ſandy ſhore.
But when he finds the knight and courſer fled,
Had to the diſtant foreſt borne his head;
He takes his ſteed, and on his ſaddle light
He leaps, and haſtens to purſue the knight.
He would have cry'd to bid the warrior ſtay,
But the fierce duke had borne his tongue away.
He ſpurs, he gives the rein; but like the wind
Soon Rabicano leaves him far behind.

And now Aſtolpho for the fatal hair
Explor'd the head with unavailing care;
Eager to find, what found would end the ſtrife,
From which Orilo drew immortal life.
Perplex'd he view'd the locks, alike in hue,
Nor where to fix his doubtful choice he knew:
At length—Let all be ſhorn (the warrior cries)
And well his ſword the place of ſhears ſupplies.
The head his left, the ſword his right-hand bears,
With this he ſhaves around th' innumerous hairs.
Among the reſt the fatal hair he ſhears,
Ghaſtly and pale at once the face appears:

The

Ver. 630. *Ghaſtly and pale* —] Whatever may be the extravagance of the fiction, yet the deſcriptive force of theſe lines muſt

be

The eyes roll inward, every ſymptom ſhows
That life at laſt has touch'd its wretched cloſe:

---

be allowed to be admirable, and the inſtant change of the features, on cutting the fatal hair, exhibits a moſt ſtriking picture. Metaſtaſio has a fine paſſage of a ſimilar kind, where the head of Holofernes is cut off by Judith, which ſhe thus deſcribes;

——— Ecco l'orribil capo
D'agli omeri diviſo.
Guizza il tronco reciſo
Sul ſanguigno terren': balzarmi ſento
Il teſchio ſemivivo
Sotto la man, che'l ſoſtinea: quel volto
A un tratto ſcolorir; mute parole,
Quel labro articolar; quegli occhi intorno
Cercar del ſole i rai,
Morire, e minacciar, vidi e tremai.

BETULIA LIB. Part ii.

—— Behold the dreadful viſage
Now ſever'd from the trunk, the headleſs trunk
Sinks on th' inſanguin'd earth—beneath my hand
That bore the weight, I felt the gaſping head
Half living, move convulſive—from the face
All colour fled—the lips eſſay'd in vain
The unform'd word—the ghaſtly rolling eyes
Yet ſought the light, and threaten'd even in death.
I ſaw and trembled!

BETHULIA DELIVERED.

An Italian commentator ſays, that by Orilo the poet figures a noted Alchymiſt of his time, and by Aſtolpho, who deprives him of the means of rejoining his limbs, he denotes the perſon who cured him of his error.

The

The headleſs trunk that follow'd, ſudden lies
Fall'n from its ſeat, no more again to riſe.
 Aſtolpho now the dames and warriors ſought,
In his victorious graſp the head he brought,
With all the ſigns of late departed breath,
And ſhow'd afar the carcaſe ſtretch'd in death.
'Twas doubtful, when the brother champions view'd
Orilo ſlain, what ſecret thoughts enſu'd

Ver. 635. *Aſtolpho now the dames*—] The ſtory broken off by Boyardo is taken up by Arioſto, who brings Aſtolpho with Caligorant priſoner, to finiſh the adventure by the help of his book. The circumſtances of the battle between the brothers and Orilo, are nearly the ſame in both poets.

" The difficulty which prince Arthur finds in killing Maleger, ſeems to be copied by Spenſer, from the encounter of Gryphon and Aquilant with Orilo, who, like Maleger, receives no injury from all the wounds that are given him; and the circumſtances by which Maleger's death is effected, partake much of the fantaſtic extravagance of thoſe by which Orilo is at laſt killed."

WARTON's Obſervations on Spenſer.

He ſtroke at him ſo ſternly, that he made
An open paſſage through his riven breaſt,
That half the ſteel behind his breaſt did reſt;
Which drawing forth he looked evermore,
When the heart blood ſhould guſh out of his cheſt,
Or his dead corſe ſhould fall upon the floor,
But his dead corſe upon the floor fell nathermore.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. ii. c. xi. ſt. 37.

In

In either breaſt, perchance diſpleas'd to find
Their hop'd-for wreaths another's temples bind.
Nor yet more grateful than to either knight,
Seem'd to each dame the iſſue of the fight,
Who held them with Orilo there engag'd
In fruitleſs toil, while thus the war they wag'd,
To keep them both from France, where cruel ſtrife
Had menac'd ſoon to cloſe their youthful life.

Soon as in Damiata's town declar'd,
Orilo's death had reach'd the caſtle guard,
The chief (as there the eaſtern nations uſe)
Diſmiſs'd a dove to Cairo with the news.
The meſſage ſwift he bears; beneath his wing
The letter faſten'd by a ſlender ſtring.
Another dove diſmiſt, the tidings ſpread
O'er Egypt ſoon of fierce Orilo dead.

Th' adventure finiſh'd thus, Aſtolpho warms
The brother-knights to noble deeds of arms
In aid of Charles—yet little each requires
To fan the generous ardor that inſpires

Ver. 652. *Diſmiſs'd a dove—*] This practice followed in Egypt of ſending advices to diſtant parts, is deſcribed by Taſſo.

> These winged heralds thus the mandates bear
> Of eaſtern nations through the fields of air.
>
> B. xviii. ver. 350.

His gallant breaſt to' aſſert the church's cauſe,
From inſult to defend the Roman laws,
And midſt their ſocial bands to merit firſt applauſe.

Thus Aquilant and Gryphon took their leave
Of either dame, who while they deeply grieve
At ſuch reſolve, yet could not here oppoſe
The glorious purpoſe which from virtue roſe.
But ere the warriors bent to France their way,
They turn'd aſide their pious rites to pay
In ſainted regions, with the preſence bleſt
Of God himſelf, in human fleſh confeſt.

The right they follow'd, though the left hand ſhow'd
A path more pleaſing, where the winding road
Cloſe by the ſea in eaſy journey lay:
Lonely the right, and horrid was the way;
But ſooner this, by many tedious days,
To Paleſtine the traveller conveys.
Here ſtreams were found and herbage cloath'd the plain
But every other good is ſought in vain.
Hence, ere they parted, with foreſeeing care
They due proviſions for their uſe prepare,
And on the giant's ſhoulders place the freight,
Whoſe ſtrength ſuffic'd to bear a caſtle's weight.

Soon as they reach'd the mountain's arduous height,
Lo! ſudden ſtretch'd before their raptur'd ſight
That holy land, where never-ending Grace
Cleans'd with his blood the ſins of human race.
When now the warriors near the city drew,
They met a noble youth, whom well they knew,
Of Mecca, Sanſonetto was his name,
His virtues great, and great his knightly fame:
In early prime of life, above his years
For prudence fam'd, and reverenc'd by his peers.
Orlando to our faith had brought the knight,
And with his hand beſtow'd the Chriſtian rite.
Him there employ'd in building forts they find,
Againſt th' Egyptian Calyph's bounds deſign'd;
And now he frames the walls, to' encloſe around
Mount Calvary, and fence the hallow'd ground.
From him ſuch welcome every knight receives,
As the free ſoul to worth congenial gives.
He leads them to the gates with courteous grace,
And in his court aſſigns an honour'd place.
Thoſe parts he rul'd; and there vicegerent made
By royal Charles, the empire juſtly ſway'd.

Ver. 690. *Sanſonetto.*—] The name of this knight does not appear in the Innamorato.

To

To him Aſtolpho gave his conquer'd prize,
That captive giant of ſo huge a ſize,
With whoſe ſtrong nerves enormous weights to bear,
Ten beaſts of burthen ſcarcely could compare.
With him Aſtolpho on the knight beſtow'd
The wondrous net to which he conqueſt ow'd.
From Sanſonetto then the duke receiv'd
A coſtly belt with rich embroidery weav'd;
And two fair ſpurs, reſplendent to behold,
Gold were the buckles, and the rowels gold,
Believ'd the champion's once, whoſe valiant deed
The holy virgin from the dragon freed:

With

Ver. 716. *Believ'd the champion's once, whoſe valiant deed*
The holy virgin from the dragon freed:] St. George, the tribune of Cappadocia, according to the legendary fable, travelling through Lybia, delivered a virgin, a king's daughter, who was on the point of being devoured by a dragon: but Arioſto ſeems rather to allude to the myſtic ſenſe of the ſtory, by which the virgin is made the type of Faith or Religion, and the dragon her ancient enemy (the old ſerpent) ſubdued by holy Fortitude. Taſſo has a paſſage, where he deſcribes the mother of Clorinda paying her ſecret devotions to a picture of this kind, which ſeems to give the whole an allegorical turn.

Her pictur'd room a ſacred ſtory ſhows,
Where rich with life each mimic figure glows:
There white as ſnow appears a lovely maid,
And, near, a dragon's hideous form diſplay'd:

A champion

With many a prize as rare were theſe obtain'd
By Sanſonetto, when he Zaffa gain'd.
  Their ſins abſolv'd, amidſt a ſaintly band
Of fathers held in reverence through the land
For pious works, they viſit every ſhrine,
To meditate on myſteries divine:
Theſe ſhrines, which now the ſacrilegious Moor
Has wreſted from the Chriſtian's waining power.
O foul diſgrace! To arms is Europe fir'd,
But wars not where her arms are moſt requir'd.
  While theſe with rites of pure devotion pour'd
Their ſouls in prayer, and Heaven's high grace im-
    plor'd,
A Grecian pilgrim came, who tidings brought
That deep diſtreſs in Gryphon's boſom wrought,
Abſorb'd each calmer thought in black deſpair,
And ſcatter'd all his pious vows in air.

A champion through the beaſt a javelin ſends,
And in his blood the monſter's bulk extends:
Here oft the queen her ſecret faults confeſs'd——

Again—in her prayer—

Thou, heavenly Chief! whoſe arm the ſerpent brav'd, &c.
JERUSAL. DEL. B. ii. v. 173.

Ver. 728. *While theſe with rites of pure devotion*—] Sanſonetta and Aſtolpho appear again, Book xviii. ver. 649.

Much

Much lov'd the knight, yet lov'd but to his ſhame,
A damſel, Origilla was her name;
With her but few could vie in charms of face,
And few like her of mind deprav'd and baſe.
Late, in the walls of Conſtantine behind
He left the fair, by ſharp diſeaſe confin'd:
A fever's rage—and when return'd again
He hop'd to find her from her bed of pain
In charms reſtor'd, he heard the faithleſs dame
Had, with a new-found object of her flame,

Ver. 735. *A damſel, Origilla was her name;*] Orlando going in ſearch of Angelica, came one day to a bridge, guarded by a knight, where he found this Origilla hanging by the hair of her head on a tree, and was prevented from releaſing her by the interpoſition of the knight, who told him a long ſtory of her wickedneſs; but Origilla denying the charge, and Orlando pitying her condition, overthrew four knights, and carried her away with him: ſhe deceived him by a wile, and ſtole his horſe Brigliadoro, which he afterwards recovered. She then betrayed Orlando into the hands of the Pagan king Monodant, on condition that Gryphon, whom ſhe loved, and who, with Aquilant, was priſoner to the king, ſhould be given up to her. Gryphon and Aquilant, being both ſet at liberty, the two knights, with Origilla, between whom and Gryphon a cloſe attachment had been formed, purſued their journey, till Origilla being taken ſick, was left behind on the way, at which part Arioſto takes up her ſtory. See Orl. Innam. B. i. ii.

Ver. 738.——*the walls of Conſtantine*—] Byzantium, Conſtantinople.

To

To Antioch paſt,—perchance impatient grown
In prime of beauty's bloom to ſleep alone.
From this ſad moment Gryphon knows not reſt,
By day, by night, ſighs iſſue from his breaſt.
Let thoſe that e'er have found Love's cruel ſmart,
Judge if he feels not now his keeneſt dart:
And more he ſuffers, doom'd the woes to feel,
Which conſcious ſhame forbids him to reveal.
His brother Aquilant had oft reprov'd
His ſenſeleſs paſſion; oft, with pity mov'd,
Strove from his heart to drive a worthleſs dame,
Who liv'd the ſcandal of the female name.
Yet, ſpite of truth, would Gryphon fain abuſe
Himſelf unhappy, and her faults excuſe.
At length he purpos'd to depart, unknown
Of Aquilant, and haſte to Antioch's town;
And thence recover to his longing arms
The dame who firſt enſlav'd him with her charms;
To drag his rival forth, and make him prove
His dreadful vengeance for inſulted love.

How this he wrought, and what in courſe befel
His purpos'd ſearch, th' enſuing book ſhall tell.

END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO

THE ARGUMENT.

The meeting of Gryphon and his miſtreſs Origilla. The ſiege of Paris continued. Rodomont, having leaped within the walls, makes a great ſlaughter. While Agramant, with his forces, is endeavouring to enter at a gate, Rinaldo, conducted by the Angel and Silence, comes to the aſſiſtance of the Chriſtians. Speech of Rinaldo to his army. General attle deſcribed. Valour of Rinaldo. Zerbino ſignalizes himſelf. During the battle, Charles, who was engaged in a different quarter, in the defence of the city walls, hears the devaſtation made in the heart of the city by Rodomont, who was deſtroying all with fire and ſword.

THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

OF woes in love unnumber'd hearts complain,
And I with thefe an equal fhare fuftain:
If then with fpeech or pen I fhould declare
What pains opprefs, and what are light to bear,
Confide in him, who from himfelf can tell
Thofe fufferings which he oft has known fo well.
Though from her lover's fight the fair-one flies,
Frowns on his forrows, and his fuit denies;
Condemns him ftill unrecompens'd to wafte
The tedious moments; if his heart is plac'd
On virtuous beauty, let him ceafe to mourn,
Nor deem his ftate of every hope forlorn:
But let him weep, him wretched muft we call,
Whom lovely locks and fparkling eyes enthrall,
Where beauty ferves but as a treacherous blind
To hide each vice that taints the female mind.

He ſeeks to fly, but like a wounded hart,
Where'er he goes, he bears the fatal dart;
He bluſhes for himſelf, he feels his ſhame,
He knows no cure, nor dares avow his flame.
Such was unhappy Gryphon's ſtate, who views
His fault too well, and ſtill that fault purſues,
He ſees how ill his doting thoughts are plac'd
On Origilla, faithleſs and unchaſte:
Yet Reaſon to controlling Love gives way,
And Paſſion over Will uſurps the ſway.
Her baſeneſs, her ingratitude he knows,
And ſtill purſues her ſteps where'er ſhe goes.
Now to reſume the pleaſing tale:—Unknown
To all, he iſſu'd from the walls alone:
Nor to his brother durſt his purpoſe move,
Whoſe better wiſdom oft had check'd his love.
But turning to the left, without delay,
To diſtant Rome he takes the ready way.
Six days elaps'd, Damaſcus ſtrikes his eyes,
And thence his courſe to Antioch's city lies:
When near Damaſcus' walls the knight he met
On whom his faithleſs dame had newly ſet

Her

Ver. 37. *When near Damaſcus' walls the knight he met On whom his faithleſs dame*—] This intrigue of Origilla is not mentioned by Boyardo, but appears to be an incident naturally

Her changeful heart, and well the pair agreed
As with the fetid flower the noiſome weed.
Both fickle, baſe, and vers'd in every wile,
With courteous ſhow concealing mutual guile.
Thus, as I ſaid, the baſe deceiver rode,
And, arm'd in pomp, a ſtately ſteed beſtrode,
With Origilla, richly to behold
Array'd in azure garments fring'd with gold.
Two ſquires beſide him pac'd along the field,
Who bore by turns his helmet and his ſhield.
For now he ſought with every ſplendor ſhown,
To' attend a tilting in Damaſcus' town.
It chanc'd the Syrian monarch then declar'd,
By trumpet's ſound, a ſumptuous feaſt prepar'd;
Hence, from afar (as candidates for fame)
Adorn'd with every coſt the warriors came.
Soon as the dame beheld her injur'd knight,
Brave Gryphon near, ſhe trembled with affright.
She knew her lover's force too weak to wield
His arms againſt him in an equal field.
But vers'd in fraud, each feature ſoon ſhe clears,
No voice, no geſture tells her inward fears:

naturally grafted on her ſtory by Arioſto, and ſuitable to her character in the Orlando Innamorato.

Now with her partner ſhe concerts the guile,
Then haſtes to Gryphon with a treacherous ſmile:
In well-diſſembled joy her arms ſhe throws
Around his neck, and to his boſom grows:
With honey'd words, with every ſoothing art
Of dalliance fond ſhe melts his eaſy heart.

Then weeping thus—Is this, my long-loſt lord,
Is this, alas! my conſtant love's reward?
Twelve tedious months neglected and alone,
Gryphon nor hears my ſighs, nor heeds my moan;
And had I ſtay'd his wiſh'd return to ſee,
That day perchance had ne'er been ſeen by me!
When with impatience from Nicoſia's court,
(Where many a knight and damſel made reſort)
I hop'd thy ſwift return to me bereft
Of every joy, by thee unkindly left;
When the fell fever prey'd upon my life,
And death ſtood threatening in the dubious ſtrife;
I heard my Gryphon, (all his vows forgot)
Had Syria reach'd—How cruel then my lot!
Hopeleſs to follow—deſperate thoughts ſuggeſt
With my own hand to pierce my wretched breaſt.
But favouring Fortune's better care ſupply'd
That ſuccour, which thy cold neglect deny'd:

She,

She, in my brother ſent a valu'd friend
From all miſchance my honour to defend;
And now, a bliſs above each bleſſing dear,
Gives me to meet my lord, my Gryphon here!
Sure but for this my ſoul had wing'd her flight
In fond impatience for thy much-lov'd ſight!
 So ſpoke the damſel fraudulent of mind,
Miſtreſs of art and baſeſt of her kind;
So well ſhe knew her feign'd complaints to frame,
That all to Gryphon ſhe transferr'd the blame;
And made him with ſuch eyes her minion view,
As if their birth they from one parent drew;
And with ſuch ſpecious tales beguil'd the youth,
Not John nor Luke bore clearer marks of truth.
Thus ſhe, as foul in heart as fair in look,
Diſarm'd brave Gryphon of prepar'd rebuke;
Enough, that from himſelf he can remove
The heavy charge of her neglected love.
 Th' impoſtor greeting now, with him he ſteer'd
His friendly way, and as they journey'd, heard
That Syria's wealthy king proclaim'd a court,
For ſplendid ſhow, where knights of every ſort,
Of Chriſtian faith, or bred in Pagan laws,
Whom rumour to the feſtive meeting draws,

Without the walls, or in the town ſecure,
Remain, unqueſtion'd, while the jouſts endure.

Yet think me not ſo eager ſtill to dwell
On Origilla, and her ſtory tell,
(Whoſe life each lover, that her ſmiles believ'd,
A thouſand times with female guile deceiv'd)
That here my muſe forgets again to turn
Where warring ſquadrons throng'd on ſquadrons burn
With martial fury, while in arms they make
Proud Paris tremble, and her bulwarks ſhake.
I left where Agramant aſſail'd a gate
He vainly deem'd in weak defenceleſs ſtate,
But not a part more ſtrongly could oppoſe,
With choſen troops, th' incurſion of the foes.
There Charles himſelf, with leaders well prepar'd,
There Otho and Avolio kept the guard;
Two Guidos, either Angelino there,
Avino, Angelero, Berlinger.

Each Pagan warrior to new fame aſpires,
Nor leſs each Chriſtian glows with generous fires:
All anxious in their ſovereign's ſight to gain
The meed and praiſe which loyal deeds obtain.

Ver. 111. *Yet think me not* —] The ſtory of Origilla and Gryphon is continued, Book xvii. ver. 118.

Nor yet the Moors with hardy feats of arms
Efface the ſtain of late inflicted harms;
While countleſs numbers, ſlaughter'd by the foe,
A dire example to the living ſhow.
Thick from the walls, like hail, the arrows pour,
And whelm th' aſſailants with an iron ſhower.
From either hoſt in deafening clamour riſe
Tumultuous ſhouts, and mingle in the ſkies.
  But leave we Charles and Agramant awhile,
And to the Mars of Afric turn our ſtile,
The dreadful Rodomont, who uncontroul'd
Rag'd thro' the city, who, as late we told,
Left in the dreadful trench his hapleſs powers
Where, dire to ſee! the flame each limb devours,
While o'er the foſſe that girt the city round,
He ſafely lights within the hoſtile ground.
  Soon was the fatal Saracen eſpy'd,
Known by his foreign arms and ſcaly hide;

Ver. 147. *Soon was the fatal Saracen eſpy'd,*—] Thus Virgil deſcribes Turnus when by chance ſhut within the walls of the enemy.

Agnoſcunt faciem inviſam atque inmania membra
Turbati ſubito Æneadæ —— Æn. ix. 735.

—— his blazing buckler they deſcry,
The ſparkling fires that ſhot from either eye,
His mighty members and his ample breaſt,
His rattling armour and his crimſon creſt. DRYDEN.

Where

Where weak old age and thoſe unnerv'd with fear,
To catch each rumour lent a trembling ear.
They ring their hands, loud cries and groans aſcend,
And ſhrill laments the ſtarry region rend.
To houſes ſome, and ſome to temples run;
Each ſeeks by flight his threaten'd death to ſhun.
But this to few the murderous falchion yields,
That whirling round the furious Pagan wields.
Here, on the ground, diſſever'd limbs are ſpread,
Far from the trunk, there falls the bounding head:
Through one, with backward ſtroke, the ſteel he guides,
And one, down cleft, from head to breaſt divides:
Of all he wounded, kill'd, or held in chace,
Not one would turn to meet him face to face.
As midſt the harmleſs herds by Ganges' waves,
Or in th' Hircanian fields the tiger raves;
Or where, o'erwhelm'd by rocks, Typhæus lies,
On goats and lambs the wolf reſiſtleſs flies:
The ſavage Pagan thus unpitying ſlew
Not martial ſquadrons, but a heartleſs crew:
Meer vulgar ſouls that ne'er in arms could vie,
Souls only worthy to be born and die.
Thence to Saint Michael's bridge with eager haſte
Fierce Rodomont the timorous people chac'd.

Alike

Alike with him the lord, the ſervant fares;
His ruthleſs hand nor ſaint nor ſinner ſpares.
Religion to the prieſt is no defence;
Nor to the babe avails its innocence.
Nor dames nor virgins find relenting grace
For lovely eyes or for a blooming face:
Nor hoary age is ſafe—againſt the foes
Not more the Pagan proofs of valour ſhows
Than cruel thirſt of blood—ſex, rank, and age
Fall undiſtinguiſh'd by his fiend-like rage.
Nor this fell king, of impious kings the worſt,
On human lives exhauſts his wrath accurs'd:
Againſt the ſenſeleſs domes his arm conſpires,
The ſacred fane, the ſtately roof he fires.
In Paris (fewel meet to feed the flame)
Of timber then was rais'd each ample frame;
And now, in many a ſtreet, as trave'llers tell,
Her citizens in wooden ſtructures dwell.
Unſated yet while thus his hate he fed,
And round him wide the conflagration ſpread;

Ver. 175. *Religion to the prieſt is no defence*;] Thus Statius in the xth Book of his Thebaid.

> ——— non ullius ætas,
> Non cultas, non forma movet, pugnantibus idem
> Supplicibuſque furit—

The ſtrongeſt pillars in his graſp he took,
And from its baſe the nodding manſion ſhook!
Not Padua's engines, of the mightieſt ſize,
Thou e'er haſt ſeen, with force that could ſuffice,
To' o'erturn the piles which (terrible to view)
Dread Sarza's king in ſmoaking ruins threw.

While thus the tyrant ſword and fire employ'd,
And burnt the town and lives on lives deſtroy'd,
Had Agramant without alike prevail'd,
Paris had ſunk and all her glory fail'd!
But this the Paladin forbade, who came
From diſtant Albion to the field of fame,
Beneath whoſe care the Scotch and Engliſh ſpread
Their bands, by Silence and the Angel led.
Heaven will'd when Rodomont at firſt engag'd
In blood and ſlaughter through the city rag'd,
That Clarmont's leader*, with auxiliar powers,
Should near advance to Paris ſuffering towers.
Above the town a bridge prepar'd he threw,
And to the left his winding forces drew,
That when he led them rang'd againſt the foes,
No croſſing river might their march oppoſe.
Six thouſand archers firſt, with banner ſpread,
He ſent on foot, by gallant Edward led;

* Rinaldo.

With theſe two thouſand horſe, whoſe choſen bands,
All lightly arm'd, brave Arimon commands;
Who near Saint Martin and Saint Denis gate,
Might enter Paris and relieve her ſtate.
He ſends apart each car and loaded wain,
And every charge that might their ſpeed detain;
While, higher up the Seine, with circling courſe,
Himſelf conducts the remnant of his force,
With barks and bridges fram'd to paſs the tide,
Whoſe depth the eager troops to ford deny'd.
All ſafely paſt, and every bridge with care
Behind deſtroy'd, he forms in rank of war
His various powers, but firſt he ſummons all
The knights and barons: each obeys his call:
He mounts a height, whence every eye and ear
May view his geſture and his ſpeeches hear.
Then thus—'Tis yours, O chiefs! to lift in praiſe
Your hands to Heaven, who now decrees to raiſe
Your favour'd names, one glorious labour o'er,
And give ſuch wreaths as ne'er were given before.
Chace from yon ſacred walls our impious foe,
Two princes ſhall to you their ſafety owe:

Your

Ver. 238. *Two princes ſhall to you their ſafety owe: Your ſovereign firſt,—*] He here addreſſes himſelf particularly

Your ſovereign firſt, whoſe hopes on you depend
To guard his freedom and his life defend:
Then, royal Charles, whoſe virtues have excell'd
Whoe'er on earth has rule imperial held:
With theſe full many a king, and chief of fame,
Of various countries and of various name.
Thus while your arms preſerve yon grateful town,
Not only Paris ſhall your ſuccours own;
Paris, whoſe ſons now ſtand a heartleſs train,
Leſs fearing for the woes themſelves ſuſtain,
Than for their helpleſs wives and children's ſake,
Who equal danger with themſelves partake;
And holy maids, whom cloiſter'd walls encloſe,
This day perchance defrauded of their vows;
But every country far and near, whoſe laws
Submit to CHRIST and own his hallow'd cauſe:
For not a Chriſtian town but ſees expos'd
Some citizen in yonder gates enclos'd.
If once, by public voice, the ancients gave
A civic crown to him, whoſe arms might ſave
A ſingle life — what honours muſt be yours,
Whoſe aid unnumber'd ſouls from death ſecures?

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ticularly to the Engliſh: by their ſovereign he means Otho king of England, father of Aſtolpho, then beſieged in Paris with Charlemain and many others.

But

But if or fear or envy ſhould impede
Th' atchievement of ſo great, ſo juſt a deed,
Should hoſtile force deſtroy yon ſacred wall,
Soon Italy and Germany may fall,
With every realm that worſhips him who ſign'd
With blood a ranſom for redeem'd mankind.
Nor hope the Moors will from your lands abſtain,
(Your lands encircled by the roaring main)
If theſe could once from Zibelterra's ſtrand,
Or Gades' confines, ruſh with daring hand
To waſte your iſles—how muſt their power increaſe,
When Gallia's conquer'd ſtates their ſway confeſs.
But grant, nor honour nor advantage riſe
To crown our toils in this day's enterprize,
Yet duty bids us with their arms unite,
Who for one cauſe, for one religion fight!
Soon ſhall I lead your victor-bands to throw
In diſarray the legions of the foe,
That all unſkill'd in labours of the plain,
Appear a weak, unarm'd and heartleſs train.
With words like theſe addreſt Rinaldo fir'd
Th' attentive leaders, and his hoſt inſpir'd;
When, as the proverb ſpeaks, was little need,
As with ſharp ſpur to goad the willing ſteed.

His ſpeech thus clos'd, his triple force he leads,
And up the ſtream with ſilent courſe proceeds,
Beneath their ſtandards rang'd in fair array,
Nor drums, nor ſhouts, their wary march betray.
He gives Zerbino firſt the glorious poſt
T' attack with Scottiſh arms the Pagan hoſt;
While bending round, far ſtretching o'er the plain,
He ſends the warriors of Hibernia's train.
The duke of Lancaſter his central bands,
Compos'd of Engliſh foot and horſe, commands.
Theſe orders given, the Paladin purſu'd
His eager courſe along the winding flood
Beyond Zerbino's troops—when now appear
Oran's huge king and king Sobrino near;
Who, firſt of Afric's ſons, with dauntleſs air,
Their weapons to receive the foes prepare.

Soon as the Chriſtian hoſt, with banners ſpread,
By Silence and the heavenly Angel led,
Perceive the foe, no longer they ſuppreſs
That kindling warmth repeated ſhouts confeſs.
The ſkies re-echo to the trumpet's blaſt,
And every Pagan ſhrinks with fears aghaſt.
Rinaldo flies, with martial ardor preſt,
His courſer ſpurs, and bears his lance in reſt:

No longer in the ranks remain'd confin'd,
But leaves the Scots an arrow's flight behind.
As when a whirlwind's rage refiſtleſs flies
Before a tempeſt gathering in the ſkies:
So, darting from the files, th' intrepid knight
Impell'd Bayardo to the wiſh'd-for fight.
  Soon as the Paladin was ſeen in arms,
The conſcious Moors preſage approaching harms:
See in each hand the fearful javelin ſhake,
The trembling knee in every ſtirrup quake!
Alone king Puliano knows not fear,
Who little deem'd Rinaldo's arm ſo near;
Nor thinking here t' oppoſe ſuch matchleſs force,
Incites his rapid ſteed to brave the courſe.
Firm o'er his ſpear he bends, and aiming juſt,
In all his ſtrength collects him to the thruſt:
With either ſpur he gores his fiery ſteed,
And all the reins abandons to his ſpeed:

Ver. 317. *See in each hand the fearful javelin ſhake,*
The trembling knee in every ſtirrup quake!] Taſſo has the ſame idea in the ſpeech of Godfrey to his army before the laſt general battle.

> The ſwords now tremble, trembles every ſhield,
> Their fearful ſtandards tremble on the field.
>
> JER. DEL. B. XX. ver. 101.

While he, whofe blood in Amon's veins had run,
Whofe deeds might fpeak him Mars' redoubted fon,
Difplays at full, what art or grace can yield
To crown the glory of the dreadful field.
Alike each chief his threatening fpear addrefs'd,
With fkilful aim againft the adverfe creft,
But far unlike th' event!—one breathlefs lies,
Slain in the fhock; one gains the victor's prize.
More proofs of valour muft in arms appear
Than with a martial air to wield the fpear;
But Fortune's partial fmiles o'er all prevail,
Without whofe aid even Valour's felf will fail.

His trufty lance the knight in reft replac'd,
And next Oran's gigantic fovereign fac'd,
Whofe daftard mien befpoke his trembling heart,
Though large his bones and ftrong each nervous part.
No buckler could the fatal wound prevent,
Deep in his belly's rim the weapon went,
And holding on its courfe without control,
From the vaft body drove the little foul.
The fteed inur'd long fultry hours to fweat
Beneath his giant lord's unwieldy weight,
To good Rinaldo feem'd his thanks to pay,
Who freed him from the burthen of the day.

His

His javelin broke, Rinaldo turns his ſteed
Swift as if wings impell'd his rapid ſpeed,
And midſt the thickeſt preſs with eager courſe,
He thunders on, reſiſtleſs in his force.
With deſperate ſway Fuſberta round he wields;
Before whoſe edge the brittle armour yields.
Not temper'd ſteel, nor ſcaly mail defends,
But to the quick the thirſty ſteel deſcends.
Shields lin'd with hides or fenc'd with plated wood,
Turbans and quilted veſts diſtain'd with blood,
Confeſs his arm; where'er his ſtroke purſues,
Helm, cuiraſs, ſhield, he pierces, breaks, and hews,
Which ſuch reſiſtance to his ſword oppoſe,
As graſs againſt the ſcythe, or corn when Boreas blows.

The foremoſt band was now diſpers'd and fled,
When to the fight his van Zerbino led:
Firſt of the throng, with ſpear in reſt, he flew:
Beneath his ſtandard all his troops purſue
With equal valour—not with greater rage
Lions and wolves with goats or ſheep engage.
Each ſpurs his courſer on the adverſe hoſt,
And ſoon the cloſing ſpace between is loſt.
They meet, they ſhock—but meet with chance unlike;
The Scots alone with conquering weapons ſtrike.

The Pagans faintly ftrike, or breathlefs lie,
As if they fought the battle but to die.
A fudden chilnefs every Moor oppref's'd;
A fudden ardor fwell'd each Scottifh breaft.
The troops of Afric, ftruck with panic fear,
In every Chriftian think Rinaldo near.
Sobrino now to combat moves, while all
His troops obey, nor wait the herald's call.
This fquadron o'er the reft might honour claim
For arms, for valour, and its leader's fame.
His Dardinello led, but ill fecur'd
In tatter'd arms, and worfe to fight inur'd;
While on his head a fhining helm he plac'd,
And every limb in jointed armour cas'd.
The following fquadron Ifolero led;
Then Thrafo, duke of Mar, his banner fpread.
Now Ariodantes, adding to his name
Albania's dukedom, with his warriors came,
Where Ifolero bravely he beheld
With forces of Navarre invade the field.

Shrill trumpets mix'd with many a barbarous found
Join the hoarfe drums: wheels clatter o'er the ground:

Huge

Ver. 395. *Shrill trumpets mix'd with many a barbarous found Join the hoarfe drums: —*] This paffage may be adduced

Huge engines creak: ſtones rattle from the ſling:
From twanging bows unnumber'd arrows ſing;
While louder clamours ſeem to rend the ſkies,
Triumphant ſhouts, and groans, and dying cries:
Such is the din where falling Nilus roars,
And deafens, with his ſurge, the neighbouring ſhores!
From either army ſtorms of arrows fly,
Whoſe diſmal ſhadows intercept the ſky;
While ſultry vapours mix'd with duſt aſcend,
And black as night in clouds condens'd extend.
Now theſe, now thoſe to fickle chance give way;
Lo! this purſues, and that deſerts the day.
One breathleſs here is ſtretch'd, while near him ſlain
His foe beneath him there has preſt the plain.

---

adduced as an example of the fire of Arioſto's battles, the noiſe occaſioned by the encounter of the two armies is nobly compared to the cataracts of the Nile. Petrarch has a ſimilar alluſion.

—— come il Nil d'alto caggendo
Co'l gran ſuono i vicin d'intorno aſſorda.

Ver. 404. *Whoſe diſmal ſhadows*—] Arioſto ſeems here to allude to the known anſwer made by Epaminondas, the Spartan general, to one who told him the arrows of the enemies were ſo numerous, that their flight would obſcure the ſun: "Then (replied the Spartan) we ſhall fight in the ſhade."

When ſpent with toil one ſquadron ſeems to yield,
Another haſtens to ſuſtain the field.
Now here, now there, the throng of arms increas'd;
There thruſt the foot, and here the horſemen preſs'd.
The earth on which they fought, impurpled grew,
And chang'd her green for robes of ſanguine hue:
Where flowerets lately deck'd th' enamell'd way,
Now horſe and man in mingled carnage lay.
First of the field Zerbino's might appears
Beyond the promiſe of his early years:
Fierce on the foes that near him thickening drew,
He ruſh'd, and round him wide deſtruction threw,
While to his band which newly here he ſway'd,
Brave Ariodantes deeds of worth diſplay'd;
Diſperſing chilling fear and wonder far
Amidſt the ranks of Caſtile and Navarre.
Two baſtards, Moſco and Chelindo, bred
In Aragon of Calabruno dead;
And one, who late from Barcelona came,
Calamidorus, not unknown to fame,
To ſeek Zerbino's death, around him preſs'd,
And to his courſer's flank their ſpears addreſs'd:
Pierc'd by their ſpears he fell, with him to ground
Zerbino fell, but fell without a wound.

When

When ſoon recovering on his feet he roſe,
T' avenge his courſer on th' exulting foes.
Through Moſco firſt (who raſhly hop'd to take
The knight diſmounted, and his priſoner make)
He thruſt his blade with unabated force,
And laid on earth a pale and lifeleſs corſe.

When now Chelindo ſaw his brother ſlain,
He rag'd, and 'gainſt Zerbino ſpurr'd amain
His trampling ſteed, but heedful to the ſhock
Zerbino, as he paſs'd, the bridle took,
And ſent the beaſt to earth, no more to riſe,
No more to need from generous corn ſupplies.
Zerbino with ſuch force the ſtroke impell'd,
At once the courſer and his lord he fell'd.
Calamidorus, who beheld them ſlain,
Scar'd at the blow, turn'd round his horſe's rein.
Stay, traitor, ſtay—(enrag'd Zerbino cries)
And aims a ſtroke behind him as he flies.
The ſword fell ſhort and miſs'd the knight's intent,
Yet miſs'd not far—behind the wretch it went,
A furious paſſage through the crupper found,
And brought the courſer lifeleſs to the ground.
The rider quits his ſeat, in hopes to gain
On foot his ſafety, but he hopes in vain:

Duke Thraſo paſſing by (ſo will'd his fate)
O'erturn'd and cruſh'd him with his courſer's weight.
Now Ariodantes with Lurcanio drew
Where fought Zerbino in the thickeſt crew;
With theſe came lords and knights of great account,
Who brought their aid Zerbino to remount.
His falchion Ariodantes whirl'd around,
Which Attalico and Margano found.
But chief the ſtrokes his deathful weapon dealt,
Etearchus and Caſſimirus felt.
The former couple wounded left the plain:
The laſt, more luckleſs, by his arm were ſlain.
Alike Lurcanio marks of proweſs ſhow'd,
Who round confuſion, death, and terror ſtrow'd.
Deem not that leſs in field the conflict rag'd,
Than where the ſquadrons near the ſtream engag'd:
Nor think the army lagg'd behind, which brought
By Clarence' noble duke the battle fought:
This fierce the banner'd powers of Spain defy'd,
While equal Fortune paus'd on either ſide,
Alike in both, foot, horſe, and chieftains wield
Their ſkilful weapons to diſpute the field.
Oldrado firſt and Pharamond appear:
The valiant dukes of York and Glo'ſter near:

With theſe bold Richard earl of Warwick ſhines,
And Henry, duke of Clarence, guides the lines.
To theſe oppos'd (with each his martial band)
There Mattaliſta, Follicones ſtand;
With Baricondo—one Almeria ſway'd,
Granada this, Majorca that obey'd.
Awhile with equal arms the battle rag'd,
Nor this, nor that with better chance engag'd.
By turns they chace, by turns are backward borne,
As to the breeze of May quick ſhifts the ſtanding corn;
Or as the ſea, whoſe waters ne'er repoſe,
Plays on the ſtrand with ceaſeleſs ebbs and flows;
Till Fortune, that had held in equal ſcale
Each adverſe hoſt, bade Albion's arms prevail
Againſt the Moor—The duke of Glo'ſter's force
Hurl'd Mattaliſta headlong from his horſe;
While in his ſhoulder Pharamond a wound
Impreſs'd, and Follicones threw to ground:
Thus low on earth each hapleſs Pagan laid,
Was captive to the Engliſh camp convey'd;
And Baricondo in the fatal ſtrife,
To noble Clarence yields his forfeit life.
Such terrors now each Pagan foe oppreſs'd,
Such courage ſwell'd in every Chriſtian breaſt,

That

That thoſe no longer wield their arms in fight,
But quit their ranks and turn their backs to flight:
While theſe advancing as their foes withdrew,
Preſs'd on their rear and unreſiſted flew:
And had not ſuccour reach'd the fainting hoſt,
That day had quell'd each Pagan's haughty boaſt.
 Ferrau, who diſtant thence till now engag'd,
On king Marſilius' ſide the battle wag'd,
Soon as the flying ſtandards he beheld,
The ſlaughter'd troops and half his army quell'd,
His foaming courſer ſpurr'd, and inſtant flew
Amidſt the thickeſt of the warring crew;
Where firſt he ſaw fall headlong to the plain,
Cleft through the head-piece, young Olympio ſlain:
Once was he ſkill'd in ſweeteſt lays to ſing
Soft notes reſponſive to the tuneful ſtring;
And boaſted with his harp and voice to move
The ſterneſt breaſt to blandiſhment and love.

Ver. 520.——*young Olympio ſlain*:]—There is a great reſemblance between the following paſſage deſcribing the death of Olympio and the behaviour of Ferrau upon the occaſion, with that of Taſſo, in the ninth book of the Jeruſalem, where Solyman ſees his favourite page killed by Argellino. The circumſtances are beautiful in each poet, nor can Taſſo be accuſed of taking much more than the hint from Arioſto.

Well

Well if contented with his humbler fame,
He ne'er had fought the warrior's dangerous name,
But loath'd the buckler, quiver, ſhield and lance,
That wrought his downfall in the fields of France.
When now Ferrau, who priz'd him dear, beheld
The ſtripling pale, and bleeding on the field,
For this his ruthleſs boſom ſorrow'd more
Than all the thouſands that were ſlain before.
Againſt the victor ſwift his rage he bent,
Sheer through his caſque the ſteel reſiſtleſs went,
Sever'd between the brows his gaſping head,
Cleft to the breaſt, and hurl'd him with the dead.
Nor thus appeas'd, he whirl'd around his blade,
Through helm and mail its edge a paſſage made.
Through face or breaſt the ſpeeding ſteel he thruſt:
There drops an arm; here rolls a head in duſt.
Where late th' ignoble vulgar, fill'd with dread,
Diſpers'd and broken from the battle fled;
Now here, now there he hew'd his bloody way,
And ſudden chang'd the fortune of the day.

Meanwhile king Agramant advancing, came
To prove his valour in the field of fame;
He Baliverſo, Ferrarantes brought;
With him king Pruſio, Bambirago fought,

And

And Soridano—with a throng, whoſe blood
Might drench the meadows in an ample flood.
Their number ſuch—'twere eaſier to explore
Th' autumnal leaves that ſtrow the vallies o'er.
Now Agramant collects a choſen force
(Drawn from the walls) of mingled foot and horſe;
Theſe, guided by the king of Fez, he ſent
To guard his camp that ſtretch'd in wide extent,
On which th' Hibernian chiefs their forces bent.

This taſk perform'd, the monarch ſummons all
The remnant powers; they thicken at his call.
Theſe to the charge with rapid haſte he leads,
Where near the ſtream the fight his preſence needs:
And whence a meſſage in Sobrino's name,
But late arriv'd, his ſudden aid to claim.
Beneath him rang'd a vaſt innumerous throng,
(His army's better half) now pours along:
So loud their march, the Scots ſuſpended hear,
They leave their ranks and ſtain their fame with fear.
Alone Zerbino and Lurcanio ſtay,
With Ariodantes, in the dreadful day.
Zerbino ſtill unhors'd perchance had dy'd,
But that Rinaldo timely aid ſupply'd.
The glorious Paladin had driven in flight
A hundred banners from the fatal fight,

When

When to his ear diſpers'd by ready fame,
The tidings of Zerbino's danger came,
Whom ſingle and on foot to death expos'd,
His troops had left by ſhouting Moors enclos'd.
He heard, and turn'd his ſteed with ire,
Where from the field he ſaw the Scots retire,
And thus aloud—Ah! whither would ye haſte?
What ſhameful panic has your arms diſgrac'd?
Shall this vile race your ancient honours ſcorn?
Behold the ſpoils that ſhould your fanes adorn!
Great is your praiſe, from circling foes to run,
And leave unhors'd, alone, your monarch's ſon.
  Then from his ſquire a mighty ſpear he took,
And Pruſio king of Alvarecchia ſtruck,
Who met the weapon on his breaſt, and left
His lofty ſteed, of ſeat and life bereft:
He Agricaltes ſlew, and, hurl'd to ground,
Stretch'd Bambirago with a mortal wound:
Brave Soridano next his ſpear had ſlain,
But with the ſtroke the weapon burſt in twain.
His javelin broke, Fuſberta next he drew,
And ruſhing fierce on Serpentino flew,
Who on his ſhield a ſtar conſpicuous bore,
And armour, forg'd by fatal magic, wore:

Yet fell the ſword with ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
That ſtunn'd and breathleſs on the plain he lay.
When the brave chief of Caledonia's band
Beheld the wiſh'd relief, his ready hand
A courſer ſeiz'd from thoſe that o'er the plains
Freed from their riders ran with looſen'd reins.
In happy time the vacant ſeat he gain'd,
For lo! with many a gallant troop ſuſtain'd,
Young Dardinel and Agramant appear,
The king Sobrino and Balaſtro near.
But fearleſs, from his courſer he ſurvey'd
The thickening crowd, and, whirling round his blade,
Now this, now that diſpatch'd to ſhades of hell,
The lives, which mortals led on earth, to tell.
Rinaldo, who, with generous ardor fir'd,
To vanquiſh thoſe of higheſt name aſpir'd,
On Agramant, who tow'r'd in arms above
A thouſand chiefs, Bayardo ſwift he drove
With ſidelong ſhock, and ſent, with thundering force,
To earth at once the horſeman and the horſe.
While thus without the walls the hoſts engag'd,
Where mutual hatred, death and horror rag'd,
In Paris Rodomont the people ſlew,
And fire amidſt the domes and temples threw.

Imperial Charles who thence at diſtance fought,
Nor ſaw, nor heard what woes the Pagan wrought;
And now intent auxiliary force to gain,
Receiv'd within the gates the Britiſh train,
By Arimon and gallant Edward led:
When lo! a ſquire, his viſage pale with dread,
Appears, and oft in undiſtinguiſh'd cries
Exclaims, ere breath his further ſpeech ſupplies.
  This day behold the Roman empire loſt!
This day has CHRIST abjur'd the Chriſtian hoſt!
This day, ſome Demon 'ſcap'd from deepeſt hell,
Forbids us longer in theſe walls to dwell.
Satan (no leſs a fiend ſuch rage can breathe)
Deforms the wretched town with woe and death.
Ah! turn and ſee where blackening to the ſkies,
From crackling flames the ſmoky volumes riſe!
  He ſaid, and while he ſpoke, th' Imperial chief
The mingled clamours heard that claim'd relief.
And ſaw the ruddy blaze—As one who hears
The ſacred bells that tinkling in his ears,
Proclaim the fire, to others firſt reveal'd,
Though moſt his loſs from him alone conceal'd:
So look'd the monarch when the truth he knew,
When the dire proſpect roſe before his view:

Around

Around him he collects a chosen force,
And to the city's square with rapid course
His banner turns, for thence the tumult came,
There fierce the Pagan raves with sword and flame:
There Charles beholds with cruel carnage spread
Th' impurpled earth, the dying and the dead.

But here we pause—let those who would pursue
The tale, some future time the tale renew.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CHARLES and his Paladins go againſt Rodomont. Gryphon, Martano, and Origilla, arrive in the city of Damaſcus, where they are hoſpitably entertained by a knight, who relates to them the ſtory of king Norandino and Lucina, and their adventure with the Orc: he declares that the king had inſtituted a tournament to be held in commemoration of the deliverance of himſelf and his queen. The knights agree to be preſent at this ſolemnity. The tournament deſcribed. Cowardice of Martano. Valour of Gryphon, who overcomes all opponents. Martano by fraud obtains the prize of the jouſts, and Gryphon is openly put to ſhame.

THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN, ripe for puniſhment, our ſinful race
Have paſt the limits of ſupernal grace,
T' aſſert his juſtice on offending earth,
GOD gives to tyrants and to monſters birth;
Strengthens their power and rage t' afflict mankind:
Domitian, Scylla, Marius, hence deſign'd
The plagues of man, each Nero, Caius came,
And Antonine (the laſt that bore the name):
Hence, from the refuſe of Plebeian clay,
He lifted Maximin to ſovereign ſway:

Ver. 6. *Domitian, Scylla, Marius,* —] The names of ſeveral Roman emperors and others, celebrated for acts of tyranny and cruelty.

Ver. 7. —— *Caius* —] Caius Caligula.

Creon he ſent the Theban throne to fill:
Mezentius dire his people's blood to ſpill;
And to the Huns, the Goths, and Lombards gave,
In later times, Italia to enſlave.
How ſhall I ſpeak of Attila? How dwell
On Roman Ezzellino's crimes, or tell
A thouſand more, by God's high doom aſſign'd
His fearful miniſters to ſcourge mankind?
This awful truth not ancient times alone
Declare, but well the preſent age has ſhown;
When us, his wandering and forſaken ſheep,
His anger gives to ravenous wolves to keep;

Who

Ver. 12. *Mezentius* —] A king of Tuſcany, whoſe cruelty is thus mentioned by Virgil.

> Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,
> Componens manibuſque manus atque oribus ora,
> (Tormenti genus!) et ſanie taboque fluentes
> Complexu in miſero longa ſic morte necabat.
>
> Æn. viii. ver. 485.
>
> The living to the dead, at his command,
> Were coupled face to face and hand to hand;
> Till, choak'd with ſtench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
> The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and dy'd.
>
> Dryden, ver. 630.

Ver. 15, 16. —— *Attila?* — *Ezzellino* —] See notes to Book iii.

Ver. 21. *When us, his wandering and forſaken ſheep,*] Af-

ter-

Who not content to glut their cruel rage,
And with their blood their horrid thirſt aſſuage,
Invite from foreign woods a fiercer breed
Of Wolves more ravenous at their feaſt to feed.
Th' unbury'd heaps that Thraſymene beheld,
The blood that Cannæ's plain, or Trebbia ſwell'd,
Are little to the ſlaughter that imbru'd
Our fields, by many a paſſing river view'd.
For ſins long paſt, perchance has Heav'n decreed
Our woes from them, whoſe crimes our own exceed:
But juſtice once fulfill'd, our happier bands
May turn hereafter on their hoſtile lands,
When healing pardon to our prayer is given,
And they in turn confeſs the wrath of Heaven.
  What guilt muſt now the Chriſtian cauſe debaſe,
To draw ſuch ſuffering on their wretched race!

---

ter the defeat at Ravenna, Pope Julius invited the Switzers and other nations into Italy, when many cities were taken, battles fought, and great ſlaughter made in different parts.

Ver. 27. *Th' unbury'd heaps that Thraſymene beheld,*
The blood that Cannæ's plain,—] Two memorable battles, in which the Romans were defeated by Hannibal. So great was the ſlaughter at Cannæ, that Hannibal is ſaid to have ſent to Carthage three buſhels filled with rings taken from the dead Roman knights.

See in each part the Turk and Moor aſſail!
See pillage, inſult, rape and death prevail!
But o'er the reſt their complicated woes
From Rodomont's infernal fury roſe.
And now imperial Charles, with grieving eye,
Beheld around his ſlaughter'd people lie;
His palace burning, and his fanes o'erthrown,
And deſolation through the wretched town,
Spread wide and wider—Whither, heartleſs crew!
Is now your flight—does none his peril view?
What city elſe can ſave your trembling bands;
Should this be wreſted from your daſtard hands?
Say, ſhall one man, ſurrounded by his foes,
Whom, thus forbid to fly, your walls encloſe;
Shall he, with ſingle arm, your glory ſtain,
And 'ſcape unwounded while yourſelves are ſlain?
So ſpoke indignant Charles, and nearer drew
To where the Saracen his ſubjects ſlew;
Where thronging crowds, by common danger brought,
Within the regal dome their ſafety ſought;
That with ſtrong walls ſecur'd, and well prepar'd
With needful ſtores, the bold aſſailant dar'd
To lengthen'd ſiege—Meantime, with fury ſwell'd,
Fierce Rodomont the ſquare triumphant held,

And ſcorn'd the world in arms—one dreadful hand
The falchion ſhook, one wav'd the blazing brand.
Now furious on the palace gates he ſtruck;
The lofty gates reſounded to the ſhock.
From the high roof the Chriſtians hurl'd below
Huge broken fragments thundering on the foe.
None coſtly piles of ancient ſplendor ſpar'd:
Fair marble domes one common ruin ſhar'd;
Pillars and beams o'erlaid with fretted gold,
The ſtately works their fathers priz'd of old.
Before the gate the king of Sarza preſs'd,
In ſhining ſteel that arm'd his head and breaſt.

Ver. 67. *From the high roof*—] The following paſſages are imitated from Virgil, Æn. ii.

> Aurataſque tabes, veterum decora alta parentum
> Convellunt ——
>
> And gilded roofs came tumbling from on high,
> The marks of ſtate and ancient royalty. DRYDEN.

Ver. 73. *Before the gate the king*—]

> Veſtibulum ante ipſum, primoque in limine Pyrrhus,
> Exultat telis, et luce corruſcus ahena.
>
> Before the gate ſtood Pyrrhus threat'ning loud,
> With glittering arms conſpicuous in the crowd.
> DRYDEN.

Ver. 74. *In ſhining ſteel.*—] *In chiaro acciar*—Arioſto, in the warmth of claſſic imitation, ſeems here to forget the ſerpent's hide with which he has repreſented Rodomont to have been armed.

So when the ferpent iffuing from the brakes,
With fpring return'd his fqualid coat forfakes;
Proud of his new-gain'd fpoils and youth renew'd,
He glides along with frefher ftrength indu'd;
Three tongues he darts, his eyes are red with fire,
And, where he moves, his fellow brutes retire.

Not beams, nor rafters, from the fabric rent,
Not ftones, nor arrows on the Pagan fent,
Nor whirling flings, his dreadful arm can ftay:
The crafhing portal to his ftroke gives way,
While, from within, the pale and haggard crew
Through many a breach their dire befieger view!
The court is fill'd with death; loud clamours rife;
The fhrieking females join the foldier's cries;
They beat their breafts, they fly from place to place,
The portals and the genial beds embrace;
Now threaten'd to receive a foreign race.

Such was their ftate, fo near to ruin brought,
When, with his barons, Charles the palace fought,
And turning to the chiefs, whofe might before
Had oft been feen in danger's direft hour:
Are ye not thofe, whofe courage prov'd (he cry'd)
Once Agolant in Afpramont defy'd?
And fay, fhall aught that valour now repel
By which Troyano and Almontes fell,

With

With thousands more?—Will you, O dire disgrace!
Shrink from one man of that detested race?
No—let this infidel your prowess find,
This infidel who massacres mankind!
Be still yourselves—the brave can death despise,
And dies contented, if with fame he dies.
Your presence is my hope—whene'er you join
Your social arms, the victory is mine!
He said, and ceasing with his lance in rest,
Against the Saracen his courser press'd.
With him the Paladin Ugero came;
Namus and Olivero, chiefs of fame.
With these Avino and Avolio dar'd,
Otho and Berlinger the glory shar'd.
All these on Rodomont their spears unite;
Some on his breast, some on his helmet light.

But let us cease, my lord, the deathful strain
That sings of raging arms and warriors slain;
Enough of Rodomont——Now turn the stile
Where, near Damascus, Gryphon, left e'erwhile
With Origilla, seems the verse to claim,
And he who falsely bore a brother's name.

Ver. 118. *Enough of Rodomont*—] The poet returns to him in the xviiith book, ver. 55.

Ver. 119. *Where, near Damascus,*—] See book xvi. ver. 110.

Of

Of wealthy cities on the eaſtern coaſt
Her numerous ſons may proud Damaſcus boaſt:
A journey thence of ſeven ſucceeding days
The pilgrim to Jeruſalem conveys.
On fruitful plains it ſtands in wholeſome air,
Alike in winter as in ſummer fair:
Againſt the town a mountain's neighbouring height
Reflects the firſt faint bluſh of dawning light:
Two cryſtal rivers through the city glide,
And, branching, in a thouſand rills divide;
That each its tribute to a garden pours,
To nouriſh odoriferous plants and flowers.
'Tis ſaid the ſcented waters there might fill
A channell'd bed to ſpeed th' induſtrious mill.
O'er all the midmoſt ſtreet reſplendent lie
Rich veſts and tapeſtry of various dye.
Herbs of all hues and ſcents their ſmell diſpenſe,
Whence ſoft perfumes delight the gentle ſenſe.
Each gate, each window charms the ſtranger's ſight,
With coſtly ſtuffs reflecting mingled light;

Ver. 135. —— *to ſpeed th' induſtrious mill.*] Zatta tells us, that travellers at the time of Arioſto, made uſe of this hyperbolical expreſſion, to give an idea of the great abundance of ſweet or ſcented waters at Damaſcus, according to the vulgar phraſe in uſe amongſt us of the wind, "enough to turn a mill."

But

But chief, with many a fair and ſtately dame,
Whoſe garments gay with gold and jewels flame!
Here ſprightly youths in tuneful meaſures lead
The various dance, there mount the manag'd ſteed.
Whate'er in India or Maremma ſhines,
(Their pearly ſtores, or treaſure of their mines)
Damaſcus in refulgent pomp diſplays,
While lords, and knights, and ſquires with wonder
gaze.

As Gryphon and his train their way purſue,
Devouring all they ſaw with greedy view;
A knight accoſts, and courteous from their ſteeds
The train invites, and to his dwelling leads;
There with refreſhing baths their toil relieves,
And at his board, with welcome ſmiles, receives.
He tells them how the mighty king, who held
The Syrian rule, and in Damaſcus dwell'd,
Next day by trumpets bade the jouſts proclaim,
Where native knights or knights of foreign name
Might ſhow their ſkill and right to knightly fame.
There, did their mien their courage truly ſpeak,
His gueſts might prove their worth, nor further trial
ſeek.

Though Gryphon came not thither with intent
Of tilts or combat, his high courage bent

On noble deeds, accepts the proffer'd field,
Nor ſhuns the palm that Fortune ſeems to yield.
He aſks what cauſe the feſtival ordain'd,
If every year in ſolemn rite maintain'd,
Or by the king now firſt decreed to try
How far his knights in deeds of arms may vie.
To whom the hoſt—Each third revolving light
Of monthly Luna muſt renew the fight;
In memory of our king's eſcape, who led
Four tedious moons half number'd with the dead.
  Then hear the tale—Our king, who bears the name
Of Norandino, lov'd a beauteous dame,
Whoſe royal father rul'd the Cyprian land:
At length the monarch won the virgin's hand,
And, many a knight and lady in his train,
Steer'd with his bride for Syria's fair domain.
While diſtant from the port, with canvas ſwell'd,
Our veſſel through Carpathian billows held
Her rapid way, ſo fierce around us ſpread
A gathering ſtorm, the pilot ſhook with dread.
Three days and nights uncertain where we paſt,
Heartleſs and pale, by mountain ſurges caſt,
Weary'd and drench'd at length we reach'd the ſtrand
Where riv'lets lav'd the hills and verdant land.

Our tents unſhipp'd, we ſoon with gladſome cheer,
Between the trees the ſpread pavilions rear:
Some kindle fires, and ſome with buſy care
On carpets tables for the meal prepare.
The Syrian king for Sylvan game explores
The neighbouring vallies and the ſecret bowers;
The browzing goat, the deer or ſtag to find;
And two attendants bear his bow behind.

While joyful on the turf ourſelves we place,
To wait our lord returning from the chace,
Along the ſhore we ſee, with looks aghaſt,
The dreadful orc to our pavilion haſte.
Heaven guard you all from ſuch a fearful ſight,
Nor let ſo dire a fiend your ſouls affright!
'Tis better with the tale deſcrib'd to quake,
Than, at his view, with freezing horror ſhake!

Ver. 200. *The dreadful orc* —] The general idea of this ſtory of the orc and Lucina is taken from Boyardo, but the particular incidents in both poets are evidently from the Polypheme of Homer, though it muſt be confeſſed that ſeveral circumſtances introduced, are extremely puerile, in which I fear our poet will be found more liable to criticiſm and ridicule than in any part of his poem. This narrative will ſurely, more than once, recall to the reader's mind the extravagant tales of a garrulous old nurſe for the amuſement of children.

Such

Such was his form, no language can ſuffice
To paint his bulk misſhap'd and giant ſize.
Inſtead of eyes, upon his dreadful face
Two bones projecting fill'd each eyeleſs ſpace.
He ſpy'd, and chac'd our trembling ſteps before,
And ſeem'd a mountain moving on the ſhore.
Like ſome wild boar's his ſpreading tuſks appear'd,
Vaſt were his jaws, his hairy breaſt beſmear'd
With filth obſcene, he trail'd upon the ground
His noſe, ſagacious as the ſcenting hound.
All, that behold him, think deſtruction nigh,
Where'er our terror drives in heaps we fly.
His blindneſs nought avail'd our fear to quell,
His ſenſe of ſmelling but ſupply'd too well
The want of eyes; his courſe like Eurus light,
That wings muſt be their aid who ſcape by flight.
Of forty, whom he chac'd around the plain,
Scarce ten by ſwimming could the bark regain.
In cluſters ſome beneath his arm he bore,
Some at his boſom in his veſt before:
With ſome he fill'd a wallet deep and wide,
That like a ſcrip hung dangling at his ſide.

Ver. 205. *Such was his form,* —] Not unlike this paſſage is the deſcription in Spenſer, where a monſtrous ſavage carries off Amoret.—See FAIRY QUEEN.

The eyeleſs monſter bears us to his cave,
Hewn in a rock, where near the daſhing wave
On the bleak ſtrand the lonely dwelling roſe
Of pureſt marble white as falling ſnows.
With him a matron dwells, whoſe looks declare
Her anxious thoughts inur'd to grief and care;
With her were dames and virgins kept confin'd,
Deform'd and fair, of every age and kind.
Beſide his dwelling, in the cavern'd rock
A ſtall, no leſs in ſize, contain'd his flock:
A troop innumerous; theſe his wont to keep
In every ſeaſon, ſhepherd o'er his ſheep.
By turns he folds them, or to paſture drives,
And pleaſing ſolace from the charge derives.
But at each meal he makes his horrid food
Of human fleſh—this ſoon, alas! we view'd,
When, entering in the cave, with bloody hand
Three youths he takes of our devoted band:
Theſe, while in vain beneath his graſp they ſtrive,
The giant in his maw devours alive!
And, lifting a huge ſtone, his woolly care,
He drives from covert, and ſecures us there.
Then to th' accuſtom'd meads his herd he tends,
And ſounds a reed that from his neck depends.

Meantime our prince returning mark'd around
The tents forſaken and deſerted ground,
And knew his loſs—where late his friends remain'd,
On every ſide a dreary ſilence reign'd.
What wrought the dire miſchance he little knew,
But fill'd with terror to the ſhore he flew;
He ſaw the mariners their anchor weigh,
And to the wind their parting ſail diſplay.
Soon as they view him pacing o'er the ſtrand,
The ſkiff they ſend to bear him from the land.

When wretched Norandino heard too late,
The orc's dire fury and his comrades' fate:
Whate'er enſu'd, he vow'd in every ſtrife,
For dear Lucina's ſake to riſk his life,
And periſh or redeem his raviſh'd wife.
Where in the ſands the traces he beheld
Of ſteps impreſt, he ran, as love impell'd;
At length he reach'd the cavern where we lay
Half dead with fear, the orc's expected prey:
At every noiſe we think the monſter near,
In every wind the direful glutton hear.
It chanc'd the king arriv'd, what time to roam
The prowling orc had left his wife at home:
Soon as ſhe view'd a ſtranger—Fly (ſhe cry'd)
Ah! wretched thou, if by the orc eſpy'd.

Then

Then he—Let him eſpy, and ſave or ſlay—
Such threats of danger never can diſmay
A ſoul reſolv'd—by choice, not error led,
I come to periſh by my conſort dead—
If Heaven ſo wills!——He tidings then beſought
Of thoſe whom near the ſhore the monſter caught,
But chief he aſk'd of fair Lucina's fate,
If ſlain, or kept in wretched captive ſtate.
With courteous ſpeech the matron comfort gives,
And tells the prince his lov'd Lucina lives;
She bids no needleſs fears diſtract his mind,
The hungry orc ne'er preys on womankind.
To prove this truth, behold myſelf (ſhe cry'd)
And all theſe females that with me reſide.
To me, nor them, he ſhows no ſigns of ill,
While here content we ſtay; but ſhould our will
Once adverſe prove—ſhould any ſeek to fly,
On her his wrath would every torment try;
Bind her in chains, with earth alive encloſe,
Or naked to the ſun on burning ſands expoſe.
When in this cavern he thy friends confin'd,
He drew not from the males the female kind,

Ver. 287. *The hungry orc ne'er preys*—] Amorico Veſpucci relates of certain ſavages that feed upon human fleſh, but ſays that they never eat the women.

But left them mingled here—his perfect ſmell,
Without the help of ſight, each ſex can tell.
The women ſcape unhurt: the men muſt die,
And four or ſix each day his meal ſupply.
To bear thy conſort hence can I deviſe
No friendly means—let this alone ſuffice:
No fear of death need here attend the fair,
With us one common ſafety will ſhe ſhare—
But hence, my ſon, O fly this fatal ſhore
Ere yet ſurpris'd the orc thy life devour.
Soon as he comes, each place he ſearches well,
And not a cat eſcapes his piercing ſmell.
The king reply'd, he ne'er would thence remove
Till her he view'd—dear object of his love:
Far rather would he by her ſide be ſlain,
Than baniſh'd from Lucina's ſight remain.
When long the prudent dame had vainly try'd
To make him lay his raſh deſign aſide,
She to relieve his grief her thoughts apply'd.
Within the grotto many a carcaſe lay
Of ſheep, of lambs, and goats, which day by day

Ver. 309. *And not a cat eſcapes his piercing ſmell.*] An inſtance, among many, of the ludicrous vein of expreſſion, ſo often indulged by our author, and which cannot admit of elevation in an Engliſh verſion.

Food for herſelf and all the houſehold gave,
And various ſkins were hung around the cave.
She bids him from a goat's deep entrails take
The rancid fat, and hence an ointment make,
And to deceive the monſter o'er him ſpread
The fetid unctuous greaſe from foot to head.
That done; ſhe wraps the hairy goats-ſkin round
The monarch's limbs—thence grovelling on the ground
She leads him where a ſtone clos'd up the way,
And where confin'd his beauteous conſort lay.
There Norandino near the entrance mourn'd,
Impatient till the goats and ſheep return'd:
At evening tide he hears the ſounding reed
At diſtance call them from the humid mead.
He ſees the hairy goats and woolly train,
And cloſe behind he ſees the giant ſwain.
Judge if his heart confeſs'd a moment's fear,
When to the cavern's mouth the orc drew near:
But though ſhort doubts at firſt his breaſt aſſail'd,
Soon conſtant love o'er every fear prevail'd.
The orc remov'd the ſtone that clos'd the rock,
And Norandino enter'd with the flock.
Amidſt our crew the dreadful orc deſcends,
But firſt the entrance with the ſtone defends:

Then, ſcenting round, he ſeizes two, decreed
With gory fleſh his hungry maw to feed.
Still, ſtill his tuſks in my remembrance dwell,
Cold fear congeals me while the tale I tell.
The giant gone, the monarch caſt aſide
His goats-ſkin, and embrac'd his lovely bride:
While ſhe, who ſhudders at his much-lov'd ſight,
Now terror feels, where once ſhe felt delight.
She ſees him come ſelf-offer'd there to fall,
Without the power to ſave herſelf from thrall.
Midſt all my woes, my deareſt lord! (ſhe ſaid)
One thought alone my greateſt comfort bred;
That thou wert abſent when that fatal day
Beheld us hither brought the monſter's prey.
Howe'er condemn'd to this unhappy ſtate,
Nature might tremble at approaching fate,
Yet ſhould I but my ſingle death bewail,
Nor tenfold fears for thee my breaſt aſſail.
For ſhould'ſt thou periſh here, thy death alone
Would claim my grief, forgetful of my own.
To her the king—I come in hopes to free,
From ſuch dire hold, this wretched train and thee;
Ah! let me rather on deſtruction run,
Than let me live without thy light, my earthly ſun!
The

The way I came conſent with me to try;
To you, to all, the ſame may open lie.
If, like myſelf, you ſcorn not now to wear
This unctuous ſkin unclean and ſhaggy hair.
He ſaid; and taught us what the dame before
Had taught, with ſkins our limbs to cover o'er.
We hear inſtructed and his voice obey:
In number, equal to ourſelves, we ſlay
The rankeſt goats, and with the fat beſmear
Our limbs, and in the hairy ſpoils appear.
Soon as the ſun his golden couch forſakes,
And from the eaſt with beamy ſplendor breaks;
The giant, to his cave repairing, calls
With ready pipe the herd to quit the ſtalls.
But o'er the cavern's mouth his hand he holds,
Leſt we, with theſe, ſhould iſſue from the folds.
He felt us while we paſs'd, and as he preſs'd
The hair and wool, diſmiſs'd us with the reſt.
Thus males and females ſafe their freedom gain'd,
And, ſave Lucina, none behind remain'd.
But whether, leſs than need requir'd, the dame
Smear'd the foul unction o'er her lovely frame:
Or whether ſlow ſhe mov'd, or fill'd with dread
Could imitate but ill the beſtial tread;

Or whether, when he touch'd her as ſhe paſs'd,
Forgetful of her ſtate ſhe ſhriek'd aghaſt;
Or that her looſen'd hair diſhevell'd fell:
He knew and dragg'd her backward to his cell.
  Of this ſad chance we nothing yet beheld,
Though of ourſelves all other thoughts expell'd,
'Till turning at her cries, we ſaw the fair
Stripp'd from her rugged veſt of goat-ſkin hair.
Meantime myſelf and all that left the rock,
Safe in our covering, mingled with the flock,
Paſs'd on ſecurely as the ſhepherd led,
Where clos'd with hills a ſmiling meadow ſpread,
When now beneath the wood's embowering ſhade,
We ſee the giant-orc in ſlumber laid,
One ſeeks the ſhore; one climbs the mountain's height;
But Norandino joins not in our flight:
Once more affection urg'd him midſt the train
Of ſheep and goats to ſeek the cave again.
Nor ever more the dire abode forſake,
Unleſs his love from cruel bonds can take
His dear Lucina: when he late ſurvey'd
His faithful wife again a captive made,
Deſpair impell'd him firſt himſelf to throw
A willing victim to his glutton-foe:

But hope ſoon bade him lurk amidſt the fold,
Hope ſtill to bear her from her cruel hold.
  When to their ſtall at night the monſter led
His following herds, and found his priſoners fled:
Robb'd of his meal on poor Lucina falls
His vengeful wrath, and her the cauſe he calls;
Then dooms her, fetter'd in a galling chain,
High on a rock for ever to remain.
The king beholds her ſuffer for his ſake,
And raving begs in vain of Heaven to take
His wretched life: each morn and night he hears
Her groans and plaints reſounding in his ears;
When with the flock at eve the cave he gains,
And when at morn he ſeeks with them the plains:
While ſhe by every power that rules the ſky,
With looks and voice implores him thence to fly;
Nor longer his all-valu'd life expoſe,
When nothing human can relieve her woes.
With her no leſs the prudent matron tries
To ſhake his purpoſe, but the king denies
To leave the place where all his treaſure lies.
  At length it fortun'd Agricanes' heir*,
And king Gradaſſo to the coaſt repair,
Where,

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* Mandricardo.

Ver. 436. *At length it fortun'd Agricanes' heir,*
And king Gradaſſo to the coaſt repair, —] Arioſto
paſſes

Where, ſuch their valorous arm and prudent aid,
They fair Lucina from the rock convey'd,

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paſſes lightly over the account of Lucina's deliverance from the orc, that having been fully related by Boyardo with the following particulars.

After the adventure of the caſtle of the fairy, and the conqueſt of Hector's arms, Mandricardo and Gradaſſo travelled together till they came to a rock by the ſea-ſhore, on the ſummit of which they perceived a lady in great affliction bound with a chain: ſhe acquainted the knights that ſhe was in the power of a cruel monſter, called an orc, and warned them by flight to avoid the certain death that muſt attend their falling into his hands. The knights, upon hearing this, reſolved to attempt her deliverance, and engaged in battle with the orc, when Gradaſſo was worſted and made priſoner in the cavern. Mandricardo continued the combat with the monſter, but, having no ſword, he threw at him huge pieces of the rock, though without effect: at laſt, the orc, purſuing Mandricardo from rock to rock, chanced to fall down a precipice, and Mandricardo availing himſelf of this circumſtance, ran to the cavern and releaſed Gradaſſo, when both, taking off Lucina's chain, eſcaped with her ſafe to a veſſel, on board which was her father the king of Cyprus. In the mean time the orc having recovered from his fall, purſued the fugitives, and hurled a vaſt fragment of a rock after them into the ſea; but the veſſel being cleared from the land, continued her voyage till ſhe was overtaken by a terrible ſtorm: at length the crew landed ſafely on the coaſt of Acquamort, and found themſelves among the forces of Agramant and Charles.

Orl. Innam. B. iii. C. iii. iv.

And

And ſafely bore her to the diſtant wave,
Where to her ſire, at early dawn, they gave
His long-loſt child; while yet within the rock
King Norandino ſtay'd amidſt the flock.
But when the morn aroſe in beamy light,
He from the matron heard Lucina's flight.
His grateful thanks he paid to Heaven, that freed
The blooming dame from thraldom, or decreed
Her fate with thoſe, whence arms, or wealth, or power,
Might to his love his ſoul's dear hope reſtore.
Then fill'd with joy, he iſſu'd with the train
Of ſheep and goats returning to the plain;
There lurk'd ſecure till, on the graſs repos'd,
The orc in ſleep his heavy eyelids clos'd;
Then all the day and livelong night he went,
Till ſafe at diſtance from the monſter's ſcent,
He reach'd a ſhip, and now three moons have wain'd
Since from Satalia's coaſt the Syrian realm he gain'd.
Through Rhodes, and Cyprus, every town and tower
In Aſia, Turkey, and on Egypt's ſhore,
The king of fair Lucina tidings ſought;
When yeſter's ſun the welcome tidings brought,
That in Nicoſia's court his niece receiv'd
The wand'ring fair from dangers great repriev'd,

When

When on th' unftable fea improfperous gales
Had many days oppos'd her lingering fails.
Hence, fill'd with joy, our king prepares the feaft
In memory of himfelf and queen releas'd.
And every fourth returning month fhall view
The joufts refum'd: four moons he faw renew
Their waining horns, while with the herds he lay
In hairy veftments, till the joyful day,
(Joyful as that to-morrow's fun may prove)
Had given him back to liberty and love.
Part what myfelf fo late beheld I tell,
Or fpeak from thofe who witnefs'd what befel
Our fuffering king—then credit what ye hear,
Nor let another's tale deceive your ear.

Thus fpoke the hoft—and thus to Gryphon told
The weighty caufe for which the feaft they hold:
In talk they wafte the hours, and all approve
The monarch's truth and unexampled love:
Now, rifing from the board to feek repofe,
Their courteous hoft the downy couch beftows:
They funk to reft, till with the morn they wake
When cheerful fhouts their quiet flumbers break.

Ver. 464.——*improfperous gales*] Alluding to the ftorm mentioned in the foregoing note.

Timbrels

Timbrels and trumpets rouze to feſtive arms,
With eager crouds the wide piazza ſwarms:
The mingled ſounds of cars and courſers riſe,
And the ſtreets echo with redoubled cries.
Now Gryphon o'er his limbs his armour wears,
(Such armour ſcarce another warrior bears)
Which with her fairy hand the white-rob'd maid
Temper'd impaſſive to the hoſtile blade.
With him, the ſeeming candidate for fame,
The ſtain of manhood, who from Antioch came,
Arms for the liſt. Their careful hoſt ſupplies
Large ſtore of ſpears the tilting to ſuffice;
And from his houſhold brings a goodly train
His gueſts to honour and the pomp maintain:
Himſelf attends; and many a ſquire he leads;
Some march on foot, ſome rein the prancing ſteeds.
  Now, at the liſts arriv'd, apart they ſtand
Awhile ſpectators of the martial band:
With heedful gaze they mark each hardy feat,
Where two, or four, or ſix in jouſting meet.
One to his dame with quaint devices ſhows
Such colours as his grief or joy diſcloſe;

Ver. 492. *Which with her fairy hand the white-rob'd maid Temper'd impaſſive to the hoſtile blade.*] This circumſtance is borrowed from Boyardo.

One by his creſt, or painted ſhield, declares
If Love rejects his ſuit, or crowns his cares.
The valiant Syrians thus in days of yore,
Their ready arms in jouſts and triumphs bore;

Perchance

Ver. 510. *The valiant Syrians thus in days of yore,*
Their ready arms in jouſts—] The poet here alludes to the cuſtom obſerved by the Saracens at that time to exerciſe themſelves in arms on account of the vicinity of the Franks, then in poſſeſſion of Jeruſalem. In his complaint of the degeneracy of the Chriſtians in neglecting to reſcue the ſepulchre of CHRIST from the hands of the Turks, he ſeems to follow Petrarch in his Triumph of Fame.

Poi venia ſolo il buon duce Geffredo,
Che fè l'impreſa ſanta, e i paſſi giuſti.
Queſto, di ch'io mi ſdegno, e 'ndarno grido,
Fece in Gieruſalem', con le ſue mani
Il qual guardato, e già negletto nido:
Ite ſuperbi, e miſeri Chriſtiani
Conſumando l'un l'altro, è non vi caglia
Ch'el ſepulchro di Chriſto è in man de' Cani.

Trionf. de Fam. Cap. ii.

Next Godfrey came, whoſe righteous footſtep trod
The hallow'd precincts of the Saviour GOD.
The chief, whoſe glorious warfare urg'd in vain
Enflames my breaſt and points th' indignant ſtrain:
In fair Jeruſalem the ſeat he gain'd,
Neglected long and now no more maintain'd:
Go, wretched Chriſtians, to your race a ſhame,
With mutual ſlaughter wound the Chriſtian name,

And

Perchance againſt the neighbouring Franks prepar'd
That o'er thoſe realms divided empire ſhar'd,
The hallow'd realms that once on earth ſurvey'd
The Lord of life in human fleſh array'd.
Behold, by Chriſtians left, the ſacred lands
Reſign'd a prey to faithleſs Pagan bands:
While thoſe that, in the pure religion bred,
Should couch the lance our holy faith to ſpread,
With mutual wounds their brethren's boſoms gore,
And kill the faithful few that truth adore!
Ye men of Spain! and ye of France! give ear;
And you, ye Switzers and ye Germans hear.
O! hither turn to gain a nobler ſpoil;
Here CHRIST's own kingdom ſhall reward your toil.
If you the title of Moſt Chriſtian claim;
And you of Catholic deſerve the name;

And leave the tomb of CHRIST in impious hands;
Reſign'd to Mahomet's deteſted bands!

After the conqueſt of Godfrey, Jeruſalem remained eighty-two years in the hands of the Chriſtians, till the time of the Soldan of Egypt anno 1136, who took it from Guido Luſignan, ſince which it has continued in the power of the Turks.

For an account of the Cruſades, ſee Dr. Robertſon's Hiſtory of Charles V. vol. i. and Mr. Mickle's Preface to his tranſlation of the Luſiad.

Why do you thus the chofen race annoy,
Their fubftance pillage and their lives deftroy?
Why do you not Jerufalem reftore
By Renegados ravifh'd from your power?
And why, fo proudly o'er the world's domain,
Does the ftern Turk in impious fplendor reign?
See'ft thou not, Spain! infulting Afric near,
Whofe wafting pirates fhould thy vengeance fear?
And yet thou leav'ft that righteous war, to make
The fons of Italy with terror fhake.
O Italy! thou fink of vice and fhame!
Thou fleep'ft forgetful of thy blafted fame,
By turns to thefe, by turns to thofe a prey,
That once were wont to tremble at thy fway.
If fear of famine in thy cavern'd lands
Drives thee, O Swifs! to feek from foreign hands
Thy needful food, or in fome bloody ftrife
To end at once thy wretchednefs and life:
Lo! where the Turk difplays his neighbouring ftore—
Chace him from Europe or the Grecian fhore,
So fhalt thou every want at full fupply,
Or in fome nobler field with glory die.
Not lefs than thee, O Swifs! the mufe incites
Thy German neighbours, where the wealth invites

Which

Which once from Rome with every treaſure fraught,
Great Conſtantine ſelecting thither brought.
Pactolus, Hermus, rich with golden ſands,
Mygdonia, Lydia, and the fertile lands,
In whoſe full praiſe ſuch numerous poets vie,
Not far remov'd to crown your labours lie.
Thou, mighty Leo! to whoſe hand is given
The glorious charge to bear the keys of Heaven,

Ver. 552.——— *where the wealth invites*
Which once from Rome—] After the emperor Conſtantine the great had been baptized by Silveſter, and had defeated Maxentius near Rome, he gave his palace of San Giovanni Laterano to the pope; he built many churches with large endowments, and then made war upon Licinius his kinſman, a great perſecutor of the Chriſtians. He afterwards removed the imperial ſeat from Rome to Byzantium, which city he rebuilt and called after his name Conſtantinople. Hence the poet ſays, that in Conſtantinople were centered the riches which Conſtantine carried from Rome: all the reſt he gave to the Roman church: of him Dante ſpeaks in this remarkable manner.

Ahi, Conſtantin! di quanta mal fu madre
Non la converſion, ma quella dote
Che da te preſe il primo ricco padre.

Ah! Conſtantine! from thee what ills we draw,
Not that thy ſoul abjur'd the Pagan law;
But for that gift the Chriſtian world has griev'd,
Which our firſt wealthy ſire from thee receiv'd.

Ver. 558. *Thou, mighty Leo!*—] This addreſs is made to Pope Leo X.

If

If thine the truſt our Italy to keep,
Let her not periſh in lethargic ſleep:
Thou art her ſhepherd; God on thee beſtows
The ſacred crook, and Leo, thee he choſe,
That thy loud roar might terror round extend,
And thy ſtrong arm thy ſheep from wolves defend.
But whither has my wandering genius led
Far from the path I firſt prepar'd to tread?
Yet not ſo far my muſe has learnt to ſtray,
But well I truſt ſhe can reſume her way.

In fair Damaſcus thus the liſt appears
All bright with breaſt-plates, helms and briſtled ſpears.
Soft blooming damſels on the champions ſhower
From roofs and windows every vernal flower;
Each knightly rival to the trumpet's ſound
His courſer ſpurs with many a ſpritely bound,
All prove their beſt—ſome merit gifts and praiſe,
And ſome loud peals of ſcorn and laughter raiſe.

A ſuit of armour doom'd the victor's prize,
For that day's jouſts the Syrian king ſupplies:
Who late receiv'd it at a merchant's hand,
A merchant journeying from Armenia's land:
To this the monarch adds a ſcarf emboſt
With numerous pearls, and gems of rareſt coſt.

Of

Of fineſt web the ſtuff with gold inwrought,
No vulgar price th' invalu'd treaſure bought.
Had Norandino (well before advis'd)
This armour known, above all other priz'd
He this had held, nor had his generous mind
Such armour for the victor's meed aſſign'd.
'Twere long to tell who left it on the way;
For him that paſs'd, a far too coſtly prey.

But let us now (this tale awhile diſmiſs'd)
To Gryphon turn, who, when he reach'd the liſt,
Already found the manly jouſts begun,
Spears broke, and falchions flaſhing in the ſun.
Eight youthful knights by Norandino held
Near to his perſon, who in arms excell'd,
In friendly league 'gainſt all opponents ſtood,
Noble themſelves, and ſprung of noble blood:
Theſe in the martial ſquare that day had run
With all the liſted warriors, one by one:
With lance, with ſword or mace they wag'd the fight,
While the king view'd, and view'd them with delight.
Oft through the cuiraſs, in th' unpleaſant ſtrife,
The weapon paſs'd endangering either's life:
Like foes they fought, but that the king could ſtay
At will their rage and bid ſurceaſe the fray.

Now he of Antioch, who with Gryphon came,
(Martano was the coward's hateful name)
Stept in, and with his looks the combat dar'd,
As if with Gryphon he in valour ſhar'd;
Then ſtood awhile beſide, and earneſt view'd
A dreadful fight that 'twixt two knights enſu'd.
Seleucia's lord, among the youthful train
Who came the general challenge to maintain,
In ſingle conflict with Ombruno ſtrove:
At length his falchion through his face he drove
And reach'd his life: all mourn'd him as he fell,
Whoſe fame in arms could many a knight excel:
Nor could, thro' all the realm, a name be found
For courteſy and goodneſs more renown'd.
This ſeen, Martano trembled with affright,
Left equal fortune on himſelf ſhould light:
Nature prevailing, how he thence may fly
He meditates, but him with heedful eye
Brave Gryphon marks, and urging onward drives
Againſt a knight that in the liſt arrives.
Thus, when th' exerting voice of village-ſwains
A mungrel cur againſt the wolf conſtrains,
By turns he ſtops, and barking views his foe,
Whoſe teeth with anger gnaſh, whoſe eyes with fury glow.

Where

Where princes ſate the deeds of arms to ſee,
With ladies, knights, and lords of high degree,
Martano fearing in the liſt to run,
His courſer turn'd aſide the ſhock to ſhun.
Yet thoſe who friendly wiſh'd to veil his ſhame
Might to his erring ſteed aſcribe the blame.
But with his falchion next ſo ill he fought,
Demoſthenes himſelf in vain had ſought
To plead his cauſe: ſo much each ſtroke he fear'd,
His arms of brittle frame not forg'd of ſteel appear'd.
At length he fled, diſturbing in his flight
The martial ranks: behind the recreant knight,
From ſcornful crowds loud peals of laughter riſe,
Shouts, clamours, hiſſes, mingling in the ſkies.
Thus like th' inſidious wolf by ſhepherds chac'd,
Martano from the liſt retires diſgrac'd;
While Gryphon ſtays, but thinks his better name
Defil'd, diſhonour'd by his fellow's ſhame:
Rage ſwell'd his heart, his face with crimſon glow'd
As his the guilt: meanwhile from him the crowd

Ver. 634. *Martano fearing in the liſt to run,*
His courſer turn'd aſide the ſhock to ſhun.] Martano is undoubtedly the original of Spenſer's Braggadocio. See the Fairy Queen, where the cowardice and the villany of the latter are painted exactly in the ſame colours: he ſteals away Sir Guyon's horſe, and is diſgraced at the tournament made by Satyrane.

Like deeds expect, and to the knight foretel
The fame difgrace that on his comrade fell.
Behoves him now to ftrain each nerve, and raife
His wonted worth to fhine with brighter blaze:
Each flip to thofe whofe minds prejudge the caufe,
Each venial fault the heavieft cenfure draws.

Now Gryphon on his thigh the fpear addrefs'd
(Who feldom held in vain his fpear in reft)
And to the charge his foaming courfer prefs'd.
The baron of Sidonia chanc'd to meet
The dreadful fhock, which hurl'd him from his feat;
All gaze with wonder who his fall behold,
Far other chance than what they late foretold.
Again his fpear unbroken Gryphon held,
And full on Lodicea's lord impell'd:
The weapon fhiver'd on the boffy fhield:
The champion, near extended on the field,
Fell backward on his fteed; but foon anew
Recovering, with his fword at Gryphon flew.
Gryphon, who fees him ftill his feat maintain,
With fuch a dreadful fhock affail'd in vain,
Thus to himfelf—Though here the fpear might fail,
The fword, with aim repeated, fhall prevail.
Then on his temples fell the furious fteel:
He feem'd from Heaven the thundering force to feel.

Stroke following ſtroke was dealt with ſweepy ſway,
Till ſenſeleſs on the ground the warrior lay.
Two brethren, Thyrſis and Corymbus nam'd,
Long o'er the reſt for ſkill in tilting fam'd,
Their ſkill forgotten, headlong preſs'd the ſand
Beneath the ſon of Olivero's hand:
This, from his ſteed the ſpear's firſt onſet threw,
And that, the falchion from his ſaddle drew:
While with united voice the liſts declare,
The ſtranger's arm that day the prize would bear.
  Among the reſt that to the tilting came,
Was Salenterno of redoubted name,
Who o'er the realm with rule deſpotic reign'd,
And firſt in jouſts the gallant ſtrife maintain'd.
He, fir'd to anger that a ſtranger's might
Should win the palm from every Syrian knight,
A lance arreſting, loud to Gryphon cries,
And, proudly threatening, to the courſe defies.
Brave Gryphon anſwers with his ſpear in reſt,
(A ſpear from ten ſelected for the beſt)
Full on the ſhield the well-aim'd point arrives,
Thro' ſhield, thro' cuiraſs, and thro' boſom drives;
And paſſing on, its cruel paſſage tears,
And at his back a palm behind appears.

All, ſave the king, with joy beheld his fate,
For all th' oppreſſive Salenterno hate.
  Two of Damaſcus next his prowefs own,
Carmondo and Ermophilus o'erthrown.
One o'er the monarch's martial hoſt preſides,
And one, high-admiral, his navy guides.
This at the onſet from his ſeat behold
Caſt headlong; that, beneath his courſer roll'd,
Lies o'erwhelm'd, nor could his courſer ſtand
Againſt the ſhock of Gryphon's powerful hand.
Seleucia's lord, who ſtill his place maintain'd,
The braveſt champion of the eight remain'd;
Nor only brave: a ſteed the warrior bore
Of generous race, and arms of proof he wore.
Now ruſhing furious each his ſpear oppos'd
To where againſt the ſight the vizor clos'd:
But Gryphon with ſuch force the Pagan ſhook,
His left foot ſtraight the ſtirrup's hold forſook.
Their broken lances now aſide they threw,
And wheeling round their beaming falchions drew.
From Gryphon firſt a ſtroke the Pagan feels
That from his thundering arm the Chriſtian deals;
Sheer through the ſhield's tough plate and bone it goes,
Which from a thouſand ſhields the warrior choſe:

His thigh had next receiv'd the biting blade,
But double folds of ſteel the fury ſtay'd.
Seleucia's lord at Gryphon's vizor drove
The weapon's edge, which falling from above
Had pierc'd through all, but that the warrior's arms
By potent ſpell ſecur'd each limb from harms;
While happier Gryphon, at each furious ſtroke
Cleft the tough mail and jointed armour broke.
All preſent now Seleucia's lord beheld
By noble Gryphon in the field excell'd;
And had not Norandino ſtay'd the fight,
That day had ſunk him to eternal night!
But to his guards the king a ſignal made
To part the combatants: the guards obey'd:
All view'd with joy the dreadful conflict ceaſe,
And prais'd their gracious king who gave the peace.
Thoſe gallant eight, who challeng'd all the liſt,
Too weak a ſingle warrior to reſiſt,
Were vanquiſh'd one by one; the reſt who came
To meet their challenge found their hope of fame
In Gryphon loſt, who thus unmatch'd had run,
And from the eight an eaſy conqueſt won.

Behold in one ſhort hour the tilting ceas'd!
But Norandino, to prolong the feaſt
Till cloſe of day, deſcends and gives command
To clear the ſquare, then of the knightly band

Two troops he forms, where each by birth or deed
He mates in pairs, and bids the jouſts proceed.
  Meantime brave Gryphon to his home returns,
While indignation in his boſom burns,
Still more depreſt with vile Martano's ſhame
Than joyful at his own well-purchas'd fame.
Martano every art induſtrious tries
His ſhame to palliate with unmanly lies;
While the foul partner of his guilt and wile
Each falſehood ſeconds, adding guile to guile.
Howe'er the youthful knight their tales believ'd,
He heard in ſilence and th' excuſe receiv'd,
But deem'd it beſt to part in ſecret thence,
Leſt, ſeen again, Martano ſhould incenſe
The people's rage—Thus by a private way
They reach'd the gate through which their journey lay.
Then, whether Gryphon's courſer needed reſt,
Or heavy toil the champion's eyes oppreſs'd,
The neareſt dwelling for repoſe he ſought,
Two miles the warrior to a dwelling brought:
His helm he loos'd, his limbs from armour freed,
And from the reins and bit releas'd his ſteed,

Ver 754—*to his home returns,*] The poet muſt mean where he was firſt entertained at his arrival, though the paſſage ſeems rather obſcure.

Then, in a room retir'd, the door he clos'd,
And on the couch in ſlumber deep repos'd.
Now Origilla and Martano, bent
On fouleſt treaſon, to the garden went,
And there the moſt unheard-of ſcheme deſign'd
That craft e'er whiſper'd to the baſeſt mind.
Martano means to ſeize the arms and veſt
By Gryphon worn, the ſteed which late he preſs'd,
And thus before the king in borrow'd ſpoils,
Uſurp the honour of another's toils.
Soon as reſolv'd, he takes the warrior's weed,
The dazzling armour and the milk-white ſteed:
He graſps his buckler, and his creſt he rears,
And a new Gryphon to the fight appears.
Then with the dame and ſquires he turn'd to where
The buſy throng ſtill fill'd the public ſquare,
And came what time the martial rivals ceas'd
To wield the ſword and place the lance in reſt.
The monarch gives command to ſeek the knight
Whoſe lofty creſt was deck'd with plumage white;
His courſer white, and white the veſt he wore,
Though yet unknown the name the warrior bore.
He, who from looks aſſum'd, deriv'd his pride
Like the vile aſs beneath the lion's hide

The

The ſummons heard and with unbluſhing face
To Norandino went in Gryphon's place.
Soon as the king the ſeeming knight eſpy'd,
He roſe, embrac'd, and plac'd him at his ſide,
Nor deem'd enough, himſelf ſuch praiſe to yield,
But will'd his worth to blazon o'er the field;
He bids the heralds to the liſts around
Him glorious victor of the day reſound.
With trumpets' ſprightly notes, in loud acclaim
Wide ſpreads from tongue to tongue his worthleſs name;
And when the monarch to his palace rode,
He kept him near, and every honour ſhow'd,
Such honours, as tranſcending mortal praiſe,
The deeds of Mars or Hercules might raiſe.
He gave him fair and ſtately rooms prepar'd
Within the court, where Origilla ſhar'd
An equal grace, on whom in royal ſtate
A train of noble knights and damſels wait.

But let us now to Gryphon change the ſtile,
Who, little conſcious of his comrade's guile,
Still unſuſpecting lock'd in ſlumber lay,
Nor wak'd till low declin'd the light of day.

His

His ſleep diſpell'd, and bluſhing thus to waſte
The fleeting hours, he quits his bed in haſte,
And ſeeks (as yet unknowing of his ſhame)
The lying kinſman and deceitful dame
Whom late he left with all th' attendant train:
When theſe he finds no more, and ſeeks in vain
His arms and veſture, new ſuſpicions riſe,
Increaſing when his comrade's arms he ſpies.
The hoſt ſtept forth, and all the truth diſplay'd,
That he, whom now he ſought, erewhile array'd
In armour white, had with the dame and train
Of followers, to the liſt return'd again.
By ſlow degrees to Gryphon now reveal'd,
That truth appear'd which love had long conceal'd,]
Soon to his grief he found a brother's name
But veil'd the partner of her lawleſs flame:
He now repents that e'er his mind was wrought
To ſlight the tidings by the pilgrim brought,
And lend an ear to her whoſe tears or ſmiles
Had oft betray'd him in her treacherous wiles.
What ſhould he do? Impell'd by preſent need,
He takes the baſe Martano's arms and ſteed,
But better had he gone unarm'd, than wear
The cuiraſs ſuch a breaſt was wont to bear;

That hateful buckler on his arm embrace,
And on his head that ſcornful helmet place.
Yet eager to purſue the' adulterous pair,
His ſoul was loſt to every other care:
Thc city now he reach'd, what time the day
Departing, Phœbus ſhone with evening ray.
Built near the gate to which the champion drew
High on the left a caſtle roſe to view;
Not only ſtrong in war to check the foe,
But rich in coſt and pomp of peaceful ſhow:
The king, aſſembling here a courtly band,
Lords, dames, and knights, the firſt of Syria's land,
Above the walls a ſplendid feaſt prepar'd,
And with his gueſts the ſocial banquet ſhar'd;
Whence, from afar, beneath their wide ſurvey,
The diſtant fields and open country lay.
As tow'rds the gate advancing Gryphon came,
Clad in the veſtments of opprobious ſhame;
Ill chance for him! the king and feſtive train
Beheld him pacing o'er the verdant plain.
Eſteem'd the ſame he look'd by outward port,
He mov'd the dames and knights to ſcornful ſport;
Where next the king, amid the nobles plac'd,
Martano ſate with higheſt favour grac'd;

And

And near, the worthy partner of his guile:
Of thefe the king enquir'd, with gracious fmile,
What wretch was that who lately to his coft
Effay'd the joufts, who every honour loft,
Could thus return—'Tis wondrous ftrange (he cry'd)
That you, a knight fo brave in combat try'd,
Should join with one, to knighthood fuch difgrace,
That all our eaft fcarce knows a name fo bafe;
Unlefs you feek perchance to' exalt your praife,
And with his deeds compar'd your glory raife.
But, by yon Heaven! and all its powers, I fwear,
Did not your worth my warmeft friendfhip fhare,
Such public penance fhould the daftard find,
Such as my hatred to his coward kind
Might tell to all—and if he 'fcape the fhame,
He owes his thanks to you with whom he came.
Then he, the fink of every vice, reply'd:
Great king! the man whofe acts his mien bely'd,
Near Antioch's town but late (nor can I tell
His name or birth) with me in converfe fell:
I deem'd him worthy by his martial air
With me the trial of the lifts to fhare,
But ne'er beheld him in the field difplay
His craven arms till that difgraceful day;

When

When far incens'd to fee fo deep a ftain
On knighthood caft, I fcarcely could refrain
That hour to teach him fuch a fatal dance,
He never more fhould wield the fword or lance.
But due refpect for fuch a noble band,
And reverence to your prefence held my hand.
Yet let not thofe fhort days with me he pafs'd,
O'er his demerits now oblivion caft,
Since from thofe days recall'd methinks I find,
And ever fhall, difgrace opprefs my mind,
If, to their fhame who bear the name of knight,
He goes difmift unqueftion'd from your fight.
Far rather let me view, with well-pleas'd eye,
The wretch fufpended quivering in the fky:
A fentence that may future warning give
To all fuch daftards that unpunifh'd live.

Martano thus; when Origilla took
The word, to fecond what her minion fpoke.

To whom the king—Not fo his deeds I view,
Or think that death to fuch a crime is due:
But we in judgment for his great offence,
Will to the crowd another feaft difpenfe.

He faid; and to a baron gave in charge
His royal will: inftructed now at large,

The

The baron with a trufty guard, defcends,
And filent near the city walls attends
In fecret ambufh, Gryphon there to wait:
Him, 'twixt two bridges, entering at the gate,
He feizes unawares, and, bound in chains,
Clos'd in a gloomy cell till morn detains.
 Now had the fun above the watery bed
Of hoary Tethys rais'd his golden head,
From Alpine plains began to chace the night,
And fhed on Alpine hills his trembling light;
When vile Martano fearing Gryphon bold
Might to the king at length the truth unfold,
And on himfelf revenge the treafon, took
A hafty farewel, and the town forfook:
Excufe he pleaded that th' unfinifh'd feaft
He left, and feem'd to flight the king's requeft,
Who urg'd his ftay, and gifts beftow'd to crown
The glorious deeds of knighthood not his own,
But let him go, and truft, fome future time
Shall give fuch punifhment as fits his crime.
 Now near the throng'd piazza Gryphon came,
By guards conducted to the place of fhame:
They

Ver. 933. *But let him go—*] He returns to Martano and Origilla, Book xviii. ver. 520.

Ver. 935. *Now near the throng'd piazza Gryphon came,*] "Cowards

They ſtript him of his arms and plumy creſt,
And left diſhonour'd in an humble veſt,
Then led him thus amidſt the ſhouting train
High plac'd to view upon a rolling wain,
Which with ſlow ſtep two lagging oxen drew,
By hunger lean and of ill-favour'd hue.
Around th' ignoble car a mingled throng,
Dotards and ſhameleſs women pour'd along:
Now this, now that ſupply'd the driver's place,
And all with vulgar rage the knight diſgrace.
Above the reſt the childiſh route prevail'd,
Who not alone his name with taunts aſſail'd,
But, that the wiſer could their hands reſtrain,
With ſtones in boyiſh rage the knight had ſlain,
Thoſe arms to which his evil chance he ow'd,
Thoſe arms, whoſe make miſled th' ill-judging crowd,
Trail'd at the car behind, along the ground
In ſordid filth their rightful penance found.
The wheels now ſtay'd before the judgment ſeat,
And there he heard the herald's voice repeat

" Cowards in the liſts were proclaimed falſe and perjured, their armour was taken from them, beginning from the heel upwards, and then ignominiouſly flung piece by piece over the barriers: they were likewiſe dragged out of the liſts, and puniſhed as the judges decreed.

See UPTON's Notes on Spenſer.

Another's deeds, and with Martano's ſhame
By trumpet's ſound his own great deeds defame.
Thus through the ſtreets, to all a public ſight,
By houſes, temples, ſhops, they led the knight,
Where not a name that inſult e'er apply'd,
Was then unheard; at length the car they guide
Without the walls, and thence, in foul diſgrace
They mean with blows to drive him from the place;
But ſcarce they from his feet the gyves unbound,
And loos'd the chains that claſp'd his arms around,
When, lo! he drew the ſword and ſeiz'd the ſhield
That late were uſeleſs dragg'd along the field:
While near him preſs'd unarm'd th' ignoble crew,
Whoſe hands nor held the ſpear, nor falchion drew.

Th' enſuing book, my lord, the ſequel ſhows,
For time requires the ſtory here to cloſe.

END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CHARLES and his Paladins attack Rodomont, and at laſt compel him to leave the city. He repaſſes the Seine, and hears that Doralis is carried off by Mandricardo. Rodomont being gone, Charles returns to the field. General battle renewed with great ſlaughter on both ſides. Ferrau and Dardinello ſignalize themſelves. Lurcanio killed by Dardinello. Gryphon being ſet at liberty, to revenge the ſhame he had ſuffered makes a great ſlaughter among the people of Damaſcus. Norandino appeaſes him. Aquilant meets with Martano and Origilla, ſeizes and carries them to Damaſcus: end of that adventure. Norandino inſtitutes another tournament in honour of Gryphon. Arrival of Sanſonetto, Aſtolpho, and Marphiſa, at Damaſcus. Confuſion on account of a ſuit of armour offered by the king as the prize of the victor. Marphiſa, Aſtolpho, and Sanſonetto, overthrow all oppoſers. Gryphon and Aquilant unhorſed. At laſt the four knights are known to each other, and peace is reſtored. Aſtolpho, Sanſonetto, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Marphiſa, depart for France: they embark on board a ſhip; arrive at Cyprus; are overtaken by a dreadful ſtorm. Account of the general battle reſumed. Dardinello is ſlain by Rinaldo. The Pagans begin to give ground; at laſt the rout becomes univerſal, and the Pagans retire to their entrenchments. Medoro and Cloridano, two Mooriſh youths, leave their poſts in the middle of the night, and venture into the enemy's camp in order to ſeek out, and give burial tothe body of their dead maſter, Dardinello.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

STILL, generous prince! my loyal muſe diſ-plays
Your high deſerts, and ever ſeeks to praiſe:
But much I fear too weak to' exalt your name,
She but defrauds you of a nobler fame.
Amidſt your virtues, one above the reſt
My tongue, my boſom ever has confeſs'd:
While open audience all from you receive,
None find you ever ready to believe
Each light report—your goodneſs will befriend
Th' accus'd when abſent, oft attention lend
To each fair plea, and keep a gracious ear
When preſent, from himſelf his tale to hear;
And rather months and years the cauſe defer,
Than to another's wrong in haſty ſentence err.

Had Norandino well his conduct weigh'd,
His lips might ne'er on Gryphon's head have laid
The doom unjuſt: while honour crowns your name,
He, unadvis'd, has ſtain'd his future fame.
Through him his people breathleſs on the plain,
Fall by the raging hand of Gryphon ſlain;
Who thruſts or whirls, by turns, the mortal ſteel,
And thirty near the car his fury feel.
Swift fly the reſt, as terror bids them ſtray;
One ſeeks the field, and one the beaten way:
One hopes again to enter in the wall;
Where each on each in mingled heaps they fall.
Without a word or menace Gryphon glows
With ſilent wrath, no ſoft compaſſion knows,
But drives his ſword amidſt the trembling throngs,
And takes dire vengeance for his former wrongs.
Of thoſe, who firſt diſperſing o'er the plain,
With nimble feet the city walls can gain,
Impetuous ſome, as ſenſe of danger ſways,
Forgetful of their friends the drawbridge raiſe.
Some fly with ghaſtly looks in pale affright,
Nor caſt a look behind them in their flight:
While wide in every diſtant quarter riſe
The ſhouting clamours and diſtreſsful cries.

Fierce

Fierce Gryphon, as aloft the bridge they drew,
(Ill chance for them) two lucklefs wretches flew.
Of thefe, one dafh'd againft the ftony plain
Pour'd from his batter'd fkull the fmoking brain:
One, wounded in the breaft, fell headlong down,
As up the walls he climb'd to reach the town:
The trembling crowds, with terror chill'd, behold
The breathlefs carcafs from the ramparts roll'd.
Great is the fear that many a mind appalls,
Left furious Gryphon fhould o'erleap the walls:
Not deeper tumults could around prevail,
Should the ftern Soldan with his hoft affail
Damafcus' gates—arms flafh, loud fhouts afcend;
Now here, now there the thronging people bend:
Timbrels and trumpets mingled pour around
The deafening noife and to the fkies refound.

But let us for awhile forbear to tell
What fortune next the gallant knight befel:
Now muft the verfe the deeds of Charles recite,
Who bent on Rodomont his fearlefs might,
And in his train feven daring warriors led,
T' avenge his fubjects by the Pagan dead.

Ver. 55. *But let us for awhile forbear to tell*] The ftory of Gryphon is continued in this book, ver, 395.

The foe defended with his ſcaly hide
Of proof reſiſtleſs, every arm defy'd:
Eight ſpears at once from eight ſuch warriors ſent,
He felt, yet ſcarcely to the tempeſt bent:
But as the veſſel, yielding to the gale,
Swift riſes as the pilot ſhifts the ſail
To catch the wind: ſo Rodomont aroſe,
Though ſcarce a mountain could have borne the blows.
To join the warlike eight whom late I told,
Full many a chief, whoſe actions Fame enroll'd,
Enclos'd the foe: with theſe the treacherous name
Of Gannelon, with theſe good Turpin came;
And Arimon, and Engliſh Edward, late
Receiv'd by Charles in Paris' regal gate.
As built on Alpine rocks, with ſtately pride,
A caſtle that has every force defy'd,

Ver. 71. —— *with theſe the treacherous name Of Gannelon,* —] An inveterate enemy to the houſes of Rinaldo and Orlando, and as ſuch recorded by Pulci, Boyardo, and other romance writers. Gannelon or Gano is frequently mentioned in Don Quixote.

Ver. 72. —— *good Turpin* —] Turpin, archbiſhop of Rheims, reputed author of the fabulous hiſtory of Charlemain and his twelve peers: the authority of this prelate is frequently brought forth by Arioſto in evidence of many actions recorded in this poem, to which he is ſaid to have been an eye-witneſs.

Unſhaken

Unſhaken ſtands, when whirlwinds ſweeping round,
Tear oaks and beeches from the groaning ground;
Firm in himſelf the haughty Pagan ſtood,
Inflam'd with fury, and athirſt for blood.
As roaring ſtorms the coming bolt preſage:
So vengeance follows his deſtructive rage.
At him, that neareſt preſs'd, the ſtroke he dealt:
Hapleſs Ughetto of Dordona felt
The ruſhing blade: cleft to the teeth he dy'd,
Nor ought avail'd his helm of temper try'd.
On every limb by turns the Pagan found
Some weapon light, but light without a wound.
Secur'd from harm, the dragon's jointed ſcale
Impervious, made each ſword and javelin fail.
And now, attending at their ſovereign's call,
Each quits the gate and well-defended wall;
And haſtes to battle, where his prince's ſight
Swells every breaſt and ſtrings each nerve for fight.
As when, amid the circus' bound enclos'd,
Stands a fierce lioneſs, for ſport expos'd,
If chance a lordly bull is loos'd to wage
The public combat with her threat'ning rage,
Her tawny cubs behold (unſeen before)
The ſtately beaſt and hear his dreadful roar:

They

They view his ample horns with ſtrange amaze,
And while they view, with doubtful terror gaze;
But if their dam with ſavage teeth invade
The bull's ſtrong cheſt, they haſte their dam to aid:
Now at his back, now at his paunch they fly,
And thirſt in blood their tender paws to dye.
Againſt the Pagan thus the Chriſtians drew:
From roofs and windows ſome their weapons threw:
Some cloſer preſs'd, while, all around him rain'd,
His head a ponderous ſhower of arms ſuſtain'd.
Still more and more they throng (a mingled train)
The ſpace can hardly horſe and foot contain.
From every part, like cluſtering bees, they pour;
Though moſt, unarm'd, no warlike weapons bore,
And came but to be ſlain—the Pagan's rage
Could ſcarce ſuffice their numbers to engage.
Still grows his toil—ſtill crowds to crowds ſucceed,
Though hundreds by his fatal proweſs bleed.
His breath in ſhorter pantings comes and goes;
He ſees, unleſs his arm can ſtem the foes,
While yet unhurt his ſtrength and limbs remain,
Hereafter muſt he hope t' eſcape in vain.

Now here, now there he turns his baleful eyes,
And every paſs with numbers clos'd eſpies.

Around him now his murderous ſword he threw;
And ſwift, as fury urg'd, reſiſtleſs flew
On Britain's late rais'd bands his force to ſhed,
The bands by Arimon and Edward led.
Whoe'er has from the throng'd piazza view'd
The giddy populace in heaps purſu'd
By ſome wild bull, that all the day has met
With goads and wounds, by men and dogs beſet:
He foams, he ſnorts, he drives them round and round,
And this, now that he toſſes from the ground:
Such may he deem, but far more dreadful ſhows
The cruel African amidſt his foes!
Full twenty with his ſword he cleaves in twain,
As many headleſs from his ſtroke remain,
He mows down lives; as by the pruner's hand
Young vines and ſallows lopt beſtrow the land.
Thus dreadful Rodomont the carnage ſpread
Where'er he paſs'd: at length o'er piles of dead
He turn'd his ſteps to quit the hoſtile town,
But 'midſt his flight no marks of fear were ſhown;
Retreating now the nearer Seine he views
That from the ramparts to the plain purſues
Its ſilent courſe—the throngs around him preſs,
Urge him behind, nor let him part in peace.

As in Nomadia's or Maſſilia's ſhade,
The generous beaſt whom hunters bold invade,
Even while he flies with noble fury burns,
And, threatening, ſlowly to his woods returns:
So Rodomont, in whoſe high ſoul appears
No abject thought, hemm'd in with ſwords and ſpears,
With darts and javelins like a briſtled wood,
Slow drags his lingering ſteps to reach the flood.
Again he turns, again with brandiſh'd blade
A hundred ſent to tread the Stygian ſhade.
At length, compell'd, he gives, to numbers, way,
Submits to fortune and reſigns the day:
With all his arms he plunges in the tide;
His nervous limbs the flaſhing waves divide.
Afric ne'er bred his like; though Afric's earth
Gave Hannibal and great Antæus birth.
Soon as he reach'd the ſhore, his ruthleſs mind
Again repented that he left behind
The town unſack'd; again his thoughts aſpire
Her ſons to ſlay and wrap her walls in fire.
While thus he paus'd, one drawing near he view'd,
That ſoon with other cares his wrath ſubdu'd:
But who this envoy, fits not here to tell;
Firſt learn what chance in other parts befel.

Ver. 172. *Firſt learn —*] The ſtory is continued in this book, ver. 200.

When Difcord had receiv'd the high command
To kindle ftrife amidft the Pagan band,
She Fraud commiffions in her ftead to keep
The convent's cells, nor let Contention fleep
Till her return; then calls her fifter Pride,
Who in one dome accuftom'd to refide
Confents to go, but midft the holy train
Bids, in her place, Hypocrify remain.
Now Pride and Difcord on their baleful way
To where encamp'd the Chriftian army lay
Urge all their fpeed, when to their fight appears
Afflicted Jealoufy with jaundice fears:
With her a dwarf, from Doralis the fair
Difpatch'd to Rodomont the news to bear
How late in Mandricardo's hand fhe fell;
Nor need the mufe again th' adventure tell.
It chanc'd that Jealoufy the dwarf had found,
His meffage foon fhe learnt and whither bound;
Then join'd with him an enterprize to fhare
That feem'd to claim her own peculiar care.
Well pleas'd was Difcord Jealoufy to view,
But more her caufe of coming when fhe knew
From whom fuch hope of powerful aid fhe drew.

Ver. 185. *With her a dwarf*—] Dwarfs and damfels were common meffengers in the days of chivalry, and as fuch often mentioned in Don Quixote.

Lo! hence the feeds to mix in mortal war
Stern Rodomont and Agricanes' heir:
For other chiefs fhe other plans may frame,
But this fuffices here to fpread the flame.

Now with the dwarf arriving where the hand
Of Rodomont deftroy'd each Chriftian band;
They reach'd the Seine what time his filver tide
The Turk had crofs'd, who when the dwarf he fpy'd,
His wrath he fmooth'd, his low'ring brow he clear'd,
And fudden gladnefs in his looks appear'd:
All unprepar'd for what he foon muft find,
An infult which his foul had ne'er divin'd.
The dwarf he met, and with a fmiling face:
How fares our dame, and whither bends thy pace?

Then he—Nor mine nor yours I call the dame
To whom another now afferts his claim:
But yefter's fun, as in her tent fhe lay,
A fingle warrior hew'd his bloody way
Through all her guards, and thence, by force convey'd,
The royal fair his weeping captive made.

He faid; when Jealoufy ftept forth and prefs'd
(Cold as an afp) the warrior to her breaft.

Now

Ver. 216.—*Jealoufy ftept forth and prefs'd (Cold as an afp) the warrior to her breaft.*] Without danger

Now Diſcord ſtrikes her flint the fire to raiſe,
While Pride beneath the ready fewel lays;
Quick burſts the flame, through all the Pagan flies
The raging peſt and flaſhes from his eyes:
He ſighs, he groans, full horribly he roars,
Blaſpheming Heaven and Heaven's immortal powers.
As when the tigreſs to her empty den
Too late returning ſnuffs the track of men,
And finds her darling young ones borne away,
Nor hills, nor ſtreams, her raging courſe delay:
Thus the dread Saracen with fury burns,
Lead on!—he cries as to the dwarf he turns:
He ſeeks no ſteed, nor car, but like the wind
Flies o'er the plain and leaves the war behind:
No courſer will he wait, reſolv'd to take
The firſt that Fortune's gift his own ſhall make.
Then Diſcord, who his inmoſt ſoul ſurvey'd,
Turn'd to her ſiſter Pride, and ſmiling ſaid:
His footſteps ſhall we guide to find a ſteed
That other conteſts, other woes will breed?

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danger of incurring the cenſure of blind partiality, often ſo juſtly charged on tranſlators, I may ſurely venture to point out this paſſage to the reader, and indeed the whole deſcription of the jealouſy of Rodomont, as a fine allegorical picture.

The

The care be mine, where'er he roves the land,
No horſe but one ſhall meet his daring hand.
To Charles we turn, who now, the Pagan fled,
Forbade the flames extinguiſh'd more to ſpread:
His troops he marſhall'd: ſome with ardor fir'd
To guard the poſts that chief their aid requir'd:
The reſt he ſent againſt the Pagan train
To meet their ſtrongeſt force in open plain;
And through each paſs a numerous army pours,
From Saint Germano and Saint Victor's towers;
Then near Marcellus' gate bids every band,
Together join'd in rank of battle ſtand,
Inciting all their faithleſs foes to quell
With deeds that every future time might tell:
Their banners rang'd, he points their noble rage;
And gives the trumpet's ſignal to engage.
King Agramant had try'd, nor try'd in vain,
Though hemm'd with foes, his courſer to regain:
Remounted now, againſt tne knight* who lov'd
Fair Iſabella, ſingle fight he prov'd.
With king Sobrino bold Lurcanio clos'd:
Rinaldo ſtood againſt a troop oppos'd,

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* Zerbino.

Ver. 240. *To Charles we turn*—] The poet follows Rodomont, Book xxiii. ver. 237.

Whom

Whom (Fortune ſmiling on his dauntleſs might)
He ſlew, diſpers'd, o'erturn'd, and chac'd in flight.
So far'd the war—when Charles his legions brought
To charge the rear where king Marſilius fought:
Beneath whoſe ſtandards crowd the flower of Spain,
His foot the midſt compoſe, his horſe the wings ſuſtain.
The monarch leads th' aſſault—the hills around,
The vales return the drum's and trumpet's ſound.
Already now the Pagans ſeem'd to yield,
And ſoon, with broken files, had left the field,
But Falſirones came, and at his ſide
Grandonio, both in greater dangers try'd;
With Balugantes, Serpentino fam'd,
And bold Ferrau who thus aloud exclaim'd:

O friends belov'd! O! once of martial might!
O! brethren! yet maintain this arduous fight!
Give what to fame we owe—yon hoſtile train
Shall weave, like ſpiders' nets, their toils in vain!
Think what rewards, what honours muſt attend,
Should Fortune on this day our arms befriend:
Think what our loſs and never-ending ſhame,
If baſely driven from ſuch a field of fame.

A ponderous ſpear he wielded as he ſpoke,
And aim'd at Berlinger the forceful ſtroke;

(Whoſe arm ſo well with Argaliſſa ſped,
He burſt the fencing helmet from his head)
Now Berlinger o'erthrown, his fatal blade
Eight hapleſs warriors near him proſtrate laid.
In other parts what warlike numbers fell
Before Rinaldo, ſcarce the muſe can tell:
Thou might'ſt have ſeen, amidſt th' embattled field
The flying ſquadrons to his fury yield.
No leſs Zerbino and Lurcanio, fir'd
With martial heat, the tongue of praiſe inſpir'd;
That, with a ſpeeding thruſt Baleſtro ſlew,
This, Finaduro's helmet cleft in two:
The firſt the forces of Alzerbè ſway'd,
That late before Tardocco's rule obey'd:
The ſecond held beneath his high command,
Zamora, Saffa, and Morocco's band.
Was there (methinks you cry) with ſword and ſhield
No knight of Afric to diſpute the field?
Awhile attend—nor deem one worthy name
Shall paſs defrauded of his rightful fame.
Nor ſhall Zumara's king be left unſung,
Brave Dardinello from Almontes ſprung,
Whoſe lance, in reſt againſt the Chriſtians ſet,
Dulphino of the mount, and Elius met;

Hubert of Mirford, Claudio of the grove:
On Pinamontes then his ſword he drove,
On good Anſelmo of Stanforma's powers;
And Raymond ſent from London's ſtately towers.
Theſe ſeven, renown'd in arms, to earth he threw,
Two ſenſeleſs, one he wounded, four he ſlew.
But all his worth avail'd not to reſtrain
His people's panic, and their ranks detain
To meet our troops, who, leſs in number, fought
With nobler warmth, and to the combat brought
Whate'er exalts the warrior in the field,
The ſkill to reſt the lance, or lift the ſhield.
The Moors in Setta and Zumara bred,
Thoſe of Morocco and Canara fled:
But with the foremoſt fled Alzerbè's train,
Whoſe flight the noble youth* oppos'd in vain.
At length, with threats and prayers by turns addreſt,
He rouz'd the flame in every generous breaſt.
If in your memory worthy yet to dwell
Almontes lives—this preſent hour ſhall tell:
This hour ſhall ſhow, if midſt his foes enclos'd,
You leave in me his ſon to death expos'd.
Stay! I conjure you—by my tender age
From which your hopes could future fame preſage!

* Dardinello.

Shall each brave chief by hoſtile ſwords be ſlain,
And none reviſit Afric's lov'd domain?
Surrounded here, all ſafety elſe deny'd,
Our firm knit bands alone can cleave the tide.
What foſſe, what ramparts our return oppoſe,
What mountains riſe between, what ocean flows!
Here let us rather die, than ſink ſo low
To wait the mercy of a Chriſtian foe.
O! then be firm—in this, my friends, remain
Our deareſt hopes, all other hopes are vain!
Like us the foes have but two hands to wield,
One ſoul to fire them, and one life to yield.
  So ſpoke the generous youth, and ſpeaking gave
The earl of Athol to the greedy grave.
The dear remembrance of Almontes ran
Through Afric's hoſt, and ſpread from man to man:
Each deem'd it nobler now with glorious arms
To guard their lives, than fly impending harms.
William of Burnick, tall of ſtature, tow'r'd
Above his peers, but Dardinello's ſword
Levell'd him with the reſt—and near him reft
His life from Arimon and headleſs left:
(A Corniſh champion)—as he preſs'd the plain
His brother haſten'd to his aid in vain.

Betwixt

Betwixt his ſhoulders Dardinello ſent
The reeking ſteel, that through his boſom went.
Through Bogio's belly next he thruſt the blade,
And freed him from his promiſe lately made:
Vainly he promis'd to his weeping wife,
Six moons ſhould bring him back with fame and life.

Brave Dardinello near Lurcanio 'ſpy'd,
By whom, but then o'erthrown, Dochino dy'd,
Pierc'd through the throat; by whom, with gory head,
Cleft to the teeth, lay bleeding Gardo dead.
He ſaw Altæus, dearer than his life,
Attempt too late to fly the bloody ſtrife.
Full at his nape the ſtroke Lurcanio aim'd,
And ſtretch'd him dead: Almontes' ſon enflam'd
With thirſt of vengeance, graſp'd his ready ſpear,
And vow'd to Macon (did his Macon hear)
Should ſlain Lurcanio that day's triumph grace,
His empty arms within the moſque to place.
Then through the ranks with rapid ſpeed he flies,
And to his ſide ſo well the lance applies,
Pierc'd through and through he hurls him to the plain,
And inſtant bids his followers ſtrip the ſlain.

What tongue ſhall aſk if Ariodantes mourn'd
His brother's ſlaughter! If in rage he burn'd
With his own hand to give the vengeful blow,
And Dardinello ſend to ſhades below?
In vain he raves—not more the Pagan foes,
Than thronging Chriſtians his deſign oppoſe:
Yet eager for revenge, now here, now there,
He whirls his ſword, breaks through, and mows the war.
To' engage the Chriſtian Dardinello flies,
But thronging round him ſpears and javelins riſe,
And the thick preſs the knights to meet denies.
One chief no leſs the Mooriſh troop deſtroys,
Than one the Engliſh, Franks, and Scotch annoys:
Yet theſe to cloſe in battle fate withſtands,
One doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
Behold Rinaldo comes by fortune led
To gain new fame from Dardinello dead.

But here no more—the muſe averts the ſtrain
From deeds of glory on the weſtern plain,

Ver. 396. *From deeds of glory*—] This battle is continued in this book, ver. 1005.

To where ſhe Gryphon left, whoſe arm o'erthrew,
With vengeful rage, Damaſcus' trembling crew.
King Norandino, whom the din alarms,
The city leaves with all his court in arms:
A thouſand men his faithful guard ſupply,
And round he ſees the timorous people fly.
Meantime, the vulgar crowd diſpers'd and fled,
Thoſe luckleſs arms, that late his ſhame had bred,
(Such arms as fortune then vouchſaf'd to lend)
Brave Gryphon ſeiz'd his perſon to defend;
And near a temple, with ſtrong walls immur'd,
Whoſe ſcite a deep encloſing foſſe ſecur'd,
Upon a narrow bridge his ſtation choſe
To guard him ſafely from ſurrounding foes.
Behold where from the portal near him drew,
With many a ſhout and threat, the warrior crew.
Yet Gryphon ſtill, unmov'd, his place maintain'd,
As if his fearleſs ſoul their force diſdain'd:
Onward he ſprung: he graſp'd his glittering blade,
And many a gaſping warrior breathleſs laid;
Then, to the bridge again retreating, lay
Safe from attack, and held his foes at bay.
Again he iſſu'd, and again withdrew,
And dy'd each time the ground to crimſon hue,
While horſe and foot by turns to earth he threw.

Still more and more the troops uniting ſwarm,
The deepening battle wears a direr form,
When Gryphon pauſing views with anxious eyes
The hoſtile files that all around him riſe:
Faſt from his wounded thigh and ſhoulder trail'd
The purple ſtreams; his breath and vigour fail'd:
But Virtue, watchful o'er her ſons, inclin'd
To peace and pardon Norandino's mind:
While from the walls he led his martial train,
He view'd around the ghaſtly heaps of ſlain;
The gaping wounds, that ſeem'd by Hector given,
With cruel ſteel through temper'd armour driven,
And ſaw how far his late decree had wrong'd
A knight to whom all worth and praiſe belong'd.

When near him now the gallant youth he view'd
(Whoſe ſingle arm ſuch numbers had ſubdu'd,
That dy'd the watery foſſe to fearful red,
Entrench'd behind a ghaſtly pile of dead)
Like ſtern Horatius, that on Tyber's tide
With nervous ſtrength the Tuſcan power defy'd,
Heart ſtruck with grief and ſhame, he bade ſurceaſe
The cruel ſtrife, and to confirm the peace
From further fight recall'd each willing band,
And ſtretch'd, in ſign of peace, his naked hand.

Then

Then thus to Gryphon—How ſhall I proclaim
My ſenſe of ſorrow and repenting ſhame?
Another's crime, with deep-concerted guile,
Has led my erring judgment in the toil:
What to the worſt I deem'd was juſtly due,
By me has wrong'd the beſt of knights in you.
If late repentance can amends diſpenſe,
To heal the folly of my paſt offence,
Behold me ready to repair the ſhame
That lately ſullied your illuſtrious name:
Aſk what thou wilt to crown thy high deſert,
Gold, cities, lands—my kingdom's better part,
With theſe the tribute of a faithful heart.
All, all is thine—but ſtretch thy hand to prove
The laſting pledge of amity and love.

He ſaid, and ceaſing, from his ſteed deſcends,
And to the knight his better hand extends.
Gryphon, who ſees the king with eager pace
Advance to meet him in a friend's embrace,
At once his anger and his ſword reſigns,
And low at Norandino's feet inclines
To claſp his knees: the king beholds him bleed
With late-got wounds, and ſummons at his need
A ſkilful leech, then bids with gentleſt care
Th' wounded warrior to his palace bear.

But

But him we leave, of Aquilant to ſpeak,
And bold Aſtolpho, left behind to ſeek
Unhappy Gryphon, whom the powerful call
Of love had drawn from Salem's hallow'd wall.
For many a day they ſought, but ſought in vain,
Nor find their comrade loſt, nor tidings gain.
At length the pilgrim, who to Gryphon came,
They met, and learnt that Gryphon's faithleſs dame,
Won by another's love, had left in haſte
The Syrian confines and to Antioch paſs'd.
This when he heard, the ſable warrior knew
That love had led his brother to purſue
His ſearch from Judah's land, to win the charms
Of Origilla from a rival's arms.
But Aquilant who, with fraternal love
Could ill ſupport that he alone ſhould prove
Adventurous deeds, reſolves with him to bear
His ſocial arms, and every danger ſhare.
But firſt he prays Aſtolpho to delay
(Till back from Antioch he reſum'd his way)
His purpos'd journey to the Gallic ſtrand,
Or pleaſing voyage to his native land.
To Zaffa then he haſtes a bark to take;
By ſea he deems his better ſpeed to make.

Ver. 471. *But him we leave, —*] He returns to him in this book, ver. 608.

He mounts the deck; a ſouth-eaſt wind prevails,
Curls the green wave and fills the favour'd ſails.
So ſwift their courſe, before the proſperous breeze,
Next day he Surro and Saffeto ſees;
Then Zibelletto and Barutti leaves,
And diſtant Cyprus on the left perceives;
From Tripoli to reach Tortoſa ſpeeds,
To Lizzo and Laiazzo's gulph proceeds.
Thence, veering to the eaſt, the pilot guides
The rapid veſſel through the daſhing tides.
He comes where to the ſea Orontes drives,
And ſafely at the river's mouth arrives.
Here Aquilant impatient, gives command
To caſt the bridge, and iſſues on the land.
Arm'd on his ſteed his eager courſe he ſteers
Along the ſtream, till Antioch's town appears.
Nor Origilla nor Martano there
The warrior finds, but hears the faithleſs pair
To rich Damaſcus went the regal jouſts to ſhare.
 Full ſure he deem'd that Gryphon would purſue
His perjur'd dame, and hence in haſte withdrew

Ver. 508. *To caſt the bridge,* —] The poet by this means a broad plank laid from the ſides of the veſſel to the ſhore for the horſes to land.

From

From Antioch's walls, resolv'd without delay
To pass by land, nor risk the watery way;
When GOD, to prove he oft allots below
Good to the virtuous, to the wicked, woe;
So guides his search, that on a certain day
He met the vile Martano on the way:
Who bore before him, in proud triumph shown,
The prize of tilting by another won.

When Aquilant Martano first survey'd
In arms and vest of snow-white hue array'd,
He deem'd his brother near, and eager flew
To clasp his neck, but when advanc'd he knew
His fond mistake, he chang'd his first address,
And as he joy'd before, now fears no less.
He fears some fraud, by Origilla wrought,
Had to his end unhappy Gryphon brought.
Tell me (he cry'd) thou, whom thy looks proclaim
A thief and traitor, whence that armour came;
Whence is that garb, and why dost thou bestride
The generous steed that Gryphon wont to guide?
Say—lives my brother yet, or breathless lies?
How hast thou made his horse and arms thy prize?

Struck with his angry threats and dreadful sight,
Pale Origilla turns her steed for flight;

But

But ſudden Aquilant has ſeiz'd the reins,
And in her own deſpite the dame retains.
Confus'd and mute, as leaves to zephyrs ſhake,
Martano ſeems in every limb to quake.
Still Aquilant in thundering accent raves,
While at his head the naked ſword he waves,
And vows unleſs his lips the truth diſplay,
The dame and he their forfeit lives ſhall pay.
  Martano pondering long how beſt to hide
His crime with ſpecious art, at length reply'd.
  Lo! there my ſiſter, mighty Sir, who came
From virtuous parents; of unſully'd name;
Till Gryphon long, regardleſs of her race,
Detain'd her in a life of foul diſgrace:
Much have I ſorrow'd for her hapleſs ſake;
But ſince too weak from ſuch a knight to take
The helpleſs penitent, we ſought t' obtain
By art what force could never hope to gain.
She, while he ſlept, from Gryphon's power withdrew;
And leſt he waking ſhould our flight purſue,
We thence convey'd his veſture, arms, and ſteed,
And now in ſafety on our way proceed.
  So hop'd th' impoſtor with a ſiſter's name
To veil the lawleſs partner of his ſhame;

But Aquilant, who heard her ſtory ſpread
Through Antioch's town, and knew the life ſhe led,
Enflam'd anew to wrath, indignant ſpoke:
Falſe ſlave! thou ly'ſt—then aim'd a ponderous ſtroke
With lifted arm and mailed gauntlet bent,
And down his throat two bleeding teeth he ſent:
Then with ſtrong cords he pinion'd cloſe behind
His caitiff-arms, and with like bonds confin'd
His foul aſſociate, while ſhe ſtrove t' aſſuage
With fruitleſs plea the warrior's generous rage,
Who bade the ſquires and all th' attending train,
With gifts enrich'd, Damaſcus' walls regain,

Thus journeying on through many a town, he brought
The ſhameleſs pair; then in Damaſcus' ſought
His brother loſt, whoſe juſtice might diſpenſe
The puniſhment for ſuch unheard offence.
Arriv'd, he found that Gryphon's glorious fame
Was far diffus'd on rapid wings of fame.
Already old and young the tale could tell,
That this was he who ran at tilt ſo well;
And he, from whom his partner's impious wiles
Had won the meed of arms and knightly toils.
The populace, enrag'd, Martano view,
And point him out, and with loud threats purſue.

Behold (they cry) the wretch, who ſeeks to raiſe
On other's actions his diſſembled praiſe;
Who ſullies, with his own opprobrious ſhame,
The man who guards not well his better fame.
Yon woman ſee, with every vice indu'd,
Who aids the wicked, and betrays the good.
Some thus exclaim—How well the pair agree!
Not he more treacherous than deceitful ſhe!
With railing theſe, with curſes thoſe purſue
Their hateful way; while, eager for a view,
Through ſtreets and ſquares th' impatient vulgar
throng,
Preſs on each other's ſteps and pour along.
With joy the king theſe tidings entertain'd,
With greater joy than for a kingdom gain'd;
And with his few attendants eager preſs'd
To meet brave Aquilant, his welcome gueſt,
And pay ſuch honors as to him belong'd
Whoſe valour had aveng'd his Gryphon wrong'd.
Now Norandino with the knight's conſent,
Within a gloomy cell his captives pent.
But Aquilant he led, where (ſince the day
He bled in combat) wounded Gryphon lay;
Who, when he view'd his brother, glow'd with ſhame
As conſcious that he knew his ſully'd fame,

With all that chanc'd : when Aquilant awhile
His love had rally'd with a friendly ſmile ;
They held debate what penance to impoſe
On them from whom ſuch foul deceit aroſe.
Severe the king and Aquilant decreed
Their pains ; but Gryphon wiſh'd for her to plead :
Yet, ſince he bluſh'd to urge her cauſe alone,
He begg'd his pleading might for both atone.
At length 'twas doom'd (to end the friendly ſtrife)
To ſcourge Martano, but to ſpare his life.
Next day they gave him to the hangman's hands,
Who bound his limbs, but not in flowery bands,
Then on the culprit many a laſh beſtow'd,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, amidſt the gaping crowd.
But Origilla ſtill they kept to mourn
In bonds till fair Lucina ſhould return,
Whoſe ſage decree (for ſo theſe lords ordain)
Her doom muſt lighten or enforce her pain.
  Here Aquilant remain'd, till Gryphon heal'd
Of every wound his arms again could wield.

Ver. 623.——*not in flowery bands,*] This may poſſibly allude to the verſes of Petrarch, where, ſpeaking of Julius Cæſar, he ſays, that Cleopatra bound him with flowery wreaths. FORNARI.

From errors paſt the king more prudent grown,
Believes he never can enough atone
For ſuch miſdeed, by which he brought to ſhame
A knight whoſe worth might every tribute claim.
Each day, each hour, he bent his care to chace
From Gryphon's mind the thoughts of late diſgrace.
And ſoon he purpos'd in the public view,
With every honour to his merits due,
To give him to redeem his raviſh'd ſpoils,
Where once he ſuffer'd by his comrade's wiles.

Now through the realms the regal mandate paſs'd,
To form a jouſt more ſplendid than the laſt;
Within a month he bade the liſts prepare
In all the pomp that fits a monarch's care.
Soon ready Fame her rapid wings expands,
And ſpreads the tidings through the Syrian lands;
Phœnicia, Paleſtine, the rumour hear,
Which reach'd at length to good Aſtolpho's ear;
Who, with the noble regent *, now inclin'd
To ſee the liſts by Syria's prince deſign'd.
Great was the praiſe of Sanſonetto's name,
Great was his ſtrength in arms and knightly fame;
Whom, made a Chriſtian by Orlando's hand,
Charles gave in charge to rule the holy land.

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* Sansonetto.

Theſe valiant ſons of chivalry, to meet
The knights at Norandino's regal ſeat,
From town to town purſu'd their eaſy way
To reach the tilting on th' appointed day
With vigour unimpair'd, and chanc'd to light
(Where two paths join'd) on one who ſeem'd a knight;
But one, whoſe outward veſt and looks conceal'd
A virgin glorious in the martial field.
Marphiſa was her name, of generous ſtrain,
Who oft was known the combat to maintain
With Brava's* mighty lord, and oft had clos'd
With Mount Albano's †, ſword to ſword oppos'd.
By day, by night, in ſhining arms array'd,
Through woods and dales, o'er hills and plains ſhe ſtray'd
T' encounter wandering knights, and nobly raiſe
Victorious trophies of immortal praiſe.

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* ORLANDO, † RINALDO.

Ver. 664. *Marphiſa*—] The character is continued from the Orlando Innamorato, where ſhe makes a principal figure. Boyardo tells us that Galaphron, the father of Angelica, brought with him a numerous force to raiſe the ſiege of Albracca, among which was Marphiſa, a female warrior of dauntleſs courage, and who had made a vow never to diſarm herſelf till ſhe had taken three kings priſoners in battle, Gradaſſo, Agrican, and Charlemain.

See ORL. INNAM. B. i. c. xvi.

As

As Sanſonetto and Aſtolpho came
In plate and mail before the fearleſs dame,
She deem'd them warriors well in battle known,
For both were large of limb and ſtrong of bone.
Then eager in the field their force to try,
She wheel'd her ſteed the ſtrangers to defy,
But to her mind recall'd, as near ſhe drew,
The Paladin whom in Cathay ſhe knew,
Where oft ſhe mark'd, in council and in fight,
The gallant bearing of the Engliſh knight.
This ſeen, the gauntlet from her hand ſhe took,
Call'd him by name, and with a gracious look
Her beaver rais'd, nor, though the firſt in pride,
To meet the duke with fair ſalute deny'd;
While the brave Paladin as gladly paid
His cordial greeting to the wondrous maid.

Now each began t' enquire the other's way;
Aſtolpho firſt reply'd—his journey lay
To reach Damaſcus, where the Syrian king
Sought in his liſts from various climes to bring
The braveſt knights—Permit (Marphiſa cry'd)
My arms with yours the glory to divide.
She ſaid, and gladly to her wiſh they yield,
O'erjoy'd at ſuch a partner in the field.

Ver. 679. —— *whom in Cathay ſhe knew,*] Alluding to Boyardo's action.

At length the day before the festive rite,
They see Damascus rising to their sight,
And here, without the walls, awhile they stay
Till fair Aurora with her early ray
Shall gild the morn; but when with ruddy blaze
The sun began to shed his orient rays,
The dame and knights their limbs in armour cas'd,
And to the lists an envoy sent in haste,
To give the signal when the jousts began,
When spear with spear, and man engag'd with man.

Now to the place king Norandino came,
The place he destin'd for the dangerous game;
While the brave virgin*, and the knightly pair†,
Press through the city to the crowded square,
Where, waiting for the sign, on either hand
The knights of noble strain impatient stand.
The prizes doom'd that day for those who won,
A glittering poll-ax, and a sword that shone
With costly gems; with these the king bestow'd
A steed, whose make and stately trappings show'd
A royal gift—The king who surely held
That he, who first had all opponents quell'd,
Would win the second jousts, and bear away
The meed and praise of each victorious day,

* MARPHISA. † SANSONETTO, and ASTOLPHO.

To give him all that honour could demand,
Thoſe arms, which late by fraud Martano gain'd,
Aloft he hung; the ſword of temper try'd
To theſe he join'd; and at the courſer's ſide
The poll-ax plac'd, all deſtin'd to requite
Brave Gryphon, from his garb ſurnam'd the white.
But ſhe, who lately to the liſt of fame,
With Sanſonetto and Aſtolpho came,
Soon chang'd the ſcene—for when before her view
Theſe arms appear'd, full well the arms ſhe knew,
Which, once her own, the virgin treaſur'd high,
Their value ſuch, no vulgar price could buy.
Theſe once impatient from her limbs ſhe drew
And caſt aſide, impetuous to purſue
Brunello, vers'd in every art of theft,
Who from her ſide the truſty ſword had reft.
Nor need I longer on the ſtory dwell,
Suffice how here ſhe found her arms to tell.

Ver. 732. *Theſe once impatient from her limbs ſhe drew*
And caſt aſide,—] This ſtory is told by Boyardo, who ſays that ſhe purſued Brunello fifteen days, that on the ſixth day her horſe falling dead through wearineſs, ſhe continued the purſuit on foot, till Brunello getting to the ſea-ſide made his eſcape in a veſſel, and arrived ſafe at Biſerta with the ſpoils he had made.

Orl. Innam. B. ii. c. xvii.

Now when the maid, by certain tokens known,
Again in thefe with joy confefs'd her own,
So dearly priz'd—No more in doubt fhe ftay'd,
But, fwift advancing, on the cuirafs laid
That hand, which ne'er was wont in field to fail,
And here fhe feiz'd, and there fhe ftrow'd the mail
With headlong hafte. The king incens'd beheld,
And with a look his ready train impell'd
T' avenge the deed: at once the train obey'd:
The fpear they refted and unfheath'd the blade,
Mindlefs of what they found fo late requite
Their infult offer'd to a wandering knight.
Not more, when Spring unlocks his genial ftores
The playful child delights in gaudy flowers:
Not more the blooming maid, with veftments gay,
In the fwift dance or mufic's fpritely lay;
Than fhe, whofe valour every thought exceeds,
Joys in the clang of arms and neigh of fteeds;
The rattling quiver, and the crafhing fpear,
Where ftreaming blood and ghaftly death appear.
Her courfer fpurr'd againft the thoughtlefs crew,
Her lance in reft with headlong fpeed fhe flew;
Some through the neck, fome through the breaft fhe
thruft,
Some with a fhock fhe tumbled on the duft.

Then

Then, with drawn ſword, her furious ſtrokes addreſs'd,
She lopp'd the head or broke the brittle creſt;
There pierc'd the ſide, and here the ſkull ſhe cleft,
The right arm now ſhe cropt, and now the left.
Brave Sanſonetto and Aſtolpho bold
Who with Marphiſa came the liſts to hold,
Not mix in ſerious combat, when they ſaw
The Syrian troops in rank of battle draw,
At once their lances couch'd, their vizors clos'd,
And pierc'd th' ignoble herd, where few oppos'd
Their dreadful courſe: meantime the knights who came
From various realms, the candidates for fame,
Their ſportive weapons turn'd to ſlaughter view'd,
And promis'd jouſts to deeper ſcenes of blood;
Yet knew not why the Syrian people ſought
Their mad revenge, or what offence had wrought
The king's reſentment; hence, on either hand,
In deep amaze and ſpeechleſs doubt they ſtand.

Some forward ruſh the people's cauſe to join,
But ſoon repent; and ſome, whoſe minds incline
On either part, to theſe as thoſe unknown,
Prepare, without delay, to quit the town:
While wiſer ſome, ſtill hold the courſer's rein,
And, ſilent, anxious for th' event remain.

But Aquilant and Gryphon flew where ſwarms
Of people pour'd to claim their ſovereign's arms
So proudly ſeiz'd. When now the brethren view'd
The king, whoſe fiery eyes, ſuffus'd with blood,
Beſpoke his wrath, when now at full they knew
The cauſe from which ſuch dread contention grew;
And Gryphon deem'd ſuch inſult borne muſt ſhame
Not leſs his own, than Norandino's name;
Each bids his ſpear be brought with eager ſpeed,
And flies to vengeance on his thundering ſteed.
On t'other part Aſtolpho ſwift impell'd
His Rabicano, while in hand he held
The lance of gold, that with enchanted force
Diſmounts each warrior in the liſted courſe.
With this on earth two noble knights he leaves:
Firſt Gryphon falls, then Aquilant receives
The weapon's point, that glancing on the ſhield,
The generous youth extended on the field.
Bold Sanſonetto from their ſeats remov'd
The braveſt knights, in many a conflict prov'd:
Swift from the barriers throng'd th' affrighted crow'd:
The king, enflam'd with anger, ſtorm'd aloud.

Ver. 798. *The lance of gold,—*] This lance, formerly the property of Argalia, after his death came to Aſtolpho.

See General View of Boyardo's Story.

Meantime Marphiſa, who had driven away
Whate'er oppos'd her (victor of the day)
The late conteſted arms in triumph took,
And with her prize the fatal liſts forſook.
Nor Sanſonetto, nor Aſtolpho ſtay'd,
But to the gate purſu'd the martial maid,
While Aquilant and Gryphon mourn'd the chance
That both o'erthrew with one reſiſtleſs lance.
O'erwhelm'd with ſhame they curſe the ſtranger's hand,
Nor dare in Norandino's preſence ſtand.
They ſeize their courſers, and their ſeats regain
To chace the foe—with numbers in his train
The king purſues——All equal fury breathe,
Reſolv'd on vengeance or reſolv'd on death.
The vulgar throngs applauding clamours ſend,
But gaze at diſtance and th' event attend.

Now Gryphon came to where the three had gain'd
The bridge, and undiſmay'd the poſt maintain'd:
Arriv'd, he ſoon Aſtolpho knew, who wore
The ſame device and veſts he view'd before;
The ſame his armour and the ſame his ſteed,
As on the day he made Orilo bleed.

When Gryphon late engag'd the Engliſh knight,
The well-known marks at firſt eſcap'd his ſight,

But

But now he knows him, greets him now with hands
Conjoin'd, and of his comrades' weal demands;
And why, regardleſs of the reverence due
To Syria's king, thoſe arms to earth they threw.
To Gryphon then good Otho's ſon* reveal'd
His comrades' names, and nought beſide conceal'd
Of what had chanc'd, though little could he tell
How from thoſe arms ſuch ſudden diſcord fell;
But ſince himſelf and Sanſonetto brought
Marphiſa there, in her defence they fought.

While friendly thus they commun'd, nearer drew
Good Aquilant, and ſoon Aſtolpho knew;
His wrath ſubſides; and numbers now appear,
But dare not yet approach the warriors near:
They view each geſture well and ſtand intent
To mark their words and what their parley meant:
When one, who found that this was ſhe ſo fam'd
In glorious fields of fight, Marphiſa nam'd,
His courſer turn'd and Norandino warn'd,
(Unleſs he wiſh'd to ſee his honours ſcorn'd)
Ere all were ſlain, to ſave his remnant bands
From dire Tiſiphonè and Death's remorſeleſs hands;
For ſhe, who thus had ſeiz'd the coſtly arms,
Was fierce Marphiſa, bred amidſt th' alarms

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* Astolpho

Of

Of horrid war. When Norandino heard
That dreadful name through all the east so fear'd,
Unless his care prevent, full well he knew
The mischief, now predicted, must ensue.
For this he bids his troops from combat cease,
Whose fury lessens as their fears increase.

Meanwhile the sons of Olivero there,
With Sansonetto and with Otho's heir,
By mild entreaty in Marphisa's breast
Assuag'd the flame: she stay'd, at their request
Her deathful hand, then with a haughty look
Approaching Norandino thus she spoke.

I know not why your victor should receive
These arms, O king! which are not yours to give.
These once were mine, and midst the public way
That from Armenia leads, one fateful day
I left behind, with better speed to chace
A wretch from whom I suffer'd foul disgrace:
Behold this token on the mail imprest,
The certain proof of what my lips attest.

Then

Ver. 874. *Behold this token on the mail imprest,*] Boyardo relates that Marphisa bore for the device on her shield a crown cleft in three parts, and for her crest a dragon vomitting flames.

Nel

Then on the cuirafs, which fhe claim'd her own,
Cleft in three parts fhe fhew'd a regal crown.

Four

Nel fcudo azurro avea per devifa
Una corona in tre parti fpezzata:
La cotta d'arme a quella guifa
E la coperta tutto lavorato,
E per cimier nel piu fublime loco,
Un drago verde che gettava foco,
Ed era il foco acconcia di maniera,
Che dal impeto accefa arde del vento,
E quando in mezza alla battaglia ell'era,
Un lampeggiar facea pien di fpavento.

BERNI ORL. INN. B. I. C. x.

She, for device, upon her azure fhield,
Cleft in three parts a regal crown reveal'd;
The like imprefs her mailed cuirafs bore,
And all her furcoat rich embroider'd o'er:
High on her helm, in figur'd terror grac'd,
A verdant dragon fiery fparkles caft;
The towering creft, by wondrous art defign'd,
With motion glow'd and kindled in the wind:
And while amidft the mingled fight fhe turn'd,
With dreaded blaze the fire encreafing burn'd!

Taffo paints the creft of the Soldan of Egypt in the fame manner.

A dragon on his creft the Soldan wore,
That, ftretching, bends his arching neck before,
High on his feet he ftands, with fpreading wings,
And wreaths his forky tail in fpiry rings:
Three brandifh'd tongues the fculptur'd monfter fhows,
He feems to kindle as the combat glows:

His

Four days are paſt, ſince from th' Armenian land
(The king reply'd) a merchant to my hand
This armour brought, and would'ſt thou this obtain,
Think not thy tongue ſhall aſk the gift in vain;
Nor think, whate'er thy claim, the prize ordain'd
For Gryphon's virtues, thus by him detain'd,
But freely would his noble mind reſign
The victor's meed to make thy friendſhip mine.
No ſigns I aſk to prove this armour yours,
Your word, your valour, my belief ſecures.

His gaping jaws appear to hiſs with ire,
And vomit mingled ſmoke and ruddy fire.

JERUSAL. DEL. B. ix. ver. 193.

Both theſe deſcriptions originate in the following fine picture of Virgil.

——————— Turnus
Vertitur arma tenens, et toto vertice ſupra eſt,
Quod triplici crinita juba galea alta Chimæram
Suſtinet, Ætnæos efflantem faucibus ignes.
Tam magis illa fremens, ac triſtibus effera flammis,
Quam magis effuſo crudeſcunt ſanguine pugnæ.

ÆN. lib. vii. ver. 783.

——————— Turnus rode
A triple pile of plumes his creſt adorn'd,
On which with belching flames Chimera burn'd;
The more the kindled combat riſes higher,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.

DRYDEN, ver. 1071.

Now

Now take thy own—here all contention leave,
And Gryphon ſhall from me a richer gift receive.
Gryphon, who little had theſe arms deſir'd,
But ſtill in all to pleaſe the king aſpir'd,
Thus made reply—For me it ſhall ſuffice,
That aught you wiſh my glad conſent ſupplies.
Marphiſa, who beheld the part they took
To ſave her honour, with benignant look
To Gryphon begg'd theſe arms her gift to make,
Which Gryphon at her hand vouchſaf'd to take.
Now to the city all again purſu'd
Their cheerful way, in peace and love renew'd;
Where at the feſtive tilt in ſplendor run,
The prize and glory Sanſonetto won.
Aſtolpho and the brethren fam'd in war,
But chief Marphiſa, brave beyond compare,
With friendly purpoſe from the liſt abſtain,
That Sanſonetto all the praiſe might gain.
With Norandino thus the knights employ
The happy days in ſports and ſocial joy,
Till now the ſtate of France by foes oppreſt,
Awakes new thoughts in every knightly breaſt:
Their leave they take: with theſe, by glory fir'd,
Marphiſa went, for long her ſoul aſpir'd

To meet the Paladins in fields of fame,
And prove if each deſerv'd ſo great a name.
Another Sanſonetto leaves, whoſe ſway
For his might bleſt Jeruſalem obey:
Then in one friendly band together join'd,
Theſe five, whoſe equals ſcarce the world can find,
Diſmiſs'd by Norandino ſeek the land
Of Tripoli, where on the neighbouring ſtrand
The billows break, and where a bark they find
With wealthy freight for weſtern climes deſign'd.
An aged pilot there (the terms agreed)
Receives aboard each warrior and his ſteed.
With cloudleſs beam ſerenely ſhone the day,
The flattering promiſe of a proſperous way.
The ſhore forſaking, with a favouring gale
They plough the deep with wide extended ſail.
The iſle, devoted to the queen of love,
Receives them firſt, within whoſe port they prove
Malignant ſteams of peſtilential breath
That ſoften ſteel and taint the air with death.
Sent from a ſtagnant pool—and thus unkind
To Famagoſta, Nature has aſſign'd

Ver. 930. *Malignant ſteams*—] The lake of Conſtanza is ſo near Famagoſta, that it was ſaid to render the air peſtilential: but the further effects attributed to it by the poet are probably exaggerated.

Her

Her place fo near Conftanzo's noxious foil,
Yet bleft in other parts the Cyprian ifle.
The poifonous fumes forbid the fhip to ftay;
Around the coaft they wing their rapid way,
And fteering to the right, at Paphos moor:
The failors iffue on the flowery fhore,
For traffick fome, and fome the land to view,
Where Love refides with pleafures ever new.
Six miles afcending gently from the flood,
Stands on a beauteous hill a verdant wood,
Where cedars, myrtles, bays, and orange grow,
With various plants that grateful fcent beftow.
Wild thyme, the lily, crocus, and the rofe
Perfume the air, while every wind that blows
Frefh from the land, far o'er the furgy main
Wafts the fweet gale to greet the failor-train.
Clear from a fpring a murmuring riv'let pours
Its winding tribute to the meads and flowers.
Well may this fpot be nam'd the favourite foil
Of lovely Venus, where with rofeate fmile,
Each dame, each virgin fhines in bloomy pride
Of charms unequall'd through the world befide,
While the foft goddefs youth and age infpires,
And even in life's laft ftage maintains her amorous fires.

Here

Here was the tale confirm'd, reveal'd but late
Of fair Lucina, whom in doleful ſtate
The orc detain'd; and ſoon the news they heard,
That, freed at length from bonds, the princeſs ſteer'd
Her happy journey from Nicoſia's ſeat,
In Syria's realm her long-loſt lord to meet.
The pilot now his voyage to purſue,
While o'er the wave the favouring breezes blew,
Turn'd to the ſea his prow, his anchor weigh'd,
And every canvas to the gale diſplay'd.
Now diſtant from the port the veſſel ſtood,
And plough'd with happy ſpeed the briny flood,
Long as the ſun above th' horizon ſhin'd;
But, when black evening roſe, the changing wind
Howl'd thro' the ſhrowds, and from the loweſt deep
With warring waves aſſail'd the reeling ſhip.
Wide yawns the firmament from pole to pole,
Quick flaſh the lightnings, loud the thunders roll;
Thick clouds in darkneſs veil th' ethereal light,
Nor ſun by day, nor ſtar appears by night.

Ver. 962.——*Nicoſia*—] Nicoſia was a city almoſt in the middle of the iſtand of Cyprus.

Ver. 963.——*her long-loſt lord to meet.*] Here concludes the ſtory of Norandino and Lucina, who appear no more in the courſe of this work.

South, eaſt, and weſt in rattling whirlwinds blow;
Heaven groans above and ocean roars below.
Huge cataracts deſcend of hail and rain;
The wretched ſailors every woe ſuſtain,
And horror broods upon the angry main.
All ply their ſeveral taſks to prove how well
Each in his office can the reſt excel.
One with his whiſtle's ſound the want of ſpeech
Supplies, and gives the needful charge to each:
This, at the anchor toils; that, ſtrikes the ſails;
This ſtrains or looſens, as the ſtorm prevails,
The creaking cordage; that, the deck aſcends:
The rudder this, and that, the maſt defends.
All night the ſtorm redoubled rage diſplay'd,
With thicker gloom than hell's tremendous ſhade.
Through deepeſt ſeas th' affrighted pilot ſteer'd,
Where through the waves no dangerous ſhelves ap-
pear'd,
Not hopeleſs yet but with returning day
Relentleſs Fortune might her wrath allay:
In vain his hopes—for nought her wrath aſſuag'd,
By day with fiercer ſtrength the tempeſt rag'd:
If that were day, which not returning light,
But lapſe of hours diſtinguiſh'd from the night.
Now pale, deſpairing, to his fate reſign'd,
The pilot leaves his veſſel to the wind;

He lets her drive where'er the ſtorm prevails,
And ploughs th' unpitying ſea with humble ſails.
  While Fortune theſe upon the deep diſtreſs'd,
Not more ſhe ſuffers thoſe at land to reſt,
Where on the plains of France, with deathful rage,
The Chriſtian and the Pagan powers engage.
Rinaldo there aſſails, breaks, ſcatters round
The foes, and hurls their ſtandards to the ground:
And now he ſpurs Bayardo through the fight,
To prove the noble Dardinello's might.
Rinaldo on his ſhield the ſign ſurvey'd,
Which young Almontes' ſon with pride diſplay'd,
And deem'd him brave whoſe venturous arm could bear
The ſame device the earl * was ſeen to wear;
And found him brave, when round the ghaſtly plain
He ſaw the heaps his conquering hand had ſlain.
Then to himſelf—This noxious weed demands,
(Ere yet it further ſpreads) my pruning hands.
Thus ſpoke the knight, and where he turns his face,
The ranks recede, and every chief gives place:
Chriſtians and Pagans to his paſſage yield,
Such awe his looks, ſuch dread his ſword impell'd.

* Orlando.

Ver. 1005. *While Fortune theſe*—] He reſumes this narrative in Book xix. ver. 306.

But haplefs Dardinello fole defies
Albano's chief; to whom Rinaldo cries.
Poor boy! in evil hour to rifk thy life,
That fhield was left, thy pledge of future ftrife:
I come to prove how well with me in fight,
Thy hand defends that enfign red and white:
If here thou fail'ft, thy force can ill contend
Thofe arms againft Orlando to defend.
Then Dardinello thus—Hear one who dares
Protect thofe honours which in field he bears:
I truft thefe colours, red and white, proclaim
Lefs pledge of ftrife than pledge of future fame;
Think not, though young, to make me fly the field,
Or e'er to thee this glorious trophy yield.
My death alone on thee my arms beftows:
But Heaven th' event far other may difpofe;
And never, never fhall my deeds difgrace
The lineal praife of my illuftrious race.
He faid; and as he fpoke, with brandifh'd fword
Intrepid rufh'd on Mount Albano's lord:
A chilling fear each Pagan foe oppref's'd,
And froze the blood in every panting breaft;

Ver. 1045. *A chilling fear*—] So Virgil when Pallas attacks Turnus, ÆNEID X.

Frigidus Arcadibus coit in præcordia fanguis.
The blood congeal'd in each Arcadian heart.

When

When ſtern Rinaldo, eager for the fight,
Reſiſtleſs flew t' engage the blooming knight.
A lion thus (that in the paſture views
A bull that ne'er the heifer yet purſues)
Springs on his prey—firſt aim'd the Pagan foe
Againſt Mambrino's helm the fruitleſs blow.
Now learn (with ſmile ſevere Rinaldo cry'd)
If this right hand can beſt the weapon guide.
At once he ſpurr'd, and to the fiery horſe
Gave up the reins, when driv'n with matchleſs force
Through his white breaſt the ſword a paſſage found,
Till at his back appear'd the grizzly wound.
The ſteel drawn forth, drew forth the vital breath,
And cold and pale the body ſunk in death:
Like ſome fair flower, whoſe vivid luſtre fades,
If chance the ploughman's ſhare its ſtalk invades;
Or heavy poppies, charg'd with dews or rain,
That hang their heads low drooping on the plain:

Ver. 1061. *Like ſome fair flower*—] Thus Virgil, Æneid ix. ver. 435.

Purpureus veluti cum flos ſuccifus aratro
Langueſcit moriens; laſſove papavera collo,
Demiſere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.

As a gay flower, with blooming beauties crown'd,
Cut by the ſhare, lies languid on the ground;
Or ſome tall poppy that o'er-charg'd with rain,
Bends the faint head, and ſinks upon the plain.

Pitt, 585.

So

So from his face the rofy colour flies,
So Dardinello finks, and finking dies:
He dies, and inftant with their chief is fled
The ftrength, the courage of the hoft he led.
As where huge works of human art reftrain
The floods that elfe would deluge all the plain,
Whene'er the mounds are burft, the rufhing tide
With roaring noife efcapes on every fide.
The powers of Afric thus, who fcorn'd to yield,
While Dardinello's name infpir'd the field;
Soon as they found the leader breathlefs lie,
Difpers'd and broken o'er the plains they fly,
Who feeks to fly, Rinaldo leaves in flight,
But thofe affails who bravely meet the fight.
What numbers fell where Ariodantes fought,
Who next Rinaldo deeds of prowefs wrought!
Thefe Lionetto; thofe Zerbino quell'd;
All feem'd to ftrive who moft in arms excell'd.
Charles, mindful of his fame, the battle wag'd:
There Olivero, Turpin, Guido rag'd;
There Salamone fought, Ugero there engag'd.

That day fo fatal to each Moorifh band,
Had left not one to fee his native land;

Ver. 1084. —— *Guido.*—] Two Guidos are mentioned by the poet, diftinct from one of that name called Guido Savage.

But

But ſage Marſilius, with foreſeeing care,
Preſerv'd th' unhappy remnants of the war;
And better deem'd theſe wretched bands to ſave,
Than ſuffer all to fill a foreign grave.
He ſends his ſtandards to the camp, diſpos'd
Againſt aſſaults, by fencing works enclos'd:
Here Stordilano came, Granada's king;
Andaluſia's, Luſus' leaders bring
Their ſuffering powers: meantime Marſilius ſends
To Afric's monarch; and with ſpeed commends
To quit the field, and thank the favouring power
Which ſav'd his life in that deſtroying hour.
The king, who ſaw that nothing could reſtore
The day, nor hop'd to ſee Biſerta more,
The fate he could not ſhun reſign'd to meet,
His ſtandards turn'd and bade to ſound retreat.
Such was the panic of the routed hoſt,
That flying numbers in the ſcene were loſt.
King Agramant and ſage Sobrino try'd
The reſt in order from the field to guide:
But here nor king, nor ſage, nor chief prevail'd
With prayer or threat, ſuch fear each breaſt aſſail'd:
While ſcarce a third the ſtandards would purſue,
That ill attended from the fight withdrew.

For one that heard his chief or trumpet's call,
Lo! two were ſeen to fly, or two to fall.
Soon to their camp retir'd, in dire diſmay,
The wretched Pagans in their trenches lay:
When Charles, who meant not Fortune ſhould be loſt,
Purſu'd the flying foe with all his hoſt,
But riſing night his glorious ardor ſtay'd,
And wrapt the warring world in friendly ſhade;
Perchance by Heaven more ſwiftly ſent, to give
The creatures of his hand to breathe and live.
  The hoſtile blood in purple torrents flow'd,
And drench'd the ſoil with dreadful carnage ſtrow'd;
Where fourſcore thouſand on the fatal plain
Lay breathleſs by the murderous weapon ſlain,
Whoſe bodies thieves and wolves at midnight hour
Ruſh'd from their haunts to pillage and devour.
  No more imperial Charles to Paris turn'd,
But pitch'd his tents without, where kindled burn'd
The frequent fires: the foes beſieg'd, with care
Sink deep the trenches and the works repair,
O'erwatch the whole, bid every guard awake,
Nor all the live-long night their arms forſake.
  The Saracens whom chilling fears oppreſs,
Along their mournful lines in deep diſtreſs,

Lament and weep, while half conceal'd and low,
The ſighs break forth and huſh'd the ſorrows flow.
Some for their ſlaughter'd friends or kindred groan,
Some, others' ſufferings; ſome bewail their own;
And ſome, more wretched, with foreboding mind
Revolve ſtill greater evils yet behind. 1141

Two Mooriſh youths there were of humble race,
In Ptolomita was their native place:
Whoſe

Ver. 1142. *Two Mooriſh youths*—] This beautiful epiſode of Cloridano and Medoro, though evidently a copy of Niſus and Euryalus in the ninth Æneid, muſt be allowed to be improved by the motive which the poet aſcribes for this midnight excurſion of the two friends, the deſire of recovering the body of their ſlaughtered maſter. It may be obſerved too, that in Virgil the attempt of exploring the enemy's camp is firſt ſuggeſted by Niſus, and that the young Euryalus takes fire at the propoſal; but in Arioſto the youth is the firſt mover, inſtigated by love and gratitude to his dead prince; which circumſtance greatly elevates his character, and adds to the pathos of the ſtory. Arioſto has not only imitated Virgil, but probably had his eye upon Statius, who in the tenth book of this Thebaid, repreſents two of his heroes, Hopleus, and Damas, making a ſearch by night for the dead bodies of their kings Tydeus and Parthenopæus. The epiſode of Argantes and Clorinda in the twelfth book of the Jeruſalem may be derived from the Latin: but both Arioſto and Taſſo have ſo varied the circumſtances, and improved the hints they have taken, and in particular have given ſo different a turn to the concluſion of their adventure, that their ſeparate fictions may nearly claim

Whoſe ſtory told to every ear may prove
A rare example of unblemiſh'd love.
Theſe, Cloridano and Medoro call'd,
Firm in good times, in evil unappall'd,
To Dardinello loyal friendſhip bore,
And late with him had croſt from Afric's ſhore.
A hunter's life bold Cloridano led,
His limbs robuſt to ſtrength and ſwiftneſs bred:
Medoro's opening youth but ſcarce began
To ſhade the roſe with down and promiſe man.

---

claim the merit of invention. At leaſt in both poets, the imitations are the imitations of a maſter. I ſhall leave the reader to compare the paſſages which our poet has borrowed from Virgil.

I am happy to add here the obſervation of an elegant and candid critic on this paſſage of Arioſto. " The beautiful and pathetic tale of the two friends Medoro and Cloridano, in the eighteenth Canto of the Orlando Furioſo, is indeed an artful and exact copy of the Niſus and Euryalus of Virgil; yet the author hath added ſome original beauties to it, and in particular hath aſſigned a more intereſting motive for this midnight excurſion, than what we find in Virgil; for Medoro and Cloridano venture into the field of battle to find out among the heaps of ſlain, the body of their lord. This perhaps is one of the moſt excellent paſſages in this wild and romantic author, who yet abounds in various beauties, the merit of which ought not to be tried by the eſtabliſhed rules of claſſical criticiſm."

See Poſtſcript to Dr. WARTON's Edition of Virgil.

Of all that join'd the Pagan's threatening arms,
Not one excell'd his mien and blooming charms:
Black were his eyes, his locks like golden wire;
So ſeems ſome angel of the heavenly choir!
Theſe two, with numbers more, by chance ordain'd
To guard the fences, now the watch maintain'd,
What time the drowſy night, with winking eyes,
View'd from her middle throne the ſpangled ſkies.
  Medoro ſtill (while tears his cheeks ſuffuſe)
The dear remembrance of his lord renews:
Almontes' ſon, brave Dardinello ſlain,
Expos'd unburied on the naked plain:
When, turning to his friend, he thus expreſs'd
The generous feelings of a loyal breaſt.
  Shall he, O Cloridano, to the brood
Of wolves and ravens yield too precious food?
He, whoſe paſt goodneſs ever muſt awake
My grateful love, till life this frame forſake?
And, ah! ſhould life for him in tribute flow,
Not all could pay the mighty debt I owe!
Then to yon heaps of carnage let me fly,
Where cold on earth his limbs diſhonour'd lie.
Who knows but Heaven may guide my daring tread
To where the ſilent camp of Charles is ſpread?

Remain

Remain thou here, that if reſiſtleſs fate
Decrees my death, thou may'ſt that death relate:
And ſhould not Heaven my pious vows ſucceed,
At leaſt poſterity will praiſe the deed.
  With ſpeechleſs wonder Cloridano hears
Such faith and courage in ſuch early years;
And (for he held him dear) he ſtrives to make
The dauntleſs youth his raſh deſign forſake.
But grief, like his, no comfort can control;
Nor reaſon change the purpoſe of his ſoul,
A grave on Dardinello to beſtow,
Or in the great attempt his life forego.
  When Cloridano long in vain had try'd
Each friendly plea—Yet let me ſhare (he cry'd)
The pious taſk—I too aſpire to raiſe
From ſuch a death the meed of endleſs praiſe.
Should I, depriv'd of thee, Medoro, live,
What future joy can wretched being give?
Ah! let me meet with thee a ſoldier's fate,
Nor drag behind life's wretched lingering ſtate.
  This ſaid; they point ſupplies their place to take,
Then leave the trenches and the camp forſake;
And ſoon arrive where, ſunk in heavy ſleep,
Our careleſs bands the watch no longer keep:

Their

Their fires extinct, each ſenſeleſs at his poſt,
But little fears the Pagan's neighbouring hoſt:
Midſt arms, and cars, and courſers ſtretch'd ſupine
In ſlumber lock'd and drench'd in fumes of wine.
His ſteps awhile here Cloridano ſtay'd:
Shall I not ſeize the preſent hour (he ſaid)
Now, now, Medoro, on yon hoſtile train
To wreak ſome vengeance for my patron ſlain?
Here liſten thou! and watch with heedful eye,
Leſt unawares ſome waking foe deſcry
Our bold attempt, while here my wrath I ſlake,
And through the camp our bloody paſſage make.
  He ſaid; and ceaſing, o'er the trenches ſtept,
And firſt he came where learned Alpheus ſlept:
But late th' imperial court of Charles he ſought,
In magic, herbs, and arts prophetic taught:
Here fail'd his ſkill, that ſkill ſo oft believ'd;
While to himſelf, the witleſs ſeer deceiv'd,
Long years of life had promis'd, ſafe from harms,
And death at laſt in his lov'd conſort's arms.
Deep in his throat the wily Pagan ſent
His weapon's point; and next his fury bent
On four that ſpeechleſs dy'd, whoſe names unknown
No Turpin to our age delivers down.

Then

Then Palidon of Moncaliri bleeds,
Who ſlept ſecure between the harneſs'd ſteeds.
At length he came to where, ſupinely ſpread,
An empty vaſe ſupported Grillo's head:
Himſelf had ſwill'd the wine, and now he lay
In peaceful reſt to doze the fumes away:
Large meaſures had he quaff'd, and ſtill extends
In dreams the draught which Cloridano ends.
A Greek and Belgian periſh'd near his ſide,
Who long by night the dice and goblet ply'd.
Thrice happy! had they ply'd till reddening morn
From ſilver Indus made her wiſh'd return.
But Fate would loſe on earth his ſovereign power
Could man with preſcience read the future hour.
  As the gaunt lion, at the ſavage call
Of hunger, overleaps the nightly ſtall;
Then kills, and rends the ſheep with cruel paws,
To glut with bloody food his ravenous jaws:
The Pagan thus, amidſt our ſenſeleſs crew
Immers'd in ſlumber, helpleſs wretches ſlew:
Nor yet he rag'd with bold Medoro's ſteel,
Who ſcorn'd that vulgar lives his force ſhould feel.

Ver. 1237.——*ſilver Indus*—] A principal river in the Eaſt Indies, which gives name to the whole country of India.

He came where duke Labretto lay enclos'd
By his lov'd conſort's arms, in ſleep repos'd:
No air could glide between, ſo cloſe they lay,
Medoro's falchion lopt their heads away:
O envy'd death! for ſure their ſouls conjoin'd
In like embrace, one happy ſtroke conſign'd
To thoſe bleſt regions to receive above
The meed of joy and never-dying love!
Malindo next he ſlew: and at his ſide,
Brave Ardelico and his brother dy'd,
The ſons of Flanders' earl, whom lately prais'd
For martial virtue, Charles had newly rais'd
To knighthood's rank, and either gave to hold,
Mixed with their arms, the fleur-de-lys of gold.
Theſe from the field that glorious day he view'd
Return with weapons ſtain'd in hoſtile blood,
And promis'd each in Friza large domain:
But ſoon Medoro made ſuch promiſe vain!
Thus ſlaughtering on, advanc'd th' inſidious two,
At length they near the rich pavilions drew,

Ver. 1248.——*where duke Labretto lay enclos'd By his lov'd conſort's arms*—] This pathetic incident is not borrowed from Virgil, but our author's own, and unequalled by any death deſcribed in the expedition of Niſus and Euryalus.

Where

Where round the tent of Charles, in arms prepar'd,
The Paladins, by turn, maintain'd the guard.
Here from their bloody work the Pagans ceas'd,
And ſheath'd their falchions and their ſteps repreſs'd;
For well they deem'd that midſt ſo vaſt a hoſt,
Not all could ſleep regardleſs of their poſt.
What wealthy plunder thence might each have born,
But all they ſought was ſafely to return!

First Cloridano led the way, to find
Their ſureſt track; his friend purſu'd behind.
At length they came where in a field of blood,
With falchions, bows, and ſhields, and lances ſtrow'd,
Men mix'd with ſteeds, the poor with wealthy lay,
And kings with ſlaves reduc'd to common clay.
Th' unnumber'd ſlain had made the pious pair
Purſue their ſearch till day with fruitleſs care;
But, at Medoro's ſuit, the moon reveal'd
Her ſilver horns till then in clouds conceal'd:
Fix'd on the ſky he bent his mournful ſight,
And thus addreſs'd the regent of the night.

O ſacred empreſs! by our fathers fam'd!
Who rightly thee their triple goddeſs nam'd!
Thou, who in heaven, in earth, or deepeſt hell,
Through various forms in glory canſt excell!

Who wear'ſt a huntreſs' garb in woods to trace
The haunts of monſters and the ſylvan race;
Show me my murder'd lord in blood imbru'd,
Who, while he liv'd, thy hallow'd ſports purſu'd.
  At this, by chance or at his earneſt prayer,
The moon reſplendent through the vaporous air
Pierc'd the ſtill gloom; as when in virgin charms
She came all naked to Endymion's arms.
Paris with either camp receiv'd the beam:
The plains and mountains whiten'd in the gleam:
Martir and Liri's diſtant hills were bright,
This riſing to the left, and that the right:
But rays more dazzling mark'd the fatal plain
Where lay Almontes' valiant offspring ſlain.
Him by his arms and ſhield's device he knew;
As near his lord Medoro weeping drew,

Ver. 1304. *But rays more dazzling mark'd the fatal plain. Where lay Almontes'*—] This beautiful paſſage is finely copied by Taſſo, where the Dane gives an account to Godfrey of his diſcovering the body of Sweno by moon-light.

> Then from the peaceful regent of the night,
> I ſaw deſcend a ray of ſlanting light:
> Where on the field the breathleſs corſe was laid,
> There full the lunar beam reſplendent play'd.
>
> JERUS. DELIV. B. viii. v. 229.

With face all bath'd in tears, in tears which ſhed
From either eye, eternal fountains fed:
Such were his looks, ſo ſeem'd his plaints to flow,
That paſſing winds might liſten to his woe.
In accents low and murmurs ſcarcely heard
He breath'd his grief; yet think not that he fear'd
To riſk a being he no longer priz'd;
His generous ſoul ſuch abject thoughts deſpis'd;
But moſt he fear'd ſome evil chance to find
T' obſtruct the pious deed his ſoul deſign'd.
Now, on their ſhoulders laid, the friendly pair
The breathleſs corſe, with zeal divided, bear,
Both pale and anxious for their deareſt care.

Soon came the God who gives to day its birth,
The ſtars to chace from Heaven, the ſhades from earth;
When brave Zerbino, from whoſe virtuous breaſt
A general's duty drove ignoble reſt,
Whoſe arm had chac'd the fearful Moors by night,
Return'd to ſeek the camp at dawn of light;
With him a band of knights,—theſe ſoon beheld
The diſtant friends that mov'd along the field
With tardy ſteps: each warrior thither bent
His courſe, to ſhare the ſpoil that chance had ſent.

Now,

Now, now my brother! caſt our load aſide,
And urge our ſwiftneſs (Cloridano cry'd)
'Twere far unmeet, while from the deathful plain
We bear one corſe, two living ſhould be ſlain.
 This ſaid, he quits his hold, nor doubts to make
His friend Medoro now th' attempt forſake;
But he, whoſe pious love more firm remain'd,
The whole dear burden by himſelf ſuſtain'd.
Meanwhile the firſt his feet for ſafety ply'd,
And deem'd his lov'd Medoro at his ſide.
O! had he known that then with foes enclos'd
He left his friend to cruel fate expos'd,
A thouſand dangers would his arm have prov'd
To ſave the youth whom more than life he lov'd.
The horſe, determin'd theſe ſhould die or yield,
Some here, ſome there diſperſing o'er the field,
Cut off the means of flight: their leader near
Enflames their zeal: by every mark of fear,
By every ſemblance, well obſerv'd, he knew
That theſe were warriors of the hoſtile crew.
 Not far remote an ancient foreſt ſtood,
Perplex'd with thickening trees and dwarfiſh wood,
Where not a track the tangled paths diſplay'd,
But foot of beaſts that trod the gloomy ſhade:

Thither the Pagans fled, in hope to meet
Amid the friendly boughs a ſafe retreat.

But he who gives my tale a willing ear
Muſt, at ſome future time, the ſequel hear.

END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CONTINUATION of the episode of Cloridano and Medoro. Angelica finds Medoro wounded; she cures his wound, and becomes enamoured of him. Their marriage. Sansonetto, Astolpho, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Marphisa, are near being shipwrecked in a dreadful storm. They are cast at length on the land of the Amazons. The strange law there instituted. The lot falls on Marphisa to enter the list for her companions. Description of the battle between her and nine champions of the Amazons: She kills them all, and afterwards engages with the tenth, till night puts an end to the combat, which had been fought on both sides with equal valour.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

NONE ſee the heart, while plac'd in proſperous ſtate
On Fortune's wheel, ſuch numbers round them wait
Of true and ſeeming friends; when theſe no leſs
By looks declare that faith, which thoſe poſſeſs.
But ſhould to fair ſucceed tempeſtuous ſkies,
Behold how ſoon each fawning ſuppliant flies!
While he who truly lov'd, unmov'd remains,
And to his patron dead his love maintains,

Ver. 5. *But ſhould to fair ſucceed tempeſtuous ſkies.*]
So Ovid,

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris.

TRIST. Lib. i. Eleg. viii.

When Fortune ſmiles, thou ſeeſt ſurrounding friends;
When clouds ariſe, each boaſted friendſhip ends!

O! did the features give ſincere report,
How oft would thoſe, who ſhine amidſt a court
In pride of rank, who hold their prince's grace,
Change with their peers oppreſt an envy'd place!
The loweſt name might then be lifted high,
The greateſt midſt the crowd degraded lie.
But let us to Medoro turn, who prov'd
His faith to him in life and death belov'd.

For ſafety now the generous youth purſu'd
The paths bewilder'd with entangling wood,
But the dear load he labour'd to ſuſtain,
Made every hope t' eſcape purſuers vain;
While thence far diſtant, from the burthen freed,
His friend in ſafety fled with happier ſpeed.
Soon Cloridano came to where his ear
No more the ſound of trampling horſe could hear:
But when he miſs'd his friend—What chance (he cry'd)
Could from myſelf my better ſelf divide?
Thee could I leave, who late wert wont to ſhare
My neareſt thoughts? Is this my pious care?
Unknowing when or where, from thee I part,
Friend of my choice and brother of my heart!

He ſaid: and ſpeaking, through the winding ſhade
The track reprinted he before had made:

Sought

Sought what he left, and ſwift with panting breath
Returning trod the way that led to death.
He hears the foes, he hears the courſers' noiſe,
And nearer hears the riders' threatening voice;
And, ah! too late his dear Medoro knows,
Whom helpleſs and on foot a hundred horſe encloſe.
This troop Zerbino leads, who gives command
To ſeize the youth; he, preſt on every hand,
Wheels here and there, while all his thought he bends
To ſave his charge, and ſtill his charge defends.
By turns he lurks beyond the Chriſtians' reach
Behind ſome ſheltering elm, or oak, or beech.
At length, unable longer to ſuſtain
His honour'd load, he lays it on the plain,
Still hovering near—ſo when in mountain ſhades,
The hunter-troop a bear's retreat invades;
Around her young the ſavage mother howls
In dreadful anguiſh and with fury growls;
While inbred ſtrength impels her oft to fly
On the bold foe, and deep in carnage dye
Her reeking jaws, maternal love reſtrains
Her rage, and with her cubs the beaſt detains.
Now Cloridano hopeleſs how to lend
His wanted aid, yet fix'd to join his friend

In

In life or death, and ere he clos'd his date,
Refolv'd that more than one ſhould ſhare his fate,
Swift for his bow he choſe the pointed reed,
And took conceal'd his aim with bloody ſpeed:
It reach'd a Scot, and, buried in his brain,
Hurl'd from his ſaddle, lifeleſs to the plain.
At once the Chriſtians turn'd with anxious view,
Exploring whence the murderous weapon flew:
Mean time another by the Pagan ſent,
With equal aim to pierce the ſecond went,
Who, while he loud enquir'd what unſeen hand
Had drawn the bow, and rav'd amid the band,
The hiſſing dart drove on, his weazon cleft,
And while he ſpoke his tongue of ſpeech bereft.

No more their chief Zerbino now repell'd
Th' indignant wrath, that in his boſom ſwell'd,
But ruſhing on Medoro—Thou ſhalt bear
The guilt—he cry'd, then ſeiz'd his golden hair,
And with ſtrong graſp the hapleſs ſtripling drew
To meet the vengeance to another due,
Whoſe hoſtile ſhaft the Scots ill-fated flew.
Then, fixing on his face an earneſt look,
Soft pity kindled and forbade the ſtroke,
As thus the youth his pitying grace implor'd:
O! by that God, in Chriſtian lands ador'd!

Steel

Steel not thy heart, Sir knight! but let me pay
The laſt ſad honours to this ſacred clay:
I aſk not life—O! give me but to breathe
Till to his tomb my ſovereign I bequeath.
But, if with Theban Creon's rage indu'd,
Thou ſeek'ſt to glut each bird and beaſt with food,
Be theſe poor limbs their prey, but hence convey'd
Let firſt Almontes' ſon in earth be laid.
  Medoro thus his moving ſuit addreſs'd,
In words to pierce the moſt obdurate breaſt;
Zerbino ſoon, his wrath decreaſing, felt
His manly ſoul with love and pity melt;
When lo! a knight, by brutal fury ſway'd,
Who little reverence to his leader paid,
While yet he ſpoke, the ruthleſs ſpear addreſs'd
Againſt the tender ſuppliant's youthful breaſt.
With fierce diſpleaſure good Zerbino view'd
Th'inhuman ſtroke, but more when drench'd in blood
He ſaw the youth lie ſenſeleſs on the plain,
That each, who ſaw his fall, believ'd him ſlain.
Thou ſhalt not periſh unreveng'd (he ſaid)
And ſudden turn'd upon th' offender's head

Ver. 86. *But, if with Theban Creon's rage indu'd*] Statius, in the twelfth book of his Thebaid, ſets forth, that Creon publiſhed an edict forbidding the bodies of the enemy to be interred.

To

To wreak the deed; but wheeling round, the knight
His courſer ſpurr'd and urg'd his rapid flight.
When Cloridano, where he ſtood conceal'd,
Beheld Medoro proſtrate on the field,
He left the covert, caſt aſide the bow,
And ruſh'd in frantic rage amidſt the foe,
With lifted weapon to revenge his death,
Or with Medoro yield his lateſt breath.
At length amidſt ſuch numerous ſwords he found
His guſhing blood diſtain the purple ground;
Till life, faſt ebbing with the vital tide,
He ſunk contented by Medoro's ſide.
The Scots then follow'd where their chief they view'd,
Who through the woods his angry way purſu'd.
Behind remain'd the Pagans, one depriv'd
Of life's laſt breath, and one who ſcarce ſurviv'd.
Long time in helpleſs ſtate Medoro lay
While life faſt flow'd in purple ſtreams away.
When, ſent by Fortune to his timely aid,
A damſel came in cottage weeds array'd:
Of humble garb! but of a form moſt rare,
Of courteous manners and majeſtic air.

Ver. 117.— *his angry way purſu'd.*] The account of Zerbino is reſumed in Book xx. ver. 855.

Perchance

Perchance your mem'ry ſcarce recalls to mind,
(So long unſung) this lovelieſt of her kind;
Angelica, through every region known,
The heireſs of Cathay's imperial throne.
When fair Angelica had now regain'd
Her ring which falſe Brunello late detain'd,
Alone ſhe went, and fill'd with ſcorn and pride,
Diſdain'd the nobleſt warrior for her guide:
She bluſh'd to think that, midſt her lovers nam'd,
Orlando or king Sacripant had claim'd
Her leaſt regard, but moſt her haughty mind
Regrets that to Rinaldo once inclin'd,
She, e'er forgetful of her regal ſtate,
Could bend her eyes on ſuch an abject mate.
But Love, who long had mark'd his ſlighted power,
Reſolv'd to bear her cold contempt no more,
By poor Medoro took his watchful ſtand,
And brac'd his bow, and held his ſhafts in hand.
Soon as Angelica with ſad ſurvey
Beheld the youth, who pale and wounded lay,
And midſt his own misfortune ſtill deplor'd
Th' unbury'd corſe of his lamented lord;
Strange pity touch'd her while ſhe liſtening hung
To hear the tale that falter'd on his tongue.

Ver. 130. *When fair Angelica—*] The laſt we heard of Angelica was in book xii. ver. 438.

Then

Then to her mind ſhe call'd, whate'er before
In India taught, ſhe knew of healing lore;
An art in which ſuch numbers there excell'd,
An art by all in praiſe and honour held:
Not learn'd by turning many a weary page,
But by the ſire bequeath'd from age to age.
Once in a lovely mead, with ſearching view,
A plant ſhe met whoſe virtues well ſhe knew;
Or Dittany, or Panacea nam'd,
(Whate'er the herb) for powerful influence fam'd
The blood to ſtaunch and from the wounded part
Each dangerous ſymptom drive and charm the ſmart.
This now ſhe ſought, and, gathering, ſwift return'd
To where his ſlaughter'd lord Medoro mourn'd.
Amidſt her way a ſimple ſwain ſhe view'd
Who through the foreſt on his horſe purſu'd
A gentle heifer, that abroad to roam,
(Then paſt two days) had left her ruſtic home.
The ſwain ſhe led, where, iſſuing with his blood,
Faſt and more faſt Medoro's vigour flow'd,
'Till from his breaſt the ground was dy'd beneath,
And his ſoul hover'd on the verge of death.
The virgin from her palfrey now deſcends,
The peaſant lighting, on her ſteps attends;

The plant ſhe bruiſes with a ſtone, and ſtands
Tempering the juice between her ivory hands.
This o'er his breaſt ſhe ſheds with ſovereign art,
And bathes with gentle touch the wounded part:
The wound ſuch virtue from the juice derives,
At once the blood is ſtaunch'd, the youth revives,
And wondrous feels a ſudden ſtrength beſtow'd:
He mounts the horſe which late the ſhepherd rode;
Yet went not thence, till duly firſt diſpos'd
He ſaw his breathleſs prince with earth enclos'd;
And, laid by noble Dardinello dead,
His Cloridano in one funeral bed.

The virgin to the ſhepherd's cot convey'd
The wounded youth, and there in pity ſtay'd
To wait his health reſtor'd; ſo deep her breaſt
Retain'd the thoughts which firſt his ſight impreſs'd.
She mark'd his every grace, his every charm,
And felt, by ſlow degrees, a new alarm:
Quick beat her pulſe, till ſoon, no more conceal'd,
The flame burſt forth and all her ſoul reveal'd.

Begirt with hills and boſom'd in a wood,
Of ſtructure neat, the peaſant's dwelling ſtood,
Which late himſelf had rais'd: his faithful wife,
And children partners of his humble life.

The damſel there Medoro ſoon reſtor'd
To wonted ſtrength, but ah! meantime deplor'd
Her own deep wound, that rankled in her heart
With heavier anguiſh, while an unſeen dart
The light-wing'd archer, ſtill on miſchief bent,
From ſparkling eyes, and golden ringlets ſent.
Still, ſtill ſhe loves—and while her care is ſhown
To cure another's pains, forgets her own.
Through him ſhe mourns, and while his ſufferings ceaſe,
Her wound but widens and her pangs increaſe.

Ver. 198. *The damſel there Medoro ſoon reſtor'd*] Spenſer has imitated this paſſage of Arioſto, relative to Medoro and Angelica, in his ſtory of Belphæbe and Timias the ſquire, where the virgin in like manner heals Timias; but in one reſpect the picture is reverſed; Angelica in Arioſto is enamoured of Medoro, but in Spenſer it is Timias who feels a growing paſſion for Belphæbe. Belphæbe, like Angelica, is ſkilled in the knowledge of herbs.

"For ſhe of herbs had great intendiment."

"Ladies of great antiquity, of the higheſt rank, were ſkilful in phyſic and ſurgery. Who is ignorant of Medea the daughter of a king? of Circe, or of the wife of Thone, who taught Helena the uſe and nature of Nepenthe? Let us turn to romance writers, no ſmall imitators of Homer. Sir Philip Sydney in his Arcadia, p. 69, introduces Gynecia having ſkill in ſurgery. In like manner Erminia in Taſſo attends and heals the wounded Tancred."

See UPTON's Notes on Spenſer.

He gains, ſhe loſes ſtrength; and now, by turns,
With cold ſhe freezes, and with heat ſhe burns.
From day to day improv'd his beauty ſhines:
She, hapleſs maid, with waſting ſorrow pines,
Like fleecy ſnows that, in the warmth of day,
In heaps diſſolve before the ſolar ray:
Sick with deſire, from him ſhe would receive
What only can her ſoul's dear health retrieve;
Yet fear'd that gentle bliſs ſhe ſought to gain,
She from his proffer'd love might hope in vain;
Hence to her virgin ſhame ſhe loos'd the ties,
And gave her tongue the licenſe of her eyes;
Till he, unconſcious of the wound he made,
Heard her with ſighs implore his pitying aid.
  O brave Orlando! O Circaſſia's king!
What are the virtues that unheeded ſpring
In breaſts like yours! In vain your boaſted fame;
Where now the meed your glorious labours claim?
Declare one courteous act, one kind regard
She e'er beſtow'd your ſufferings to reward.

Ver. 212. *Like fleecy ſnows*—] Spenſer probably had his eye upon this paſſage in the lines deſcribing the ſquire Timias falling in love with Belphæbe.

> Yet ſtill he waſted, as the ſnow congeal'd
> When the bright ſun his beams thereon doth beat.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. iii. c. v. ſt. 49.

O! could'ſt thou, princely Agrican, ariſe,
Reſtor'd from nether ſhades to upper ſkies!
O ſtern Ferrau! O thouſands more unnam'd;
That oft her heart with truth and courage claim'd;
How would you now with jealous pangs behold
A rival's happy arms her limbs enfold!
Thus fair Angelica her grace beſtows
On young Medoro, bids him pluck the roſe
Untouch'd before, and range the hallow'd grove
Where never yet adventurous feet might rove.
Meantime the maid to ſanctify her flame,
With holy marriage rites conceal'd the ſhame:
Love preſent ſmil'd, and to the nuptial bed
The ſhepherd's wife the bluſhing fair one led.
One happy month, befitting where they dwell'd
In humble roof, a ruſtic feaſt they held.
The damſel, never abſent from his ſight,
Hangs on her lover with untir'd delight;
For ever round him glues her twining arms,
And claſps his neck, and kindles at his charms.
With him in lowly cot, or leafy bower,
By night, by day, ſhe waſtes the fleeting hour.
At morn and eve by cryſtal ſtreams they ſtray,
Or trace the verdant meadow's flowery way.
At ſultry noon they ſeek a gloomy cave,
Like that which from the ſtorm a ſhelter gave,

What

What time the Trojan prince and Tyrian queen*
Their loves entrufted to the facred fcene.
Where'er a tree its verdant boughs difplay'd
O'er rills and founts to caft a waving fhade,
The knife and pointed fteel the bark imprefs'd,
And oft the rocks their fportive toys confefs'd.
A thoufand parts reveal'd their mutual flames,
A thoufand places fhow'd the lovers' names,
Angelica and her Medoro twin'd,
In pofied wreaths and amorous knots combin'd.
Now rolling time reprov'd the damfel's ftay,
And urg'd her to refume her purpos'd way,
In India's realms, at rich Cathay to crown
Her dear Medoro on the regal throne.
Around her arm a golden circlet brac'd
Of rareft worth, with fparkling jewels grac'd,
In fign of brave Orlando's love fhe wore,
And long preferv'd the valu'd gift fhe bore.
To Ziliantes this Morgana gave,
What time fhe kept him hid beneath the wave;

He

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* Æneas and Dido.

Ver. 272. *To Ziliantes this Morgana gave,*—] Morgana, the fairy of riches (fee Note on Book vi. ver. 269.) Ziliantes was fon

 of

He, to his father Monodant reſtor'd
Ere long by virtue of Orlando's ſword,
This coſtly bracelet with a grateful mind
Beſtow'd, Orlando's conquering arm to bind,

By

---

of Monodant, and younger brother to Brandimart: he was beloved by Morgana, and after having been eighteen years detained by her in her ſubterraneous palace, was ſet at liberty by the valour of Orlando. The ſtory of this fairy and her dwelling is full of imagination, and thus told by Boyardo.

Orlando, travelling to the aſſiſtance of Angelica, was met by a lady ſeated on a palfrey, having in her hands a book, and wearing at her girdle a rich horn of exquiſite workmanſhip; ſhe addreſſed the knight in this manner.

" Sir knight, you have now met with a moſt wonderful and perilous adventure, which requires all the valour of ſuch a champion as your appearance beſpeaks you to be. This horn, which is made by enchantment, muſt be ſounded three times, and every time of ſounding the horn conſult the book, which will inſtruct you what is further to be done: but if any knight ſhould find his courage fail at the firſt blaſt of the horn, he will be for ever made priſoner in the iſland of the enchanted lake. The firſt and ſecond time of ſounding the horn will expoſe you to moſt dreadful and unheard-of perils, but the third time will finiſh the adventure, and put it in your power, without any further trial of valour, to make all the remainder of your life completely happy."

Orlando, having heard this, expreſſed his eager deſire to undertake the adventure; and receiving from the lady's hand the

book

By him decreed in future time to prove
With fair Angelica his pledge of love.
Not for the giver, or his ſuit deſpis'd,
But for its coſt the precious gift ſhe priz'd.

This

---

book and horn, he ſounded ſuch a blaſt as made the earth tremble, and immediately a rock dividing in two parts, diſcovered a vaſt opening in the earth, whence ruſhed out two furious bulls with horns of iron, and hides of different colours. Orlando, upon having recourſe to his book, was inſtructed to yoke the bulls and plough up the field that lay round the rock: this, after an obſtinate battle with the bulls, he performed; and then ſetting them at liberty, they fled with dreadful bellowings to the foreſt, and diſappeared. Orlando ſounded the horn a ſecond time, when the earth again trembled, and a mountain near him opening, its ſummit caſt forth flames in great abundance. While the knight impatiently waited for the iſſue, a huge dragon came forth of moſt tremendous aſpect; his ſcales were green and ſhone with gold, his wings of different colours, he brandiſhed beyond his ſharp teeth three tongues, and made a dreadful noiſe with the laſhing of his tail, while volumes of ſmoke, mixed with ſparks and fire, iſſued from his mouth and ears. Orlando having again conſulted his book, was ordered to attack the monſter with the utmoſt celerity, and attempt to ſever his head from his body before the poiſonous fumes ſhould have any fatal effect; this done, he was directed to take out all the dragon's teeth, and ſow them in the furrows which he had juſt ploughed up. The knight then intrepidly advanced to attack the monſter, who came towards him with wings extended, and opening his jaws to ſwallow him. Orlando found himſelf moſt dreadfully annoyed with the poiſon and fire; his

 ſhield

This midſt the* iſle of tears ſhe ſtrangely kept,
(Where captive maids their cruel fortune wept)
When, bound by ſavage hands, ſhe naked ſtood
To feed the monſter riſing from the flood.

Now

ſhield was immediately conſumed, his creſt caught the flame, and all his apparel was nearly burnt to aſhes, while the ſmoke was ſo thick that he could not ſee to aim his blows, till at length by a fortunate ſtroke he cut off the head of his enemy, and drawing out the teeth, ſowed them, as the book had directed, in the furrows of the new-ploughed field. Turpin relates, that immediately the creſts of helmets began to appear above the ground, next, the breaſts and ſhoulders of armed men, till a numerous company with ſhouts and clamours, and the clangor of horns and trumpets, united their weapons, and furiouſly attacked the earl; but he, drawing his ſword Durindana, and remounting his horſe, received them with ſuch valour, that the whole number were ſoon ſlain, and thus ended their life nearly as ſoon as it began.

It now remained to ſound the horn for the laſt time, which Orlando having done, looked round to ſee the concluſion of the adventure; when nothing appearing, he began to think himſelf mocked: at length he beheld coming towards him through the flowery meadow a white ſtag, at which he exclaimed with great marks of diſappointment, "Is this the wonderful end of my labours?" He then threw his book and horn on the ground, and was about to depart with indignation, but the lady ſtopping him cried out, "Stay, valorous knight, and learn that no king or warrior could ever meet with a

more

* Ebuda. See page 386, for a note on this line.

Now wanting gold to give the ſimple pair,
The ſhepherd and his wife, whoſe honeſt care
Show'd, while the lovers ſhar'd their homely board,
Such friendly welcome as their means afford,

This

more wonderful adventure than this; know, that thy work is not yet finiſhed: Not far from hence is a place called the iſland of Riches, where dwells the fairy Morgana, who is deputed by Heaven to diſpenſe to mortals all the wealth that is enjoyed in this world: ſhe hides her treaſures in the bowels of the earth, and has ſent this white hind to enrich you, as a glorious recompence for your having three times ſounded that horn, which no man before ever ſounded a ſecond time. The fairy ſends through the world this ſtag, which is enchanted, and has, as thou ſeeſt, golden horns: he who wiſhes to take him muſt purſue him with unremitted vigour for ſix days, and on the ſeventh day he will ſtop by the ſide of a fountain to waſh, and there ſuffer himſelf to be taken: this wonderful animal ſheds his horns ſix times a day, every branch of his horns bears thirty ingots of gold: ſo that having obtained this ſtag, thou wilt be poſſeſſed of every happineſs which wealth can purchaſe, and may'ſt moreover acquire the love of the fairy Morgana, whoſe beauty is unparalleled."

Orlando ſcarcely ſuffered the lady to finiſh her diſcourſe, but replied with a ſmile, that he was not come thither for ſuch intent, that he deſpiſed riches, and only ſought for the reward that attends great and glorious actions*.

Upon this Orlando delivered the book and horn again to the lady, and reſumed his journey towards Albracca.

* See Note to Book. vi. ver. 269.

 Aſtolpho

This from her arm ſhe drew, and bade the ſwain
The valu'd treaſure for her ſake retain.
Now towr'ds the hills the happy lovers ride,
The ſteepy hills that France from Spain divide;
Thence to Valencia they direct their way,
Or Barcelona there awhile to ſtay,

Till

Aſtolpho, Rinaldo, Iroldo, and Praſildo travelling together found a lady in great affliction, who related to them that her ſiſter was fallen into the hands of a cruel giant, who having ſtripped her naked and bound her to a tree, ſcourged her from time to time in a moſt inhuman manner: on this the knights engaged to do their utmoſt to deliver her; and ſoon after all together arrived at a river, over which was a bridge ſo narrow that only one perſon could paſs on foot: on the further ſide the river was a tower where the villain inhabited, and in the meadow a large and deep lake: the knights beheld the unfortunate woman tied to a cypreſs tree and bathed in blood, while her tormentor exerciſed his cruelty upon her. Iroldo and Praſildo having firſt paſſed the bridge ſeparately attacked the villain, but were both overcome and caſt by him to the bottom of the lake. Rinaldo then attacked him; and after an obſtinate combat, the villain, in vain endeavouring to diſengage himſelf from Rinaldo's hold, threw himſelf with Rinaldo into the lake, where both immediately ſunk to the bottom and diſappeared, leaving Aſtolpho in great affliction for the loſs of his friend. The lady, who was tied to the tree, was releaſed, and the two ſiſters with Aſtolpho departed, taking with them Rinaldo's horſe Bayardo.

Orlando, having deſtroyed the garden of Falerina*, arrived, accompanied by that enchantreſs, where the above mentioned warriors

* See Note to Book xli. ver 192, for this ſtory.

with

Till thence ſome veſſel with propitious gale,
Should looſe for eaſtern lands the ſpreading ſail:
And now, deſcending from the mountain's height,
The ſea below Garona ſtruck their ſight.

Thus

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with Dudon, who had ſince been made priſoner with them, were kept in the enchanted lake. The earl there beheld a trophy raiſed of the arms of Rinaldo, and ſuppoſing him to be ſlain, forgot all the enmity that had ſubſiſted between them, immediately paſſed over the bridge to revenge his death, and furiouſly attacked Arridano, who lay in the meadow exulting over the trophy of Rinaldo. A dreadful battle enſued between them; for Morgana had not only given Arridano impenetrable armour, but had formed ſuch a ſpell that the ſtrength of the giant always exceeded ſix times the ſtrength of every one with whom he was engaged. At length Arridano, ſeizing Orlando, as he had before Rinaldo, plunged with him headlong into the lake. Falerina, terrified at the ſight, immediately fled; and as ſoon as the combatants reached the bottom, Orlando found himſelf in the middle of a beautiful meadow, ſurrounded by a wall of cryſtal. The knight, as he fell, endeavoured in vain to eſcape from the graſp of Arridano, but as ſoon as they touched the ground, his enemy looſened his hold and thought to ſtrip him of his armour, when the earl renewed the combat with greater fury than ever, and at length, by the help of his ſword Baliſarda, againſt which no enchantment could avail, he deprived the enemy of life.

Orland then, entering at a portal which he diſcovered in a rock, paſſed on for a long time in total darkneſs, till at laſt he diſcovered a light that ſhone like the ſun at noon day, when he came to the bank of a wide river, over which was a long narrow bridge, where ſtood the figure of an armed man all of iron, and beyond the bridge was

Thus journeying on, upon the ſands they view
A naked man of pale and ghaſtly hue;
Like ſome foul ſwain he lies with brutal mien,
His ſenſe diſtraught, his limbs with filth obſcene:
He

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was a plain heaped with pearls and precious ſtones, more in number than the flowers that adorn the earth in ſpring or the ſtars of Heaven. This place contained the treaſures of the fairy Morgana.

Orlando then with his drawn ſword attempting to paſs the bridge, the armed figure ſtruck it with his maſſy club, and the whole pile ſunk immediately into the river: while Orlando ſtood gazing in admiration, another bridge appeared in the place of the former: the knight again attempted the paſſage, but the armed figure again raiſed his club, and the bridge ſunk as before. Orlando thus baffled, yet determined to reach the further ſide, now exerting all his ſtrength, with a prodigious effort leaped over the river, armed as he was, and alighted ſafe in the meadow, where entering into a large ſquare building he beheld the figure of a king ſeated on a throne with numbers ſtanding round him: they were all formed of gold, and covered with pearls, rubies, and diamonds: before the king was a table ſpread with a moſt magnificent banquet; but over his head was ſuſpended a drawn ſword with the point downward, and at his left hand ſtood one with his bow bent as ready to let fly an arrow; on his right ſide ſtood another, exactly reſembling the former, holding a ſcroll in his hand with this inſcription: "*Riches and Pomp are of no value if poſſeſſed with fear, and Pleaſure and Greatneſs avail us nothing if acquired with the loſs of peace.*" On the middle of the table, on a fleur-

He leaps upon them fierce (as unwares
A ſnarling cur the paſſing ſtranger ſcares)
And threatens ſore to work them woe, and ſcorn:
But to Marphiſa let us now return*.

To

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fleur-de-lys of gold, was a ruby of a prodigious ſize, which gave light to all the place, and on each ſide was a door that led from the ſaloon. Orlando, who paid little attention to the riches which he beheld, attempted to enter one of the doors, but found no light to guide his ſteps: recalling then to mind the carbuncle, he reſolved to make uſe of it, and advanced to ſeize it, but the figure, that ſtood with his bow bent, immediately let fly an arrow that ſtruck the carbuncle, which immediately flew off from the fleur-de-lys, and left the earl in darkneſs: a dreadful earthquake then followed, accompanied with repeated claps of thunder, while Orlando ſtood undaunted expecting the iſſue. The earthquake and thunder ceaſing, the ſtone again took its place on the fleur-de-lys, and enlightened the ſaloon with more ſplendor than before. The knight attempted again to ſeize the carbuncle, but the archer again ſhot his arrow, and all was left in darkneſs; the thunder and earthquake returned, and continued above an hour, till the carbuncle once more reſumed its ſtation. Orlando, determined to purſue his purpoſe, ruſhed forwards intrepidly with his lifted ſhield, on which he received the arrow that fell ineffectual to the ground, he then took the ſtone without further oppoſition, and, directing his ſteps by the enchanted light, deſcended a ſtaircaſe which led to a priſon, in which were confined Rinaldo, Brandimart, and Dudon. Orlando beheld on a rock the following words engraven: "Whoever thou art, O knight or damſel! that haſt reached this place, know that thou ſhalt never return, unleſs thou

canſt

* He follows Angelica and Medoro, B. xxix. ver. 413.

To her, to Gryphon, Aquilant again,
To good Aſtolpho let us change the ſtrain,
Who ſpent with toil, while preſent death they view'd,
But ill oppos'd the furies of the flood: 311

Three

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canſt ſeize the fairy that inhabits theſe regions, whoſe locks grow only from her forehead, and who is bald behind." Orlando, having read this inſcription, traverſed a beautiful meadow enamelled with a thouſand different flowers, and at laſt eſpyed Morgana aſleep by the ſide of a fountain; he ſtood ſome time in contemplation of her beauty, when he ſuddenly heard a voice that bad him ſeize the fairy by her fore lock before ſhe awaked and eſcaped his hands: at the ſound of this voice Orlando turning, came to a rock of cryſtal, through which he beheld impriſoned Dudon, Rinaldo, and Brandimart: at this ſight the earl, greatly afflicted, lifted up his ſword to have hewn an opening in the rock, but the three knights called aloud to him to forbear, for ſhould the rock be broken they muſt all inevitably periſh. Orlando was then addreſſed by a beautiful impriſoned lady, who ſeemed in great affliction, and told him there was no way to enter the priſon but by a gate which appeared of diamonds and emeralds, of which Morgana kept the keys; to procure which he muſt immediately return to the fountain, and endeavour to ſecure her perſon. The earl, impatient to enter the rock, haſtened back to the fountain, where he found the fairy dancing, and ſinging theſe words: "Whoever is deſirous to enjoy in this world wealth, pleaſure, honours, and dignities, let him lay hold on this golden lock that I wear from my forehead, and I will fulfil all his wiſhes: but let him not forego the advantage in his power, ſince time paſt can never be recalled; I ſhall turn from him and leave him to lament his folly."

So

Three days the ſtorm with ceaſeleſs terror rag'd,
And gave no token yet of wrath aſſuag'd;
The hoſtile ſurge and wind's increaſing power
From head to ſtern the planks and tackling tore;
And

So ſung the fairy; but as ſoon as ſhe beheld Orlando approaching, ſhe immediately fled with the utmoſt ſpeed, the knight purſuing her till they left the meadow, and came into a country full of briars and brambles; and now the ſky was ſuddenly overcaſt, when from a dark cave ruſhed out a female figure of ghaſtly appearance, with a pale and meagre countenance, holding in her hand a ſcourge, which ſhe continually exerciſed on herſelf; but ſeeing Orlando hold Morgana in chaſe, ſhe began to follow him, and when he demanded who ſhe was, ſhe replied, "My name is Repentance, and I am come to bear you company till the end of your courſe, during which you muſt feel the ſeverity of my ſtripes." As ſhe ſpoke thus, Orlando continued to purſue Morgana, while the hag cloſe behind from time to time applied her ſcourge to him, nor could all his threats or valour free him from her perſecution: at length he overtook the fairy, and faſtening his hand in her lock, the hag, that till then had followed, immediately left him, the ſky cleared up, the country aſſumed a ſmiling appearance, and, inſtead of thorns and briars, the earth was covered with odoriferous flowers. Orlando having ſtayed the fairy, demanded of her the keys of the priſon; which ſhe engaged to deliver to him, upon condition that he would leave behind Ziliantes, the ſon of Monodant; to which Orlando agreed. Morgana then gave up the keys, and all her priſoners, except Ziliantes, were ſet at liberty.

After Orlando had atchieved this adventure, he fell with Brandimart into the hands of Monodant, who had long endeavoured to

And what unbroken ſeem'd the ſtorm to brave,
The ſailor hew'd and hurl'd into the wave.
One ſtands apart and marks with head declin'd
The veſſel's courſe, as pale beſide him ſhin'd

The

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get Orlando into his power, in order to deliver him up to Morgana, who, on theſe terms, had promiſed to reſtore his ſon Ziliantes: Brandimart perſuaded his friend to make his eſcape, and remained behind in his ſtead. Orlando then repaired again to the enchanted dwelling of Morgana, when coming to the river and bridge, where he formerly encountered Arridano, he beheld a lady bitterly weeping and lamenting over the body of a dead dragon: while Orlando ſtood wondering at ſuch a ſpectacle, the lady took the dragon in her arms, and entering a bark went into the middle of the lake, and ſuddenly diſappeared. In the mean-time another lady accoſted Orlando: this was Flordelis, wife to Brandimart, who now implored the aſſiſtance of the earl for her huſband, whom ſhe ſuppoſed to be priſoner in the palace of Morgana, but was to her great joy acquainted that Brandimart had been already freed from that confinement, and that Orlando had once more undertaken the adventure of the lake to deliver Ziliantes from the fairy.

While Flordelis was making vows for the ſucceſs of Orlando, the knight advanced towards a little gate concealed under a rock covered over with thorns and brambles, by which he lately left the ſubterranean dwelling: through this, after a long deſcent, he came, to the place where the golden king ſat at the table, and paſſed on till he arrived at the garden of Morgana, where he ſaw the fairy by the ſide of the fountain with the beautiful youth Ziliantes, whom ſhe was careſſing with the utmoſt tenderneſs, but whoſe face was ſtill impreſſed

The lanthorn's gleam, and one with careful ſight
The hold examines by the torches' light. 321
One at the prow, one at the ſtern explores
The glaſſes' ſands that ſhow the waining hours,
And

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impreſſed with a deadly paleneſs, through the cruel recollection o his late dreadful metamorphoſis.

When Orlando, after having ſlain Arridano, had delivered the priſoners, and departed, Morgana, whoſe cruelty exceeded her beauty, by the force of ſpells and incantations, transformed the wretched Ziliantes into the ſhape of a fearful dragon, in order to place him as a guard to the bridge; but whether from a too powerful application of her ſpells, or from whatever other cauſe, no ſooner had the youth aſſumed his new form, but he uttered a loud cry and expired. The fairy, inconſolable at this event, carried him back with her to her habitation, where by her powerful art ſhe reſtored him again to life and to his own natural ſhape.

As ſoon as Orlando ſaw Morgana, he ruſhed upon her, and ſeized her by the locks, when ſhe immediately had recourſe to ſupplications, offering him infinite riches if he would permit Ziliantes ſtill to remain with her; the knight, deaf to all her entreaties, took Ziliantes by the hand and led him up the paſſage by which he had deſcended; but before he releaſed the fairy, whom he ſtill held by the locks, he made her ſwear by Demogorgon, the terror of fairies, that ſhe never more would diſturb him with her incantations. Morgana having ſworn, deſcended to her habitation, and Orlando with Ziliantes came out at the entrance of the rock, where they found Flordelis on her knees. All three then departed together for the court of Monodant, where Orlando delivered Ziliantes to his father,
and

And oft returns to learn the veſſel's way,
How far her track, and how her bearings lay.
Then in the middle ſhip, with chart in hand,
Each haſtens where th' affrighted ſailor-band
Their pilot meet, and mutual aid demand.

Now

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and where Brandimart, who had been ſtolen away in his infancy, was diſcovered to be the ſon of Monodant, and elder brother to Ziliantes."

Orl. Inn. Book i. C. xxiv. xxv. Book ii. C. vii. viii. xii. xiii.

Amidſt all the extravagant wildneſs of theſe fictions of romance, the claſſic reader will diſcover many incidents taken from the heroic and mythological fables of antiquity: In peruſing the adventure of the enchanted horn, atchieved by Orlando in the beginning of this narrative, every one muſt remember the dragon of Cadmus, and the bulls of Jaſon. It has been already obſerved (ſee Note to Book vi. ver. 269.) that Spenſer had undoubtedly in his eye the palace of Morgana, when he deſcribed the riches of Mammon; he has a man of golden mold, that like the Italian poet's iron guard, defends a paſſage.

He brought him to a darkſome narrow ſtrait,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold;
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A ſturdy villain ſtriding ſtiff and bold,
As if the higheſt God defy he would;
In his right hand an iron club he held,
But he himſelf was all of golden mold, &c.

Fairy Queen, Book ii. C. vii. ſt. 40.

Mr.

Now to Limiſſo's fatal coaſt we ſteer*;
(Thus one began) her dangerous ſands appear!
See! Tripoly's ſharp rocks (another cry'd)
That oft the veſſel's ſhatter'd planks divide.
One

Mr. Warton gives an account of a book, intitled Geſta Romanorum, date ſuppoſed to be about 1473, where among many wonderful ſtories, is a ſtory, the latter part of which is very ſimilar to this deſcent of Orlando to the palace of Morgana.

" There was an image in the city of Rome, which ſtretched forth its right hand, on the middle finger of which was written, STRIKE HERE. For a long time none could underſtand the meaning of this myſterious inſcription. At length a certain ſubtle clerk, who came to ſee this famous image, obſerved, as the ſun ſhone againſt it, the ſhadow of the inſcribed finger on the ground at ſome diſtance. He immediately took a ſpade, and began to dig exactly on that ſpot. He came at length to a flight of ſteps which deſcended far under ground, and led him to a ſtately palace: here he entered a hall, where was a king and queen ſitting at a table with their nobles and a multitude of people all clothed in rich garments; but no perſon ſpoke a word. He looked towards one corner, where he ſaw a poliſhed carbuncle, which illuminated the whole room: in the oppoſite corner he perceived the figure of a man ſtanding, having a bended bow with an arrow in his hand, as prepared to ſhoot. On his forehead was written, I AM WHO AM, *nothing can eſcape my ſtroke, not even yonder carbuncle which ſhines ſo bright.* The clerk beheld all with amazement, and entering a chamber, ſaw the moſt beautiful ladies working at the loom in purple; but all was ſilence. He then

* See note on this line, page 387.

One cries—Behold us on Satalia borne,
Which many a mariner has cauſe to mourn.
Each reaſons as he thinks, while every breaſt
Pale terror and deſpair alike poſſeſs'd.

Th'

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then entered a ſtable full of the moſt excellent horſes and aſſes; he touched ſome of them, and they were immediately turned into ſtone. He next ſurveyed all the apartments of the palace, which abounded with all that his wiſhes could deſire: he again viſited the hall, and now began to reflect how he ſhould return; but (ſays he) all my report of theſe things will not be believed, unleſs I carry ſomething back with me. He therefore took from the principal table a golden cap and a golden knife, and placed them in his boſom, when the man, who ſtood in the corner with the bow, immediately ſhot at the carbuncle, which he ſhattered into a thouſand pieces; at that moment it became dark as night: In this darkneſs not being able to find his way, he remained in the ſubterranean palace, and ſoon died a miſerable death."

See WARTON's Hiſtory of Poetry, vol. iii. p. xliv.

Ver. 282. *This midſt the iſle of tears ſhe ſtrangely kept,*] Ruſcelli, the Italian commentator, has taken great pains to reconcile the ſeeming impoſſibility that Angelica ſhould continue in poſſeſſion of this bracelet, when ſhe was ſtript naked by the people of Ebuda: he ſuppoſes that theſe iſlanders, who are repreſented ſo ſuperſtitious by the poet, might think it a more acceptable and honourable offering to Proteus, if they expoſed the virgin with this ornament to be devoured by the monſter, as the ancients were accuſtomed in their ſacrifices to gild the horns of the victim, and decorate them

with

Th' enſuing morn with greater force prevail'd
The wind and ſea that ſtill the bark aſſail'd.
At once the wind the ſhatter'd foreſail tears,
And from the helm the ſea the rudder bears.
Who fears not now muſt bear a breaſt of ſteel,
Or marble heart, unknowing how to feel.
Marphiſa, ſhe, who danger late defy'd,
No longer here her ſecret dread deny'd.
What vows of pilgrimage the ſeamen frame!
To Sinai, Rome, Ettino's virgin-dame,

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with other idle ceremonies. But ſurely the poet might as well himſelf have thus accounted for the difficulty in his narative: this may ſerve, however, as one ſpecimen, among many others, of the genius of the Italian commentators, who would generally defend their favourite poet in the moſt glaring abſurdity.

Ver. 308.—*Gryphon, Aquilant—Aſtolpho,*—] Sanſonetto is here omitted by the poet, though one of their company.

Ver. 329. *Now to Limiſſo's fatal coaſt*—] Called by the ancients Syrtes; certain dangerous ſands on the confines of Afric near Egypt.

Ver. 346.——*Ettino's virgin-dame,*] Some ſay, that by Ettino is meant a certain church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, built among the ruins of Aquileia: and ſo called from Utino, a rock in the city. Others ſay, that it is a place in Candia, called Tino, where is a church dedicated to the Virgin famous for many imputed miracles.

PORCACCHI.

Galitia, Cyprus, but o'er all ſo dear,
That hallow'd tomb which Chriſtian ſouls revere!
Meantime aloft amidſt the ſurging tides,
Amidſt the clouds the groaning veſſel rides.
The trembling pilot from the creaking maſt
The mainſail cuts, and now he bids to caſt
From poop or prow, into the greedy flood,
Huge cheſts and bales, with every uſeleſs load.
He clear'd each part, and to the roaring wave
Rich merchandize and ſhining treaſures gave.
One ply'd the pump, from ruſhing ſtreams to free
The ſhip, and to the ſea return'd the ſea.
Another watch'd where'er the ſurge he 'ſpy'd
With laſhing force the plank from plank divide.
 Four dreadful days, on mountain-billows caſt,
The ſeamen toil'd, and every hope was paſt;
When ſudden breaking on their raptur'd ſight,
Appear'd the ſplendor of Saint Ermo's light;

Low

Ver. 364.—*Saint Ermo's light;*] Naturaliſts explain that theſe lights which appear to ſailors are from natural cauſes, and believe that they not only are ſeen on the maſts of ſhips, but alſo on the tops of lances in an army. It is however the firm opinion of mariners, that ſuch phænomena are ſent as marks of favour from their protector Saint Ermo, whoſe remains are held in great veneration at Gaeta. RUSCALLI.

Camöens

Low ſettling on the prow, with ray ſerene
It ſhone, for maſts or ſails no more were ſeen.
The crew elated ſaw the dancing gleam;
Each, on his knees, ador'd the favouring beam;

Camöens in his Luſiad deſcribes theſe lights that are often ſeen in the time of a ſtorm: Gama, giving an account of his voyage to the king of Melinda, ſays:

> Thoſe dreadful wonders of the deep I ſaw
> Which filled the ſailors' breaſts with ſacred awe;
> And which the ſages, of their learning vain,
> Eſteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain:
> That living fire, by ſeamen held divine,
> Of Heaven's own care in ſtorms the holy ſign,
> Which midſt the horrors of the tempeſt plays,
> And on the blaſts' dark wings will gaily blaze;
> Theſe eyes diſtinct have ſeen that living fire
> Glide through the ſtorm and round my ſails aſpire.

Mickle, Book v.

" This phænomenon is thus accounted for in Natural Hiſtory. The ſulphureous vapours of the air, after being violently agitated by a tempeſt, unite, and when the humidity begins to ſubſide, as is the caſe when the ſtorm is almoſt exhauſted, by the agitation of their atoms, they take fire, and are attracted by the maſts and cordage of the ſhip. Being thus naturally the pledges of the approaching calm, it is no wouder that the ſuperſtition of ſailors ſhould in all ages have eſteemed them divine. In the expedition of the Golden Fleece, in a violent tempeſt, theſe fires were ſeen to hover over the heads of

And begg'd, with trembling voice and watery eyes,
A truce from threatening waves and raging ſkies.
The ſtorm (till then relentleſs) ceas'd to roar,
South, Eaſt, and bluſtering North were heard no more:
Now reign'd ſole tyrant o'er the ſeas extent,
Th' inclement Weſt, while from his mouth he ſent
A powerful blaſt, and with it urg'd along
The foamy current, terrible and ſtrong;
That drove the flying bark with ſwifter force
Than ſtrength of wing impels the falcon's courſe,
While the pale pilot deem'd his veſſel loſt,
Or driven beyond our world to Ocean's utmoſt coaſt.
The wary ſeaman hence his ſkill apply'd,
And from the poop amidſt the tumbling tide
His anchor caſt: the anchor ſlipp'd at need
With haulſer huge, abates their fearful ſpeed.
By this, but chief by Heaven's preſerving aid,
Whoſe happy omen, on the prow diſplay'd,
Reviv'd their hope, the ſhip ſecurely rode,
That elſe had ſunk entomb'd beneath the flood.

Caſtor and Pollux, who were two of the Argonauts, and a calm immediately enſued. After the apotheoſis of theſe heroes, the Grecian ſailors invoked theſe fires by the names of Caſtor and Pollux, or the ſons of Jupiter."

MICKLE's Note to the above paſſage.

Now from Laiazzo's gulph the Syrian lands
They ſee, where high a peopled city ſtands,
Of circuit wide; and nearer they ſurvey
A fort on either ſide to guard the bay.
Soon as the pilot well the land eſpies,
On his pale cheek the frighted colour dies:
He loaths the hateful coaſt; yet would he try
The deep once more, he knows not how to fly:
His maſts and yards are loſt, and rent away
His ſails and tackling ſcatter'd o'er the ſea.
The wretch, whom fate ordains theſe climes to gain,
Is made a captive, or unpity'd ſlain.
While thus they paus'd, the ſeamen fear'd to view
Embarking from the ſhore a numerous crew,
With veſſels arm'd againſt their ſhip unite,
Unfit for ſea, but more unfit for fight.
While thus in fearful doubt the pilot ſtands
Which courſe to take, the Engliſh knight demands
What ſecret thoughts his wavering breaſt divide,
And why he ſought not in the port to ride?
To whom the pilot thus—Yon hoſtile ſtrand
Is lin'd with women, whoſe inhuman hand,

By

Ver. 409. *To whom the pilot thus—Yon hoſtile ſtrand Is lin'd with women,—*] This ſtrange ſtory of the

Amazons

By ancient law, each ſtranger-gueſt conſigns
To death relentleſs, or in chains confines:
He only 'ſcapes, whoſe arms in meaſur'd field
Can make ten champions to his proweſs yield;
And next, at night, a ſofter conflict prove,
To win ten females in the liſts of love.
Should he t' atchieve the former taſk ſuffice,
But in the ſecond fail, he ſurely dies!
He dies! and, deſtin'd to ignoble toil,
His friends their cattle feed, or turn the ſoil!
In both the trials ſhould ſucceſs enſue,
He gains full freedom for his ſocial crew,
Himſelf unfree—for huſband he remains
Of ten fair females, as his choice ordains.
  Aſtolpho heard, nor could from laughter hold
At this ſtrange cuſtom by the pilot told.
Now Sanſonetto, now Marphiſa near,
Now Gryphon with his brother came to hear
Why thus aloof the ſhatter'd bark remain'd,
Nor with her crew th' inviting harbour gain'd.
Here let me periſh (thus the pilot ſpoke)
Ere bow my neck to ſuch ignoble yoke.

Amazons is not to be found in Boyardo. Arioſto in this fable ſeems to have blended the accounts of the Amazons of antiquity with thoſe of the women of Lemnos.

Alike

Alike with him agreed the ſailor crew:
Not ſo Marphiſa and the warlike few,
Far other they, who ſafer deem'd the ſhore
Beſet with arms, than ſeas where tempeſts roar;
Who more the billows fear'd and wrecking ſands
Than weapons brandiſh'd in a hundred hands.
This—every place—they held ſecure from fear,
Where'er their graſp could wield the ſword or ſpear,
Eager they burn the hoſtile ſtrand to gain;
But England's warrior, foremoſt of the train,
Demands to land; his magic horn he knew
(If arms ſhould fail) would every force ſubdue.
Now divers parts they took: one loudly cry'd
To make the port, as loudly one deny'd.
At length the pilot, urg'd by ſtronger force,
Unwilling to the harbour ſhap'd his courſe.

When firſt diſcover'd on the diſtant flood,
Full in the cruel city's view they ſtood,
The mariners beheld a galley leave
The land, and with a crew the billows cleave
T' aſſail their wretched bark, while unreſolv'd
Uncertain ſchemes their jarring breaſts revolv'd.
Now to the prow and ſtern th' invading train
Huge cables fix, and through the daſhing main

Impel

Impel the hulk, till urg'd by ſtrength of oars
And drawn with toil it gains at length the ſhores.
Meantime the knights their limbs im armour caſe,
And by their ſides the truſty falchion place,
And ſtrive, with dauntleſs looks and words, to cheer
The pilot's doubts and eaſe the ſeamen's fear.

The ſpacious harbour like a creſcent bends,
And four long miles in winding courſe extends:
From horn to horn a narrow mouth appears,
And at each horn a fort its ſummit rears.
The natives fear no foes can e'er prevail
Till fortune from the ſouth their walls aſſail.
Built like a theatre in wide extent
The circling city reach'd the hill's deſcent.

No ſooner enter'd, when, by rumour blown,
The ſhip's arrival through the land was known,
And arm'd with bows in all the dreſs of war,
Six thouſand females to the port repair.
A range of ſhips from rock to rock they place,
Each hope of flight from every breaſt to chace,
And with huge chains, prepar'd for ſuch deſign,
Cloſe up the mouth and all within confine.
A hoary matron, who in length of years
Like Hecuba or Cuma's maid appears,

The

The pilot calls, and wills him to reply
If there his wretched partners chuſe to die;
Or wiſer, as the country's laws declare,
Submit their necks the ſervile yoke to bear?
To each the choice is offer'd—there to fall
With freedom—or ſurvive in hopeleſs thrall,
'Tis true, ſhould one amongſt you dare engage
(She cries) with ten th' unequal fight to wage:
Theſe ſhould he ſlay, and next in one ſhort night
Woo ten fair damſels to the nuptial rite,
With us a ſovereign's rank he ſhall poſſeſs,
And you, if ſuch your will, depart in peace:
Or all, or part, ſecurely here may live,
The choice is yours, and theſe the terms we give:
Who here in freedom would remain, muſt wed
Ten females to partake his marriage bed.
But ſhould your champion in the liſted field,
Though living, to the ten in proweſs yield,
Or want the powers the ſecond prize to gain,
We will that you be ſlaves and he be ſlain.
The beldame thus; but where ſhe deem'd to meet
With doubt or terror, found a dauntleſs heat
In every knight: each on himſelf relies,
And hopes in either liſt to win the prize.

No

No leſs Marphiſa's heart with courage glows,
Though for the ſecond taſk her ſex ſhe knows
But ill prepar'd, yet hopes ſhe to ſupply
With ſword the gifts that Nature might deny.
Their anſwer then, in general council weigh'd,
The pilot to the hoary dame convey'd:
That one amongſt them ſtood prepar'd to prove
The taſk of battle firſt, and then of love.

No more oppos'd, the ſeamen now ſecure
Their anchor, and on land the veſſel moor.
The bridge is caſt, and from the deck proceed
The ſhining warrior and the prancing ſteed.
Amidſt the city with ſurpriſe they view
The mighty numbers of the female crew.
With ſhorten'd veſture part on horſeback ſwarm,
Or in the crowded ſquare like warriors arm.
The men nor ſpear, nor ſword, are ſeen to bear,
Nor ought of weapons that pertain to war,
Save only ten—and theſe, as late I told,
(So ancient cuſtom wills) their lances hold.
The reſt attend the loom, the needle ply,
Or twiſt the wool, or cull the various dye:
Adown their limbs long matron garments flow,
Their mien is feminine, their pace is ſlow.

Some

Some kept in chains, at will their tyrants ſend
The lands to culture, and the herds to tend.
Few are the males, and ſcarce the region round
A hundred for a thouſand females found.
 The knights who deem'd by lot to fix his name,
Whoſe arm might for the reſt the combat claim,
Would from the chance the martial dame* withhold,
By ſex unfit amidſt their names enroll'd
Both palms to win; but ſhe with noble pride
Will with her peers the fated ſcroll abide:
On her it fell—I firſt in fight will die
Ere you (ſhe cry'd) in cruel bondage lie:
This ſteel (and as ſhe ſpoke her truſty ſword
She graſp'd) your pledge of ſafety ſhall afford.
With this I mean each fatal tye to looſe,
As Alexander cut the Gordian nooſe.
While earth endures, no ſtranger ſhall again
Of this dire law and cruel land complain.
Thus ſhe; and what her favouring fortune ſends
Each knight allows, and to her arm commends
The glorious charge ſuch numerous foes to brave,
And fall in battle, or their freedom ſave.
 Now ready clad in mail and cuiraſs bright
She haſtens to the field, and claims the fight.

* Marphisa.

Far in the city was a ſquare enclos'd,
And ſet apart with ſeats around diſpos'd,
To pleaſe the vulgar herd with many a fray
Of wreſtling, tournament, and martial play.
Four brazen gates, that open in the place,
Admit the preſs, while through the crowded ſpace
Arm'd females throng, where blending hope and fear
They bid Marphiſa in the liſt appear,
The virgin enters on a dappled ſteed
Of colour grey, of more than common breed;
Small was his head, his joints were ſtrongly knit,
Proudly he paw'd and champ'd the frothy bit;
Fire flaſh'd his eyes—this from a thouſand more,
Of generous ſtrain in Norandino's ſtore,
The monarch choſe, and, deck'd with trappings brave,
The regal preſent to Marphiſa gave;
Who, entering at the ſouth, where on the gate
The mid-day ſhone, ſtood ſtill the charge to wait;
Nor waited long, when echo'd ſharp and clear,
The trumpet's clangour wrung in every ear.
Then from the portal of the north ſhe ſaw
Her ten opponents to the combat draw.
The firſt bold knight, who look'd himſelf a hoſt,
Seem'd in his arm the force of all to boaſt.

The liſt he enter'd on a courſer's back
Of ſtrongeſt frame, and more than raven black,
Save that his front and hindmoſt foot diſplay'd
Some ſnow-white hairs amid the duſky ſhade.
Clad like his ſteed in ſable weeds of woe
The champion came, as if he meant to ſhow
An emblem of his own diſtreſsful ſtate,
How ſmall his comfort, and his griefs how great!

The trumpet ſounds, and to the charge addreſt
At once nine warriors place the lance in reſt:
But he, the mourning knight, whoſe noble heart
Diſdains th' advantage, ſtands awhile apart;
Howe'er compell'd in ſuch a hateful cauſe,
Reſolv'd in this his will ſhould bend the laws:
Apart he ſtands, the conflict to ſurvey,
And ſee one lance with nine diſpute the day.

The ſteed with eaſy pace and ſteady force
Bore the brave virgin to th' unequal courſe,
Who wielded in her graſp ſo huge a ſpear
Scarce four ſuffic'd th' enormous weight to rear.
This from the ſhip, with wary choice, ſhe bore,
The ſtouteſt beam amidſt a numerous ſtore.
So fierce ſhe came, with ſuch a dauntleſs look,
A thouſand cheeks grew pale, a thouſand boſoms ſhook.

Swift through the firſt, as if his fenceleſs breaſt
No armour wore, the furious ſteel ſhe preſs'd.
His iron-plated ſhield, with ſtrength impell'd
The weapon paſs'd and through the cuiraſs held,
The point drove on, till ſmear'd with vital blood,
Through back and breaſt a foot behind it ſtood.
The virgin left the wretched warrior ſlain,
And turn'd againſt the reſt with looſen'd rein:
Againſt the ſecond bold advancing foe,
And next the third ſhe dealt ſo fierce a blow,
That either's ſpinal bone the weapon broke,
And both at once their ſeats and life forſook.
Together now the remnant ſix engag'd
The gallant maid, and war united wag'd.
So have I ſeen a bomb the ranks divide,
As fierce Marphiſa pierc'd the martial tide:
Againſt her corſlet javelins ſnapt in vain,
While ſhe unmov'd could every ſtroke ſuſtain.
In tennis thus not more the fencing wall
Reſiſts the impulſe of the bounding ball.
In vain the force of hoſtile weapon ſought
To pierce her arms of pureſt temper wrought;
By magic wrought in Styx's burning ſteam,
And hiſſing plung'd in black Avernus' ſtream.

Now

Now at the barrier bounds awhile ſhe ſtay'd,
Then wheel'd her courſer, and with brandiſh'd blade
The reſt aſſail'd, her victory purſu'd,
And to the elbows dy'd her arms in blood.
From this a hand, from that ſhe lops the head:
On one the ghaſtly ſword ſo juſt is ſped,
Head, arms, and breaſt fall ſever'd on the plain;
The legs and belly on the ſteed remain.
Thus half the man (a dreadful ſight) appear'd:
So holy pilgrims, to the ſaint rever'd,
For members heal'd, of wax or ſilver frame
The parts reſtor'd, and in their patron's name,
Suſpend the pious gift to him whoſe aid they claim.
One, as the liſt he fled, ſhe ſwift purſu'd,
And ere he reach'd the midſt, aſunder hew'd
His head and bleeding trunk, that never art
Of ſurgeon could ſuffice to cloſe the part.
Thus by her valour each in turn was ſlain,
Or lay extended ſenſeleſs on the plain,
That well ſhe knew he never more could rear
The maſſy buckler or the pointed ſpear.

Ver. 634. *So holy pilgrims,—*] This ſimilitude alludes to the cuſtom in the Romiſh church of making limbs of wax, ivory or ſilver which the pilgrims hang up as an offering dedicated to the Saint, by whom they are ſuppoſed to be healed of any diſeaſe or lameneſs.

The knight, who in the liſt retir'd alone,
Beheld the nine by one brave arm o'erthrown,
Now ſpurr'd his ſteed to ſhow not fear detain'd,
But courteſy his generous arm reſtrain'd;
Then beckoning with his hand he firſt began
To aſk a parley ere the courſe he ran;
And little thinking that with man's array,
Conceal'd in martial weeds a virgin lay,
Graceful he ſpoke—Thy ſpirits, valiant knight,
May ſurely droop in ſuch unequal fight;
Nor will I baſely now in arms oppoſe
That ſtrength already ſpent with numerous foes.
Till morn I give thee from the field to reſt,
Then may'ſt thou turn to freſher ſtrife addreſt:
So ſhall my ſword a noble combat claim,
Nor with thy vigour ſpent pollute my fame.

To warlike toils theſe limbs have long been bred:
Nor have I toil'd ſo far (Marphiſa ſaid)
But to thy coſt I truſt, thou ſoon ſhalt find
My nerve and ſpirit of a nobler kind.
Thy words, the proffer of a courteous breaſt,
I praiſe, but ſeek not yet ſo ſoon to reſt:
Still ſhines the day, and 'twere a ſhame for knight
To loſe in ſloth the yet remaining light.

The ſtranger then—O! that thy woe-ſtruck mind
Could gain as ſure each good it pants to find,
As thou, from me thy fill of arms ſhalt taſte,
And find perchance the day too quickly waſte.
He ſaid; and ſtrait two beamy lances, wrought
Like ponderous maſts, he bids with ſpeed be brought;
To bold Marphiſa's hand the choice he gives,
The ſpear which ſhe rejects himſelf receives.
The trumpet ſounds—the courſers ſhake the ground,
Earth, air, and ſea, the thundering charge reſound.
With eyes unmov'd each mute aſſiſtant ſtands;
No word, no breath, is heard through all the bands:
So fix'd was each to mark with longing gaze,
Which knight would win the palm of knightly praiſe.
Marphiſa aims her ſpear with matchleſs force,
To hurl the ſable warrior from his horſe,
No more to riſe; nor leſs the ſable foe
Thinks with a thruſt to lay Marphiſa low.
Like ſapleſs oziers ſeem'd each lance's length,
Not form'd of choſen aſh with maſſy ſtrength:
Up to the reſt they ſhiver'd with the ſtroke;
And either ſteed confeſs'd the mighty ſhock:
At once, as if a ſcythe with ſweepy force
Had cut the nerves, down ſunk each floundering horſe.

Marphiſa, at her firſt aſſault, had known
A thouſand warriors from their ſaddle thrown,
And ſhe, who ne'er before receiv'd defeat,
Now (ſtrange to tell!) was tumbled from her ſeat.
Struck with the chance, with more than rage oppreſt
A ſudden madneſs ſeem'd t' enflame her breaſt:
Alike the ſable knight appear'd to grieve,
Not lightly wont in field his ſeat to leave.
Scarce had they touch'd the ground, when either
ſtood
On foot recover'd, and the fight renew'd.
Each weapon's edge and point by turns they ply'd;
With ſword and ſhield they fenc'd, or leapt aſide
To ſhun the ſtroke: the well-aim'd ſtroke rebounds,
The ſtroke that miſs'd, in hiſſing air reſounds.
In ſecret to herſelf Marphiſa ſaid:
In happy hour for me this warrior ſtay'd;
Nor in the fight his nine companions led:
This day might elſe have mix'd me with the dead:
Since now, ſore labouring in the doubtful ſtrife,
Scarce from his ſingle arm I guard my life.
Marphiſa thus, yet ceas'd not as ſhe ſpoke,
To wield her ſword and ward each coming ſtroke.
Not leſs the ſtranger thus his fortune bleſs'd;
In happy hour this knight refus'd to reſt:

Since

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Since now I ſcarce defend me from his might,
Already wearied with ſo fierce a fight.
Had he with morn his vigour loſt renew'd
What fortune might have then my arms purſu'd!
Great were my riſk in this conteſted place,
Had he accepted late my proffer'd grace.
The battle laſted till declining light,
Nor ſeem'd th' advantage to the dame or knight;
And now ſo deep the ſhades increaſing grow,
Not this, nor that, can ward the threatening blow.
Now darkneſs clos'd—when to the glorious maid
With courteous mien the generous warrior ſaid.
What can we more, ſince night obtrudes her veil,
While yet the battle hangs in equal ſcale?
Then hear—O chief! awhile prolong thy life,
At leaſt till morn revives the noble ſtrife:
If to thy waſting days a ſingle night
I only grant—no blame on me muſt light:
Condemn the law of this accurſed race,
The female ſex that rule this hated place.
But HE, from whom no art the truth conceals,
Knows if for thee and thine my boſom feels.
Thou and thy fellows may'ſt with me reſide,
With others danger will thy ſleep betide.

Againſt

Againſt thee now conſpire the female train,
Whoſe huſbands by thy conquering hand are ſlain.
For know that each, who by thy arm lies dead,
Ten wives poſſeſs'd: hence ninety females led
To ſeek revenge (unleſs with me you reſt)
Might in the dead of night your ſleep moleſt.
Marphiſa then—I gladly ſhall receive
The fair aſylum which thou deign'ſt to give:
Secure in thee ſuch virtuous faith to find
As ſuits thy courage and exalted mind!
Mourn not my life as doom'd to thee by fate,
Thy own, perchance, may find a ſhorter date;
Nor can I think as yet thy actions ſhow,
With mine compar'd, thyſelf a mightier foe.
Then, as thou wilt, the combat urge or ſtay;
Or meet by moon-light, or by light of day:
Whate'er thou ſeek'ſt, behold me ready ſtill,
Each hour a warrior's duty to fulfil.
Unfiniſh'd thus they left the glorious fight,
Till from the Ganges ſhone the golden light.
To Aquilant, to Gryphon, all the train
Of gallant champions, came the knight humane,
With generous ſuit to each by turns addreſt,
Beneath his hoſpitable roof to reſt.

67

All gladly yield, and now with chearful blaze
Or torches' light, the lord his gueſts conveys;
They reach his regal dome, where every room
With ſplendor ſhone and labours of the loom.

Now from each head the martial helmet rais'd
The two brave combatants with wonder gaz'd.
The ſtranger-knight was freſh and fair of hue,
His downy cheeks but eighteen ſummers knew.
The virgin marvell'd much his arm could wage
Such dreadful battles in ſo green an age:
Nor leſs he wonder'd, when her helm unclos'd
Her flowing locks and beauteous ſex expos'd,
His foe but late!—now each with like demand
Enquires the other's actions, name, and land.

But who the youth, awhile to ſeek forbear,
The book enſuing ſhall his name declare.

END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.